

AROUND THE WORLD,
—GARDEN OF EDEN,—
LATTER DAY PROPHECIES
—AND MISSIONS.—

BY REV. W. B. GODBEY



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GARDEN OF EDEN, LATTER
DAY PROPHECIES
AND
MISSIONS.



BY

REV. W. B. GODBEY, A. M.,

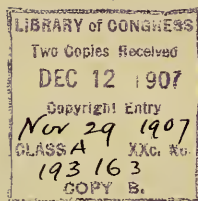
AUTHOR OF

New Testament Commentary, New Testament Translation, Foot-prints
of Jesus in the Holy Land, and many other Books;
and Booklets on Holiness.

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THE EMBARKATION.

Dear Sister Mary Storey, of precious memory, who accompanied Sister Miriam Miller, the India missionary, going out from the "Mount of Blessings," and quite a number of the dear saints from Bethany Gospel Church, in New York City, with a vast multitude of others accompanying their friends, had assembled on the wharf; then the bell-ringer went throughout the ship, thus notifying all on board who were not going with us to get off, as the ship was going to sail. Meanwhile, the saints on the wharf and aboard the ship sang a number of inspiring full salvation songs, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again" among them.

Oh, how the melodious voice of our elect Sister Storey rang through the multitude, as they sang responsively to the "Texas Boys," while the ship was slowly moving out of the docks. Little did we think that we would never hear that sweet voice again till the good old Ship of Zion lands us on the shining shore. What was my surprise when I met Brother and Sister Bolton in San Francisco, and they told me Sister Storey had gone to glory.

While she was to walk through the valley of death, before we made the round, we were destined to meet terrible ordeals in our pilgrimage. The young men

had awful seasickness; two of them not only suffered with that terrible tropical fever which kills people so quickly, but it was their lot, as well as that of your humble servant, to pass through the ordeal of cholera, which means a square look into the face of the grim monster every time. While the cholera had me in his cruel embrace, a thief stole all of my money.

THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

This great and beautiful ocean, three thousand miles wide, and eight thousand miles long, is, this day, the great theatre of universal commerce. God has permitted me to cross it five times. We now need only one week. When Columbus crossed it in 1492, it took seven weeks. We have awful storms on this ocean, much worse than on either the Pacific or the Indian. When I crossed it the second time, in 1895, a storm struck us five hundred miles east of Gibraltar and never let up till one thousand, five hundred miles east of New York, occupying five days and nights; meanwhile, we never caught a glimpse of sun, moon, or star. Terrible and universal was the storm on board. My heart was perfectly restful and tranquil, knowing that if the ship went down I would go up.

There is no doubt as to the discovery of America by the Norwegians nine hundred years ago, who at that time were the greatest navigators in the world. They called it Vineland, because it abounded in wild grapevines. They continued to sail hither and thither, without compass or steam-engine for about one hundred years, when they lost sight of it forever. Doubt-

less the Indians massacred all of the colony they had established, so alarming the few sailors who had knowledge of the land that they never again returned.

This fact does not dim the lustre of the crown of glory so deservedly won by Christopher Columbus, as the discoverer of this great new world, October twelfth, fourteen ninety-two, as at that time no human being in the known world had the faintest knowledge of this continent. "*Ne plus ultra*" (no more beyond) stood subscribed on the rocks of Gibraltar; notifying all the navigators of the Mediterranean to turn back, resting assured that the Atlantic Ocean was a shoreless deep.

CHAPTER I.

ENGLAND, LONDON, THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Our ocean voyage was delightful, but for some seasickness. Sister Miller and John Roberts, of our party, and not a few besides, were thus affected. Having disembarked in Liverpool, we boarded the train for London. Darting along after the iron horse at full speed, fifty miles an hour, we were delighted with the scenery of this beautiful island. How mysterious that this little spot rules great continents thronging with hundreds of millions!

Travel through England with your eyes open and you will find the key that unlocks the mystery. You will see not an inch of waste land—no washes, no brambles, nor thistles; but the whole earth spreading out in continuous gardens, meadows, parks, orchards, and fruitful fields, all in a high state of cultivation. This is enforced by the law. If a man abuses, neglects, or impoverishes his land, it is taken out of his hand and a supervisor appointed to take care of it for him. Oh, that it was so in America!

How it grieves me continually in my peregrinations from the Atlantic to the Pacific to see the misuse of the fertile fields of this great new world, which God reserved to these latter days for the home of His saints and as the basis of supply for the thousands of missionaries sent out to the ends of the earth to prepare the Bride for the speedy coming of her glorified Spouse. If I were a statesman, I would certainly do my best to protect our virgin soil from the

reckless destruction barbarically inflicted by the tillers of the earth. Note this, and pray for the awakening of this great Yankee nation to desist from raising corn, swine, and tobacco, those wholesale impoverishers of our soil, and to grow the cereal grains, fruits, vegetables and grasses of all kinds, especially clover and bluegrass, which enrich rather than exhaust the fertility of the earth.

We now in our precipitated run found ourselves rushing into great London, thronging with her seven millions of people; followed by Peking, with her four millions; then New York, with her three and a half millions; Canton, with her three millions; Paris, with her two and a half millions; Chicago, Tokyo, and Berlin, with their two millions each; Vienna, with her one and three-fourth millions; Constantinople and Calcutta, with their million and a quarter each; Bombay and Philadelphia, with their million each; and a host of cities in all parts of the earth rapidly approximating the million population.

London was founded by Julius Cæsar, the great Roman, when he conquered the Britons, B. C. 35. It was the capital of the Roman colony which occupied England. When Rome was conquered by the Goths, Huns, Vandals, and Heruli, the barbaric ancestors of the Russians, after a war of three hundred years, the heavy, iron grip which had held her provinces a thousand years everywhere relaxed. Then England became the bone of contention among her neighbors, overrun anon by Norwegians, Swedes, Saxons, and especially by the Danes, and consequently filled with political emotion.

In the ninth century, the boy king, Alfred, afterward noted for his heroism in the deliverance of his country from Danish despotism, was compelled to become a fugitive for his life, tramping in disguise and begging his bread. On one occasion calling at a house, the old materfamilias put him to work for his board. In the promiscuous drudgery, neglecting some corn cakes she ordered him to bake, so that they burned, he soon encountered her displeasure so that she scolded furiously and threatened to cudgel him, little dreaming that she was treating her king with such gross indignity.

In the eleventh century, William the Norman (for his wisdom and heroism, in history cognomened "William the Conqueror,") comes to the front, and ranks along with Alfred the Great in the illustrious glory of founding the British Empire, afterwards so richly shared by Queen Elizabeth.

"Fierce, hardy, proud,
In conscious freedom bold,
Those stormy seats
The warrior druses hold.
From Norman blood
Their lofty line they trace,
Their lion courage
Proves their generous race."

When you go to London (as you probably will, since it is the world's metropolis), go at once to St. Paul's Cathedral (easily found, as it occupies a whole square and towers high and conspicuously above the city). Climb to the pinnacle, from which you will enjoy a bird's-eye view of the city, your guide pointing out and naming the places of interest

I went first to Westminster Abbey, the sepulchre of the kings, heroes, poets, orators, and mighty men of the British Empire; they will show you the stone on which all the kings and queens have been crowned. It is said to be the very identical stone on which Jacob rested his head on Mount Bethel, when he fled from his brother Esau. This beautiful tradition evanesces when we visit the Holy Land and walk over Mount Bethel and find nothing but limestone, whereas this celebrated coronation stone is sand, evidently having been carried from Scotland, as it is chemically identical with the sandstone of that country.

As you peregrinate the Abbey, you will be thrilled with interest as the guide points out the tombs and gives you the names you so often read in history. A panorama of thrilling history will pass before you, electrifying you with the memory of the illustrious dead. The guide will show you the sepulchre of Queen Elizabeth and of Bloody Mary, the former, buried directly over the latter, significantly illustrating the glorious victory of Protestant freedom over Roman despotism. You will see the tomb of Cromwell, the Revolutionist, who beheaded Charles the First, dethroned the dynasty and took the throne himself. Soon after he died and was buried with royal honors, a reaction took place; the people rose up and restored the kings and condemned Cromwell as a traitor and usurper, so they took him out of his royal sepulchre, hung him, cut his head off and cast him into an unfathomable abyss.

The guide will point out for you Poet's Corner,

where you will see a great host of the celebrated English poets, *e. g.*, Milton, Shakespeare, and Pope, who have electrified the world by their poetical genius. While England was deluged with poetry, it became a current maxim that poets had no common sense. On one occasion, in the presence of the crowd, a street loafer tantalized Alexander Pope with this maxim, who peremptorily responded:

“I frankly own your general rule,
That every poet is a fool;
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.”

I was gratified to see John and Charles Wesley there honored among the kings and master spirits of the British Empire; in connection with a tablet to the former was superscribed his trite maxim, “The world is my parish.”

Near the Wesleys in the nave of the building, you will find the tomb of David Liv'ngstone, honored of God to precede Bishop Taylor in the apostleship of Africa. One time the Presbyterians of Scotland, commanding the service of their best preachers, held a long protracted meeting, making a united revival effort; but they wound up despondent, pronouncing the meeting a failure because they had but one convert, and he the son of a poor widow, whose seedy apparel was the index of his obscurity. The name of the lad was David Livingstone.

Hitherto, up to Livingstone's time, great Africa, five thousand miles long and thirty-five hundred miles wide, was thought to be a desert, inhabited only by wild beasts and reptiles; unexplored except about a

hundred miles from the coast, no one daring to interpenetrate the interior lest he be devoured by a lion or a boa-constrictor.

Livingstone, stopping with Robert Moffat at Cape Town, on the southern coast, weds his daughter, takes her by the hand and boldly sets out to carry the Gospel into the interior. The woman is heroic to her trust till she wears out and dies. He buries her under a green tree and goes on his way preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ to the naked savages. The decades roll by. Mr. Bennett, editor of the *New York Herald*, ventilates ever and anon in the columns of his paper the subject of "Livingstone Lost in the Wilds of Africa," till he develops a great sensation in America and Europe. This ultimately ends in the enterprise of sending Henry M. Stanley, of St. Louis, Mo., to hunt for him.

No man except Livingstone could travel in the interior of Africa without an army; so when Stanley with his army landed at Zanzibar on the east coast of Africa in 1873, he proceeded at once to interpenetrate the wilds in search of Livingstone, who had for thirty years been lost, unheard of in the civilized world. By an exceedingly felicitous providence, Stanley soon comes upon him and says, "I have come to take you back to the civilized world." But Livingstone responded, "I cannot go with you; my work is in Africa." So he remains three years longer, when angels came and took him to Heaven. The negroes put his body in a hammock and carried him on their shoulders two thousand miles to Zanzibar, where a British ship took the corpse and the pall-bearers and

carried them to London. They put him in a hearse and carried him throughout the city, with greater demonstration than had ever been made over the kings and heroes, and finally honored him with a royal interment after he had been dead nineteen months.

The heroic ministry of Livingstone in Africa revealed that continent to the civilized world; not, as they supposed, a sandy desert, but vast territories of fertile valleys, lofty mountains covered with primeval forests, and rich soil irrigated by majestic rivers and innumerable tributaries. Thus was opened an asylum for the crowded nations of Europe and Asia, into which they have been pouring ever since; thus we are all indebted to David Livingstone for opening up this new world, with its two hundred millions of lost people, who are this day crying for the Bread of Life. Truly Ethiopia is stretching out her hands.

We now proceeded to the Tower. It was founded by William the Conqueror, in the eleventh century. It was the nucleus of the city on the right bank of the Thames, and at first the royal residence and the barracks; eventually the Royal Palace was built and this continued to be used as a barracks and prison. It covers thirteen acres of ground, and contains several taverns and great buildings. During the centuries of blood and persecution, they had a subterranean passage through which they sent the prisoners from the boats to their dismal dungeons in the Tower; there to suffer till bloody death set them free.

Many princes of the blood royal were confined in this Tower. Queen Elizabeth was here a prisoner;

and nothing but the death of Bloody Mary saved her head from the cruel axe, and promoted her to the throne. Here Lady Jane Grey, suffered in prison till they led her out and cut her head off; first inflicting on her the awful shock of looking on the headless body of Lord Dudley, her royal husband. On this same bloody scaffold, Anne Boleyn, one of the six wives of Henry the Eighth, was beheaded by order of the king. This was but three years after he had illegally divorced Katherine Howard, in order to marry Anne; whose beheading was the result of the king's fancy for her maid of honor, Jane Seymour, whom he married the day following Anne's death.

Among those there beheaded was Walter Raleigh, the talented statesman and philosopher. Another noble spirit who perished on that bloody scaffold was John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who, when suddenly led out to his awful doom, fortuitously opening his Greek Testament with these words, "Lord, let me open to a Scripture which shall comfort me in this trying hour," found his eye resting on 1 John iv, 18, "*Perfect love casteth out fear.*" Closing the book he said, "Lord, it is quite enough for time and for eternity." Then with a single stroke of that cruel axe, which I have had in my hand, that noble head, so well stored with classical and Biblical lore, was severed from his body.

In this Tower you see all around you in vivid panorama the history of the Middle Ages, before the use of firearms, when warriors fought with sword and spear, and hand-to-hand combat was the order of the battlefield. In those bloody days they made

coats of mail, investing the warrior, and even his war horse, with shining steel, proof against the sword, spear, battle-axe and any missile; so the mounted hero could ride with impunity into the dense phalanx of the enemy.

In this Tower you will see the embalmed heroes of by-gone centuries in their panoplies, pressing the battle on the glory field. There you will see Queen Elizabeth mounted on her war horse, hastening to St. Paul's Cathedral to give thanks to God for His signal mercy in sending that awful storm which destroyed the Spanish fleet, the fleet sent by the Pope and co-operated with by the Catholic world to defeat Protestant England and restore the power of the Pope, which had evanesced. This was when John Knox, the heroic leader of the Scotch Covenanters, prayed Bloody Mary down from the throne of England, and Elizabeth, the Protestant sovereign, succeeded her.

We next proceeded to St. Paul's Cathedral, where on all sides we found the history of the British Empire in statuary. There we see Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, who defeated Napoleon Bonaparte at Waterloo, thus consummating the final downfall of the latter. We also saw General Wolfe, who was killed on the battlefield of Quebec.

“Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone;
We left him alone in his glory.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast;
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior, taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

We buried him darkly by the dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And our lanterns dimly burning."

We then went to the British Museum, where we saw the artistic world in specimens gathered from all nations. We there enjoyed a most extraordinary educational privilege, actually inspecting, examining, and getting acquainted with the arts and inventions of all nations and ages. While it has cost the British Government millions of dollars, to our astonishment, it is all open free to the people, and clerks are in every room, politely giving you any instruction you need. As an educator, colonizer, civilizer and evangelizer, Britain stands at the front of the world; ruling six hundred millions of people, not like pagans and Mohammedans, but according to the precious Word of God revealed in the Bible.

Egypt is the oldest of the nations, Assyria next, followed by Greece and Rome. In the Museum, every nation has its department, from Egypt to Greenland, including all the nationalities that have existed on the earth. You can see their arts and inventions, sepulchres and religions. When you go to London, not only attend this Museum, but do not stint yourself for time, as you will be much edified with the great wonders you there see.

Then we went to the animal museum, where we actually saw all the animals throughout the whole world; looking perfectly natural, though of course lifeless. Not only will you see all terrestrial animals, but you will see all the inhabitants of the ocean,

from the great whale eighty feet long and thirty feet around his body, to the infinite diversity of all creatures great and small, which inhabit the briny deep. You will also see the entire bird creation, from the great ostrich down to the humming bird and the insects. Of course, we never can travel in all countries and see all of the animals alive; therefore it is a grand privilege to peregrinate this Museum and contemplate them in their infinite diversity of forms, species and genera.

We now proceeded to the Art Gallery, where we saw in life size the portraiture of all the great and mighty men and women of the British Empire, from the days of Alfred the Great and William the Conqueror down to the present. As London is the metropolis of the world, and Britain stands at the front of all nations in her patronage of the arts, sciences, literature, civilization, and Christianization, when the Lord permits you to visit London, do not be hasty and stint yourself of the time necessary to appreciatively take in these wonderful sights.

In the Tower of London you will visit the crown room, where you will see the golden crowns of all the kings from William the Conqueror down to King Edward, the present incumbent. Three times when I visited the old world, in 1895, 1899, and 1905, I walked around and gazed upon those crowns, which were guarded by soldiers, because of their immense financial value. I rejoiced in the Lord because I have a crown more valuable than earthly gold, safe in the New Jerusalem, where soldiers are not needed to guard it. Reader, be sure you are ready for the crowning day.

CHAPTER II.

PARIS, FRANCE.

When Julius Cæsar conquered the Britons in England and the Gauls in France (then called Gaul), B. C. 35, and founded London on the Thames, he also founded Paris on the Seine.

While London is the greatest city in the world, Paris is the most beautiful, exhibiting a perfectly stellate form, radiating out from the center in all directions. If you would enjoy a nice bird's-eye view of the city, preparatory to its peregrinations, you would do well to climb Napoleon's Tower at the center, from which the city radiates in all directions. However (if you are not afraid of that which is high), you can ascend the Centennial Tower, which will carry you up in the air nearly one thousand feet. It is higher than any other superstructure of human art on the face of the whole earth.

When the ferruginous grip of Rome on the whole world relaxed, upon the barbarian invasion of A. D. 476, France, with many other Roman provinces, repudiated the authority of her fallen majesty; then the Franks, a powerful nation living beyond the Rhine, invaded the country and took possession of it under the name of France. Their king, Clovis, proved enter-

prising and the nation prospered; the Clovian kings continuing until the rise of the Louis.' Meanwhile the nation became quite commercial, the ships ascending the Seine up to the city.

When the Moslems rolled the tide of Saracen conquest over Asia and Africa, they killed out Christianity and all other religions, as their motto rang out everywhere, "The Koran or death." Having overrun Arabia, Palestine, Syria, Egypt, and all northern Africa, and crossed the Strait of Gibraltar and swept over Spain with their besom of destruction, they crossed the Pyrenees, and they poured into France, a heterogeneous host of wild Arabs, Tartars, Turks, Syrians, Egyptians, and Scythians. They determined to conquer the whole world, exterminating Christianity from the face of the earth, but France makes a most formidable and persistent stand against them, led by the undaunted hero, Charles, surnamed Martel, (which means hammer), because he hammered the Saracens in the battle of Tours till he utterly broke them in signal defeat, and they precipitately skeddaddled from the field, crestfallen and despondent.

This signal victory of Christianity over Mohammedism took place A. D. 733, giving the Moslems a downward trend which so encouraged the Christians that it eventually culminated in the Crusades, which lasted two hundred years, and were a most desperate struggle on the part of Christendom to recover the Holy Land. This they did in a measure by capturing Jerusalem, under the leadership of Godfrey, A. D. 1099, but only succeeded in holding it eighty-eight years. Then they were signally defeated in the battle of

Hatton on the west coast of the sea of Galilee, where Saladin, the greatest military man in the world, so signally defeated the Christians as to drive them out of Palestine, and they have never gotten back. The victory of Charles Martel over the Saracens in the battle of Tours marks the terminus of the first great period of Moslem conquest, running a hundred and fifty years, and verifying the first great woe spoken of in Revelation ix, 1-12.

During the Crusades, France took a very active part, really leading the first great campaign in the recovery of the Holy Land. In the ninth century King Charlemagne exhibited a brilliant military career and a burning zeal for Christianity, actually founding the Holy Roman Empire, the dominion of the Pope. If you ever enter St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome, you will see his bronze statue, exhibiting him mounted on his war horse on the veranda.

After the Crusades, the French Government drifted into an oppressive despotism. One-third of all the real estate belonged to the nobility, another to the Roman Catholic Church, and both were free from taxation, while the remaining third belonged to the common people, who had all the work to do and all the taxes to pay and owned only one-third of the property; therefore, the burdens actually became unbearable, resulting in an awful popular revolution, which broke out in 1789. It was like a bursting volcano, sweeping everything before it, shaking all official dignitaries from their thrones, smashing into smithereens law and order, and deluging Paris and other cities in blood.

This revolution moved on like a hurricane till the government got into the hands of the infidel philosophers, such as Voltaire, Tom Payne, and others, who did their best to destroy the Bible and exterminate Christianity from the globe; Voltaire actually predicting that the Bible would be banished from the world and unknown within one hundred years. Instead of the verification of this diabolical prophecy, within the period predicted for the Bible's extermination, the very room in which he wrote that prophecy had become a Bible depository. During the sweep of this atheistical revolution, Danton, Murat and Robespierre had been promoted to the head of the government. Determined to succeed, they resorted to the power of death to suppress all opposition to their administration.

A man by the name of Guillotine had invented a machine somewhat after the fashion of an old-style cutting-box, to cut off a human head at a single stroke. Matters reached such a combination that blood was constantly flowing from the guillotine; and they passed an ordinance banishing the Bible forever, closing the churches and abolishing the Sabbath; keeping every tenth day for recreation and rest. The terror of these men became utterly intolerable, till the people rose up in their majesty and slew them. After this the people resumed the Sabbath, restored the Bible, and reopened the churches. This awful "Reign of Terror," whose history is written in blood, lasted three years and a half, verifying John's prophecy, Revelation eleventh chapter. There two witnesses, which represent the Church's regeneration and sancti-

fication, are slain and lying dead three days and nights; then they rise from the dead and mount up to Heaven. These prophetic days always stand for years.

At the zenith of this awful revolution, a million of innocent people having perished by the guillotine in three and a half years, Napoleon Bonaparte, a Corsican, and really the greatest military man in the world, comes to the front and magnetizes all by his wonderful brilliancy in belligerent tactics. He quickly becomes the magnet, everywhere swaying the popular mind. The old troubles are soon forgotten amid the brilliancy of Napoleon's victories. They are looking to him for the liberties for which they have fought ten years. He soon conquers Italy, even arresting and imprisoning the Pope, putting his brother Joseph on the throne.

Unexpected to all, he leads his army into Egypt, signally defeats the Pasha in the Battle of the Pyramids, and returns to France, hailed by all as the long-sought deliverer. The Chamber of Deputies proceeds to crown him Emperor of France and King of Italy. The brilliancy of his victories actually dazzles the eye of the world. The battle of Jena eventually brings down all Europe at his feet. He divorces his noble wife, Josephine, in order to wed Maria Louisa, the beautiful daughter of the Austrian king, thus uniting with the splendor of his military glory the eclat of royalty. Yea, Europe, Asia and Africa tremble at the mention of his name and monarchs doff their crowns and evacuate their thrones on his approach, yet great Russia, belting the icy north, takes no

stock in the brilliant Frenchman. The polar bear growls and snaps at the mention of his name, as he was really aspiring, in the succession of Alexander the Great, at the sovereignty of the world.

He is bound to cross swords with the Czar. Knowing the severity of a Russian winter, he begins his preparations early in the spring, pushing them with all possible energy for the invasion of Russia. This was the greatest of all his campaigns. He sets out from Paris early in June, so as to have the summer before him to consummate the work; as he well knew that a Russian winter would freeze French soldiers to death. On and on he marches till he reaches the river Tilsit, the border of his dominions (including those of his father-in-law, the king of Austria, and of the Russian Empire). He meets the Czar on a raft in the middle of the river, amid the awful roar of artillery fired from both armies, on either bank. He said he met the Czar to settle the affairs of the nations; but they did not succeed. Therefore, marching on, he actually now invaded Russia. The Cossacks fired on him from all sides, besetting his march like lightning hanging on the skirts of the clouds. The end in view was simply to retard his march as much as possible, they having no idea that they could defeat him and drive him out.

It is now October and the elements are threatening the awful Russian winter so much dreaded; his enemies having adroitly retarded his march that the winter might conquer him; which they knew they could not do. Already the glittering spires of ancient Moscow are heaving in view. when suddenly he finds

himself assaulted by the imperial army, formidably entrenched amid the hills of Borodino. An awful battle of three days and nights ensues; the hills are heaped with the dead, and the valleys deluged with rivers of bloods. Eventually, after the Russian batteries have been cleared three times and their places promptly supplied by others walking over heaps of the dead, Marshal Ney, the bravest of all Napoleon's officers, in command of the old guard, on which Napoleon could perfectly rely, comes like a sweeping cyclone, storms the batteries and decides the battle in favor of Napoleon. Now the imperial army is defeated and the city belongs to Napoleon and his triumphant host. Therefore, they proceed to take possession. Soon a fire breaks out in different parts of the city. Napoleon's men do their best to extinguish it, as the protection of the city was their only hope to survive the severity of a Russian winter. But alas! the fire breaks out in innumerable places, and the whole city is wrapped in an ocean of flame.

The Russians were so patriotic that they burned their city, the ancient cradle of their race, in order to save their country. While they could not conquer Napoleon, they knew the winter could. Soon a snow eight to ten feet deep covers the whole earth; his only hope is escape in flight. Napoleon gets in a sledge and darts away for Paris, arriving first of all and the herald of his own defeat. This was the ruin of Napoleon. The sovereigns of Europe hold a convention, repudiating and pronouncing him the common enemy of Europe. The king of Austria forsakes the

cause of his son-in-law. They banish him to the isle of Elbe.

Soon a reaction takes place in France, the Napoleon party constantly increasing. Ere long the news reaches Paris that Napoleon has left Elbe and is coming home. The Chamber of Deputies meets and makes all possible preparation to intercept his landing, by an army which they commit to Marshal Ney. When the emergency comes, Ney and his army all surrender to Napoleon, the nation rising up and bidding him welcome home.

This stirs all Europe. Formidable preparations for war become the order of the day. In the terribly bloody battle of Waterloo, Napoleon, after his thrillingly brilliant military career of twenty-five years, goes down under the sweeping victory of the English army, commanded by Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington; and is banished to the lonely rock of St. Helena, where he languishes a little while and dies of a broken heart.

Meanwhile an awful storm is sweeping over the sea; that man who carried the storm everywhere he went, left the world, to stand before the infinitely just God who has decreed that those who do not reign in righteousness shall perish from the earth. He left with his friends around his bed this significant statement: "Alexander, Cyrus, Cæsar, Tamerlane and myself all founded empires with the sword, which have utterly perished and vanished away. Jesus Christ founded a kingdom with love which has stood to this day, growing stronger all the time, and it will stand forever."

Under the leadership of Napoleon, France came to the front of the world and there remained till his fall. When you visit Paris, the most important sight is the tomb of Napoleon. When I was there in 1899, I saw a panorama of his victorious battles, which was as real as life and exceedingly edifying. When I visited the city again in 1905, I spoke of it, and they said it was sixteen miles out of the city.

France is celebrated for her semi-tropical climate, much warmer than England, her neighbor, and America, in the same latitude, consequently the vine does splendidly there, producing a variety of the finest grapes, from which come the choicest wines, which are transported into all countries, giving France universal notoriety as the "land of wine."

This phenomenon of climate owes its explanation to the influence of the Gulf Stream, so named because it originates in the Gulf of Mexico. It flows out between Cape Sable and the island of Cuba, assumes a north-eastern trend, and crosses the Atlantic Ocean; eventually changing its course and bearing toward the south, it diverges against the coast of France. Thus with its mighty volume of tepid water from the Gulf of Mexico, this oceanic river, five hundred miles wide, moderates the entire atmosphere of France, bringing it down to the temperature where semi-tropical fruits, the fig and the olive, flourish.

CHAPTER III.

ITALY, ETRURIA.

As we dashed along the International Railroad from Paris to Rome, electrified by the beautiful fields, gardens, parks, cities and villages, we found ourselves climbing the rugged Apennines. Eventually we reached the largest tunnel I remember in the world (and you know I have traveled around it), twelve miles in length. It is said that the sovereigns of France and Italy met in the center of that tunnel, held a religious meeting and dedicated the road to God. That was certainly very beautiful and commendable in the princes of the earth, even if they were Roman Catholics.

As we roll down the mountain slopes we soon realize that we are once again in the sunny fields of Italy, that land so celebrated in oratory and song, for the geniality of its climate. It is fortified from the north wind by the great Apennine range, so old Boreas cannot jump over, and from the west winds by the towering Alps, so that the mild zephyrs meet an inseparable blockade; meanwhile the great east and south are unobstructed. The rising sun, his noon-day glory, and his afternoon beauties, combine their splendor in perpetual blessings of perennial spring, summer, and autumn; thus transforming Italy into an earthly paradise, the sanitarium of the world. We

have no sooner descended the Apennines, than in addition to the vine, the fig, and the olive, we everywhere see the mulberry (not wild, but cultivated), and know that silk is one of the great industries of the land. Thus it continues on through Italy, Greece, Syria, and Palestine. In this run we traverse the land of Etruria, so celebrated in the songs of the poets.

While the Greeks in their day stood at the front of the world's civilization, the Etruscans were second to them. These Etruscans were a flourishing nation, having made great progress in the arts and sciences before Romulus and Remus ever founded Rome. In the London Museum of the Fine Arts, there is a special apartment given to the Etruscans' tombs. When you enter the door and turn to the left, you will see Greek statuary on either side as you walk through the long room. When you reach the end you will descend a stairway to the Etruscans' tombs in the room below. They are really wonderful for their artistic beauty and skill. How they made them I know not, as I have never seen any others like them. They consist of statues of the dead executed in beautiful stone, which were placed over the sepulchres.

According to Herodotus, who wrote five hundred years B. C., these Etruscans were Asiatic Lydians, who had emigrated thither about eight hundred years B. C. There is quite a controversy among archæologists in reference to their extraction. Some believe them to be Asiatics, others Greeks, and still others regard them as Autochthonoi, *i. e.*, having originated by spontaneous generation of the soil. This was a

current opinion among pagan philosophers; but, of course, not received by any Christian, as the Bible forever settles the common origin of every human being from Adam. Acts xvii, 26, "Of one (man) God made every race of people."

The solution of the problem in reference to the origin of these Etruscans involves the simple fact of their having emigrated from Greece to Asia at an early day—prehistoric, and, as related by Herodotus, having also emigrated from Lydia to Italy at a subsequent period. This is corroborated by the fact that they were Japhethites, whereas the Lydians were Shemites. The fact of their antecendency to the Romans in Italy is abundantly confirmed by a notable incident which occurred during the reign of Tarquinius Priscus, the first king of Rome. When the surrounding nations recognized the belligerent character of the Romans, they entered into a conspiracy for their extermination. Having fought long and hard, with apparently no availability of success, as his enemies were too many for him, and beside had set awfully against him, in utter desperation of his own resources, Tarquinius appealed to the immortal gods.

At that time the goddess Circe, in the land of Etruria, was the most celebrated divinity King Tarquinius had ever heard of. Therefore he sent a delegation of his most honorable senators to bring her from that far off land all the way to Rome, that she might stand before the king. On arrival, he falls down at her feet and pleads with her to help him in his awful dilemma, as his enemies are too strong and

about to utterly exterminate him from the earth. She proceeds to commune with the gods and consult the omens. Then she returns, and standing before the king delivers her lugubrious message: "Rivers of blood rush red on my sight, and mountains of the dead I everywhere behold! There is but one surviving hope; buy these twelve magical books which I hold in my hand, from them learn wisdom, and you will defeat your enemies and save your country," at the same time demanding a princely sum of money for them. The king hesitates, and asks her if she cannot take less. At this she turns aside and lays four of them on the fire; the astounded king seeing them burn to ashes. Again she consults the omens, stands before the king, and delivers the same horrific message of blood and ruin, exhorting him to buy the books and learn wisdom from the gods and save his country; to the king's astonishment demanding the same enormous price for the eight, as for the original twelve. Again the king flickers at the price, when she turns at once and burns four more of the books. The third time she seeks enchantment and communes with the gods, only to repeat the same appalling message of swift destruction inevitably pending, which he can only avert by the wisdom he can learn from those magical books, and, to the king's astonishment, heroically demanding the same price for the surviving four, as for the original twelve.

At this moment the thought flashes through the king's mind, "This is my last chance, one more burning seals my doom." Therefore, hesitating no longer he closes the contract, pays the princely sum, takes

the books, learns wisdom, defeats all his enemies, and saves his country, which continued to push her conquests to the ends of the world, till she actually conquered the whole earth.

Sinners, learn once for all, every time you reject the Holy Ghost, though the terms of utter and eternal self abnegation and perfect consecration seem ever so hard, you have been burning the books and sealing your doom for irretrievable woe.

CHAPTER IV.

THE IRON KINGDOM, DAN. IV, 33. THE PAPACY; THE
LITTLE HORN, DAN. vii.

The iron horse, with his bowels of fire and breath of steam, indefatigably pursues his undeviating way toward the noonday sun, carrying us through a most delightful region of country, by the ancient poets felicitously denominated the "Elysian Fields," till we find ourselves once more at great Rome, the most celebrated city in the world's history. She ruled the world a thousand years, and for twenty-five hundred years was, politically and ecclesiastically, the most prominent power in all the earth. Again I proceed with my comrades to find lodging in the Capital Hotel.

When you visit Rome, go at once to Pincio Heights, where you will be much edified by the innumerable busts and statues of sages, philosophers, statesmen, poets, orators, and heroes. You will need several hours there to peregrinate the park and look into the faces of the mighty dead, with many of whose names you will recognize quite a familiarity, as you certainly have some acquaintance with Greek and Roman history. The reason I advise you to come hither is because from these heights you will enjoy a bird's-eye view of the city; your guide pointing out to you the important sights you will proceed at once to visit,

e. g., St. Peter's Cathedral, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, Cæsar's Palace, the Capitol, etc.

St. Peter's Cathedral is eight hundred and thirty-five feet long, three hundred and thirty feet wide, four hundred and forty-eight feet high, and built exclusively of the finest marble in the world. It cost two hundred millions of dollars, and occupied two hundred years in building.

When the bloody persecutions broke out in Rome in A. D. 68, pursuant to the Neronian edict for the extermination of the Christians, they had already beheaded Paul; then the Christians besought Peter to escape from the city and prolong his life, as they felt they needed him so much. Therefore, while walking down the Appian Way, beneath the twinkling stars of night's dead hour, he suddenly meets Jesus walking rapidly into the city. Turning, he shouts, "*Domine, quo vadis?*" (Lord, whither goest thou?) Jesus, looking on him, says, "Peter, I have come to Rome to be crucified again," and suddenly vanishes out of sight. Peter takes the hint, turns around, goes back, and tells the saints the Lord wants him to be crucified in Rome. When I was there in 1899, I went to that spot, which is now marked by a beautiful white stone church, superscribed, "*Domine, quo vadis?*"

History says they crucified Peter on the Campus Martius, where his cathedral now stands, marking the spot. His sepulchre is near the center of the church, in which they have his remains in a gold coffin, which I saw. His bronze statue is also there for the saints

to kiss. They have kissed the great toe of his right foot till they have almost worn it off.

Among the many sights, where we see in statuary a world of history, you will recognize Pope Leo the First going out to meet Atala, the great leader of the barbarian armies, which, after three hundred years of war, took the city A. D. 476. He is begging him to spare the city, but in vain. I was interested in the statue of St. Dominique, the author of the Inquisition, which burnt millions of martyrs; he is standing with a mad-dog by his side and a bundle of blazing fagots in his mouth. I was also interested in looking at the "Holy Door," which is never opened but once in every twenty-five years, when the Pope breaks it open with a silver hammer (as it has no latch), walks out through it, and standing on the veranda, prays for the whole world and forgives their sins. Therefore, if you are twenty-five years old, you have the consolation that your sins have been forgiven at least once. You will also see on the veranda the statue of Charlemagne, the founder of the Holy Roman Empire in the ninth century, mounted on his war horse. Suffice it to say this is all pompous, carnal, and blasphemous idolatry.

Again I was in the Maratime Prisca, where Paul was incarcerated. They show us a fountain in that prison which they say sprang up miraculously when Paul wanted water to baptize the jailer, who had been converted through his ministry. Again, I stood in the old Judgment Hall on Capitoline Hill, where Nero, the cruel emperor, condemned Paul to die. As he was a Roman citizen, it was unlawful to crucify

him. Therefore they honor him with decapitation by a sword and a degree of privacy, as they led him out of the city. Again I followed him from the Judgment Hall of his condemnation to the spot where they cut his head off. It is marked by a large convent. Again, I drank from the three fountains of beautiful, living water, which are said to have miraculously leaped up out of the earth when his head struck the ground. They say it bounded thrice, and a fountain sprang up at each of the three places. St. Paul's Cathedral is the most beautiful building I ever saw. It cost fifty-five millions of dollars and took twenty-five years to build. In it you will see Paul, Peter, and other apostles in gigantic statuary, and high up on the interior corridors all of the popes (289), beginning with Peter and running down to Leo XIII, who was on the throne when the edifice was completed in 1900. Peter was no pope; Boniface III being the first, whom Procas, King of Italy, crowned A. D. 606.

We now go to the great Coliseum, eighteen hundred feet in circumference, and one hundred and sixty feet high, a solid wall up to the eaves, and with seating capacity for one hundred thousand spectators. It is a perfect ellipse, having the properties of a whispering gallery so the voice was easily heard throughout the building. This immense work was performed by Jewish captives, led thither by the emperor Titus, after he had destroyed Jerusalem and blotted out their nationality forever. Having sold into slavery all that survived the sword, pestilence, and famine, these were left on his hands. after the market was fully supplied. He led them to Rome and there,

held in slavery, forced them to build this, the greatest theatre ever on earth, and along with the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the Colossus of Rhodes, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the temple of Jupiter Olympus at Athens, the pyramids of Egypt, and the Sphinx, denominated the seven wonders of the world.

After Nero's edict for the extermination of the Christians went forth, A. D. 68, the great entertainments of the Coliseum became the casting of the Christians to the wild beasts. The multitudes might, by pouring out their money, have the privilege of seeing the Christians eaten up by lions, bears, panthers, tigers, hyenas, and wolves, which they kept in lairs under the mountain hard by and brought out well starved, so they would be voraciously hungry and devour the Christians with the utmost greediness. I have often stood in the Coliseum and gazed upon the arena where myriads of Christians were eaten by the wild beasts. They call the north gate the "Gate of Life," because they brought the martyrs in through it alive; and the south gate the "Gate of Death," because through it they carried out the bones after the flesh had been devoured by the greedy monsters. I have looked upon the old tunnel, through which they brought in wild beasts from their lairs in the contiguous mountain. In A. D. 68, Rome took fire and burned six days and seven nights, like an ocean of flames; meanwhile Nero sat upon a lofty tower, played his fiddle and sang "The Destruction of Troy," thus impressing all the people with his own criminality in causing the conflagration. In order to rid himself of the accusation, he charged the

Christians with it, and issued his edict for their extermination. Then martyrs' blood began to flow, and continued in crimson rivers till stopped by the conversion of the emperor Constantine, A. D. 321.

As Rome is built on seven great hills, originally the Forum was in a valley between them as a matter of convenience. During the centuries of desolation which followed her fall under the barbarian invasion, A. D. 476, up till Victor Emmanuel, in 1870, entered the city with his army and shook down the Pope from his temporal dominions, which marks the revival epoch in the history of the city; the population having increased from one hundred and fifty thousand to four hundred thousand; the old Forum had been so filled up with debris that it was actually lost and the site unknown. When I was there in 1895 they had discovered it and were cleaning it out; an immense job, as it was actually covered with debris forty feet deep. When I saw it again in 1899, they were still working hard, having made great progress and brought to light many ruins of deep interest. When I saw it in 1905, they had completed the work of exhumation, revealing the grand old Forum where the countless hosts used to gather and listen to the thundering eloquence of Cicero, Cato and the senates, deliberating on the destinies of the nations. That Forum was literally surrounded by magnificent temples and palaces. It is now exceedingly edifying to hear the instructions of your guide as he points out all these objects of thrilling interest.

When the barbarians captured the city, A. D. 476, they spent a whole week gathering the gold and silver

from the temples and palaces. The emperor actually lived in a golden house, surrounded by five thousand senators, living in silver houses. Rome had conquered all nations and gathered the gold and silver from the ends of the earth. When the barbarians had finished their work of spoliation, the great Palatine Hill, which was occupied by the palaces of the Cæsars, was so mutilated and utterly desolated as to superinduce the abandonment of all that portion of the city. Therefore, spoliation, desolation, and dilapidation ran riot till 1870, when Victor Emmanuel succeeded the Pope, and the revival began.

You will be thrilled with interest in exploring Cæsar's palace and the environments. Down at the base of the Palatine Hill you will see the cave into which it is said the wolf, having found Romulus and Remus when exposed to die, carried them and nursed them with her own milk. Memorial wolves are still kept at the capital, commemorative of this wonderful tradition in reference to the origin of great Rome, beginning in so small and unpretentious a way and gradually broadening until she enveloped the whole world and ruled all nations with a rod of iron.

Within a few paces of this cave where the wolf fostered Romulus and Remus, stands the altar erected to the unknown God. You remember that Paul saw the same kind of an altar in Athens and mentioned it in his sermon on the Æreopagus, Acts seventeenth chapter, using it as an argument in favor of Christianity, showing them that they were already worshipping the very God whom he preached. Here we see how the light of nature consented, and the Holy

Ghost enabled the Greeks and Romans to rise above their idolatry and worship the true God of the universe, in the utter absence of any Bible to reveal Him.

We now find ourselves in the Pantheon, so named because the emperors of two thousand years ago erected it for the worship of all the gods. It is a most elegant superstructure, perfectly circular, two hundred feet in diameter and two hundred feet high, with no windows, but a circular aperture on top in the center, thirty-six feet in diameter. Though the sun shines down into the temple and the rains fall without obstruction, there is always plenty of room around the walls dry and comfortable. I have been in it three times, in 1895, 1899, and 1905, every time finding worshipers in it. The very fact that it was built for the worship of all the gods, opened it freely for all denominations of Christians.

You will now go with me to the Apostle Paul's hired house, where he spent a solid biennium preaching the Gospel to all who, in the providence of God, might drop into his city mission. You will find it easily, as it is just across the street from the Capital Hotel. I was gratified to find it still used as a Christian church. Worship was going on while I was in it.

I also went to see the "Holy Stairway." It is near St. John's Church. They claim that this is the identical stairway on which Jesus stood before Pilate's Tribunal; they claim that it was carried from Jerusalem to Rome by the angels during the Crusades. When Martin Luther went to Rome on a pilgrimage, seeking light and grace of God for which his soul had been hungering and thirsting, the priest started him off in

the direction of penance and asceticisms for the good of his soul. Among other means of grace, he availed himself of this "Holy Stairway," and was climbing up and down those twenty-two steps on his bare knees, already denuded and bleeding, when he heard a voice from Heaven (as he always believed) saying, "The just shall live by faith." He at once rises to his feet, walks down, leaves Rome, returns to Germany and goes to preaching justification by faith alone, with all his might. This produced a wonderful sensation, as it was to the people a new doctrine, since it had long been buried in the rubbish of priest-craft and dead legalisms.

His Bible School in Wittenberg attracted the lovers of truth and righteousness from far and near, so that they came walking from all parts of Germany to see and hear for themselves whether the wonderful reports which had reached them were true. Of course, the Roman Catholics, who had everybody in their grip, did their utmost to suppress this heresy. When the bishop had exhausted his resources in vain, he appealed to the Pope to help him, who wrote to him to stop that man's mouth with gold at once, believing every man had his price and could be bought with gold. But when the bishop did his best to purchase Luther with gold and utterly failed, he wrote to the Pope, "Holy father, that German beast don't love gold." Then the Pope sent his bill of excommunication to Wittenberg, which really made Luther an outlaw and liable to be burned at any time. But Luther burned the Pope's bill on the public square, while the panic-stricken multitude gazed with paradoxical sur-

prise and awe. Then the Pope summoned Luther to meet him and his cardinals in the city of Worms. The people did their best to keep Luther from going, knowing that they aimed to burn him alive; but all remonstrance failing, he mounted his mule and set out, saying, "I will enter Worms if there are as many devils in it as there are tiles on the roofs." Sure enough, he meets the Pope and his cardinals, with all their pomp and pageantry of sacerdotal dignity. The multitude is like the sands of the sea. The prosecution begins, and Luther, with the sword of the Spirit, proves more than a match for them all. In the heat of the controversy an uproar is raised, which they expect to result in burning him.

Amid the universal commotion and stampede, he is seized and carried away by a mob, whom he supposed to be his enemies, but fortunately they were his friends *sub rosa*, lest he should prove unmanageable. They hurry him away to a lonely old castle on the summit of a lofty mountain, where they put him down in a deep dungeon and keep him a year; meanwhile he translates the New Testament out of the Greek into the German. By the close of the year, the seed he had sown had sprung up and produced a copious crop, so that the princes of Germany assembled at Augsburg and openly protested against the authority of the Pope, thus founding the Protestant Church, which has flooded the world with light, wisdom, truth, righteousness, and glory.

Romulus and Remus, exposed on the banks of the Tiber to die of starvation, or to be devoured by the wild beasts, found and fostered by a wolf, who carried

them to a cave, as above mentioned, and fed them with her own milk, grew rapidly and soon became the nucleus of a tribe. Pioneers roaming the primeval forest fell in with them, and then others, thus rapidly increasing in numbers. But they have no wives; therefore, they make a great festival and institute theatrical games and invite the Sabines, a neighboring tribe, to attend.

In the midst of the festivities and the theatrical performances, each Roman having spied her out, seizes the woman whom he desires to become his wife. All the men stampede, return home, are equipped with all expedition and return prepared to whip the Romans and rescue their wives and daughters. But the Romans sedulously use the time courting their intended wives; so by the time their fathers and brothers have returned to rescue them, *vi et armis*, the women have fallen in love with their captors and prefer to stay with them. Therefore, when the Sabines return and attack the Romans, in the midst of the battle the women rush forth, with streaming eyes and eloquent voices, embracing their fathers and brothers on the one side and their newly wedded husbands on the other, and with importunate cries implead them to be reconciled to each other. This proves a glorious success and gives a boom to the newly born Roman nation, destined in the roll of seven hundred and fifty-three years to absorb every other nation and fill the world.

The Romans made war their religion, building a beautiful temple to Janus, the war god, whose open doors indicated war, and closed, peace with all the

world. The doors of this temple stood wide open for seven hundred and fifty-three years, except three times; first, during the reign of Numa Pompilius; second, immediately after the first Punic war; and, third, during the reign of Augustus Cæsar; from the simple fact in the last case that they had conquered all nations and there was not an enemy on earth against which to march an army.

The prophet had predicted that the Savior's birth would be the herald of peace on earth; therefore, all wars must cease at the time of His advent, as He is the Prince of Peace. So God used the Romans to fulfill this prophecy. They had conquered all, and the world was filled with peace, when the angel band hovering over the manger of Bethlehem sang their triumphant song, redolent with heavenly melodies, to a world four thousand years deluged with blood and tears.

"Hark, a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way, a God, a God appears!
Lo! earth receives Him from the bending skies,
Sink down ye mountains, ye valleys rise!
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay.
Be smooth, ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
The Savior comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear Him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!"

When Constantine, the emperor, was converted to Christianity, A. D. 321, he built a Christian church on the Circus Maximus, in full view of the altar super-scribed to the unknown God, and the cave in which the wolf had nourished Romulus and Remus.

Daniel's chronological image, standing before the

prophet in gigantic majesty, with golden head, silver breast and arms, brazen abdomen and thighs, and great iron legs, traveling to the ends of the earth and crushing everything beneath their tread, is here brought to mind. You see when God gives the interpretation through Daniel, that the Chaldean, under Nebuchadnezzar, is the golden head; the Medo-Persian, under Cyrus, the silver breast and arms; the Greek, under Alexander the Great, the brazen abdomen and thighs; while the great iron legs are the Roman kingdom, going to the ends of the earth and subduing all nations, crushing them down beneath its iron heel. Therefore, Rome was the fourth kingdom destined to rise upon the earth after the fall of the theocracy at Jerusalem, 587 B. C. This great iron kingdom did subdue all nations, filling the whole earth with a hard, unmerciful, military despotism.

Read Revelation thirteenth chapter, and you will see the Roman beast with his seven heads and his ten horns. Rome was first a kingdom, then a republic, followed by the tribuneships, triumvirate and dictatorship; ultimating in the empire which was the sixth head. This is the head that was "wounded unto death." The deadly wound healed when the empire fell, A. D. 476, and the papacy, which was the seventh head, arose and took its place.

As Rome had conquered all nations, she had gathered the gold and silver from every land and piled it up in Cæsar's palace. Those barbarous nations of the great North, the Goths, Huns, Vandals, and Heruli, had long smelt the gold and silver on the seven hills of Rome; they had fought for three hun-

dred years. When they took the city, they did not want the government but the money; so they spent a whole week, gathering the gold and silver from the gorgeous temples, shrines, and palaces, after which they returned to their own land, loaded with the precious metals; common soldiers were now millionaires.

You see how the Pope had to wait until Cæsar fell before he could take the throne of the Roman world, 2 Thessalonians, second chapter. The world verily could not have a Cæsar and a Pope at the same time. Cæsar would have killed the Pope; therefore Cæsar must fall before the Pope can rise. Here you see how the sixth head of the beast, which was the empire, was wounded when the barbarians took the city; but healed in the papacy, which is the seventh head and continues to this day. In Revelation xiii, 11, you see another beast comes up out of the earth, having two horns like a lamb, but speaking as a dragon. This is the ecclesiastical hemisphere of the papacy. The Pope claims to be that innocent lamb; yet his haughty speech is the virulence of the dragon. Daniel says that one of these horns was much higher than the other, and the largest horn came up last. This long horn is Roman Catholicism, and the Greek, the shorter horn.

Daniel seventh chapter, is a vivid description of the "little horn," which keeps pushing in all directions, till it becomes the greatest power in all the earth. And it says, "These horns fell before the little horn." Since the world rejected God's administration of love and mercy and desires for itself human rule, the gov-

ernments are symbolized by wild beasts, *c. g.*, the lion, the bear, the eagle, etc. The horn consequently symbolizes political power, as human governments do their execution by brute force. Daniel says that when this little horn came up, three out of the ten horns, which were ten kingdoms, fell before this little horn. These were the kingdoms of the Lombards, the Austro-Goths, and Ravenna, which were absorbed into the Holy Roman Empire, *i. e.*, the Pope's dominion. The reason why the papacy is called the little horn is because the Pope's dominions were always small; but when, in his arrogance, he claimed dominion over all the kings of the earth, then Daniel's predictions in reference to the little horn towering, expanding, and dominating over all others were literally fulfilled.

If you will study the seventh chapter of Daniel, you will see that the Pope is to be the antichrist of the tribulation. By what authority do we so conclude? There you see that the antichrist is the eighth head of the Roman beast, and the Holy Ghost positively says he will be one of the seven. As the empire which fell under the barbarian invasion in A. D. 476 was the sixth head, and was succeeded by the papacy, which is the seventh, you now perceive how the identity of the papacy and this eighth head, which is antichrist, follows as an irresistible and logical sequence. This arises from the simple fact that the eighth head is to be one of the seven, and the papacy is the only surviving head of the seven; therefore, it is the eighth head, which is the antichrist of the tribulation. In many prophetic Scriptures it is denominated "the beast," and is necessarily iden-

tical with the papacy. *Anti* means instead of. Therefore, antichrist means a substitute for Christ, *i. e.*, an usurper of the throne of Christ; which is the veritable character of the Pope, and has been in all ages. When Christ takes up His bride, thus removing all truly sanctified people from the earth, then, when all the kingdoms of the earth shall fall (Daniel vii, 9), the Pope will claim every throne in antagonism to Christ, the only legitimate ruler of the earth.

You see that this antagonism will continue until the last great battle of Armageddon, Revelation nineteenth chapter; when Satan will array all the kings of the earth against the Lord Jesus and we shall see their enemies go down in blood beneath the sword of Prince Immanuel, who will ride in triumph over His conquered enemies. Finally, you will see the beasts, *i. e.*, the papacy and the false prophet, Islamism, arrested and cast into the lake of fire. Notice the last verse of this chapter and you will see that all the people who shall survive the great battle of Armageddon will be slain by the sword, proceeding out of the mouth of our glorious Christ, which simply means they will be gloriously saved by the precious Word of God. It is cheering to think that this will be the happy lot of all who survive the great tribulation.

CHAPTER V.

GREECE, CORINTH, ATHENS: THE BRAZEN KINGDOM.

Bidding adieu to Rome, around which ten thousand historical, political, and ecclesiastical memories linger, we pursue our eastbound journey. Darting along through the coast ranges of rugged mountains, our train dashing through cragged steepes, near frightful precipices and yawning chasms, and anon, through a dark tunnel, we are instantly relieved by an instantaneous sunburst. The head grows dizzy, as we look down into the profound abyss beneath our feet; then in alternation at the tunnels and bridges which characterize our precipitated flight through the dizzy heights of the towering mountains and over the yawning depths of the chasms away beneath our feet. From dewy morn till dusky eve, we thus dash along till the thundering billows of the Adriatic Sea, the terror of sailors, notorious as a prolific storm-breeder, salute our ears. We bid adieu to the iron horse and hasten to embark for Greece.

The night has gone and noonday is fast culminating, when our ship casts anchor at the largest island in that sea, Corfu, the only landing place between Brindici, Italy, and Patras, Greece.

There, in the providence of God, our faith was tried and encouraged by His providential deliverance. Cook's agent at Brindici had made a mistake in our

tickets, for which we had paid at New York. We had paid for the whole tour around the world, receiving orders for tickets, which had to be made out by the agent at every place where we made a change. When we reached Corfu, behold the ship's officers were for putting us off, as that was the terminus of our ticket.

At this juncture God came to our relief in the person of a wise man understanding many languages, who at that time was serving Miss Elizabeth Redford, daughter of Dr. A. H. Redford, of Nashville, Tenn., (of precious memory to all Southern Methodists). At that time, in the providence of God, he was with us on the ship, escorting a company of girls to the Holy Land. In much crossing the sea he has become a celebrated tourist, and had employed Brother Solomon, of Turin, Italy, to serve them as escort. The latter recognized the trouble in which we were embarrassed, that of being forced to disembark and being left among strangers on that lonely island in the middle of the sea, instead of sailing on to Greece as we had contemplated. He slipped away to the clerk's office, examined the record, and saw that we were credited one hundred and eighty-one francs, precisely the price of four tickets from Brindici, Italy, to Patras, Greece. Then he hurried back to the deck where the ship officers were endeavoring to put us all off because our tickets said Corfu instead of Patras. He at once espoused our cause and told them that he had seen their book, and their record showed that we had paid our fare all the way to Greece. Cook's agent at Brindici had made a mistake, for which we were not to blame. He just told them outright they

should not put us off, and told us not to get off. Then they acquiesced and carried us on to Greece. We all recognized the hand of God in our deliverance, and praised Him for raising up Brother Solomon, whom we had never before seen, to interpose in our behalf, and by his wisdom (for he certainly had the right name) to deliver us from our serious trouble, for which there seemed to be no remedy, as they had the record against us, and we did not understand their language.

Again it was my privilege to sail near the celebrated island of Ithaca, immortalized in history as the kingdom of Ulysses, the great Grecian hero so celebrated in the songs of Homer. Homer was the first to write poetry outside of the Bible, and to this day they recognize prints of his poetry in every age and nation.

“Achilles’ wrath, to Greeks the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing.
That wrath, which hurled to Pluto’s gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
Whose bones, unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures store;
Declare, oh, muse, in what ill-fated hour,
Sprang the fierce wrath from that offended power,
Since great Atrides and Achilles strove;
Such was the sovereign power, and such the will of
Jove.”

Homer wrote the *Iliad*, consisting of twenty-four books, or parts, of which the above is a specimen at the beginning. Thus vividly in his thrilling poetry he describes the ten years’ siege and final destruction of celebrated Troy. This took place twenty-eight hundred years ago, during the Heroic Age of Greece. Ten

years having flown, and all efforts to reduce the impregnable walls having failed, the **city was** finally captured by the stratagem of a wooden horse, invented by the crafty Ulysses. It was a huge monster in the shape of a horse, and filled with armed men and left in front of the city. Then the Grecian army sailed away in pretended abandonment of the siege. They stopped on an island in the vicinity; having left Sinon to play deserter to the Trojans, and to persuade them to take down the walls of the city and bring this wooden horse into it, assuring them that the Greeks had left it as an offering to Minerva, the guardian divinity of the city, whom they had grossly offended by the ten years' siege. This done, Sinon unlocks the door and those redoubtable heroes pour out of the wooden horse, assault the city, and set it on fire; the ambushed Greek army, seeing the signal and hastening to the scene, consummates the destruction of the venerable city which they had besieged for those ten long years.

After the fall of Troy, the Greek army all set out to return across the stormy sea, so perilous in that age, when navigation was in its infancy and the mariner's compass and steam engine not even dreamed of. A storm overtakes them and disperses their fleet, separating the ships of Ulysses from the army. While the balance returned to Greece, he, with his men, is tossed upon unknown seas, wrecked upon strange coasts, and spends ten years roaming over the sea and passing through most wonderful adventures with giants, demi-gods and unknown barbaric nations.

Homer wrote a poem of twenty-four books describ

ing the wonderful adventures of Ulysses during these ten years. The name of the volume containing these books is the *Odyssey*, which is simply the Greek for Ulysses, which is Latin.

When Ulysses' part of the Grecian army was driven away in that storm, it was supposed they were lost at sea, as they did not return to Greece.

Then the young princes of Greece, recognizing the widowhood of his beautiful and accomplished wife, Queen Penelope, immediately began to give her attention, proposing matrimony in the high hope that her royal husband was dead. This she positively refused, assuring them that Ulysses was alive and coming home. Thus they continued to visit the palace and to urge the subject of wedlock, insisting that she should make a selection and enter into matrimony. Their perpetual visits became a source of intolerable annoyance; meanwhile they were devouring the substance of the kingdom. She is in a serious dilemma, and afraid to refuse them, lest they war on her kingdom and capture it in its feeble condition during the absence of the king. Therefore she resorts to stratagem to postpone her answer, constantly anticipating the return of her husband, which the suitors treat with the utmost ridicule, assuring her that he is dead and buried beneath the dark billows of the thundering sea.

Though Penelope had never received a word from him since the return of the Greeks from Troy, who reported that he was driven away by the storm and never afterward seen or heard from, yet she is perfectly confident that Ulysses is alive and will come

home in due time. In order to postpone her answer to the suitors till the arrival of her husband, she tells them that she is weaving a great web for a burial shroud for her father-in-law, Laertes, the superannuated king of Ithaca, who was quite old and would certainly die soon. At that time the art of weaving cloth was so rare and little known that it was considered a grand accomplishment and honor to a queen to understand and execute it. But as year after year passed away and still she made the same excuse, the suitors suspected a stratagem and watched at night. They found that she actually unravelled out what she had woven in the day-time, in order to prolong the job.

Ten years have rolled away, in addition to the ten at the siege of Troy, when behold, Ulysses comes home! He is in disguise as a beggar, lest the suitors would find him out and kill him in order to get his noble queen; he gives her the wink to humor the delusion of the suitors, as she recognizes him. Homer says his old dog identified him after an absence of twenty years, fawned on him and dropped dead, the rapture of his joy being too great for mortal life. Having spent a few days in the palace, unnoticed by the suitors, who simply passed him by as an old beggar, he manoeuvres to get up a prize-fight, in which he slays them all, throws off his disguise, identifies himself and re-enters his kingdom with the joyous welcome of his subjects, who had in loyal patience waited for him for twenty years.

In this romantic history, we receive beautiful and profitable light on the interesting problem of our Lord's return to His kingdom, to the infinite joy and

glorious relief of His waiting bride, as well as the destruction of His enemies, who have long ago monopolized this world, congratulating themselves with a false consolation that He will never come back. The formal churches have all entered into wedlock with the worldling suitors who began to make love to them soon after our Lord ascended from Mount Olivet. Their cultured preachers stand in the pulpit and assure them that the world is in the morning, and the coming of the Lord not nigh; yet, each revolving day brings our glorified Ulysses and His long expected Millennium nigher; meanwhile Penelope toils and waits with longing and unfaltering anticipation for His sudden and glorious appearing.

Our ship lands at Patras, and thus, the third time in the providence of God, I am permitted to put my feet on the classic coast of Greece, to gaze upon her vine-clad hills, and contemplate her majestic mountains, every one of which has been immortalized in legendary lore and brightened with poetic genius. Our train is now running along the bank of the beautiful Ionian Sea, while the plains all around are covered with vineyards burdened with luscious fruit, as it is the grape harvest, and oh, how we enjoy them! Meanwhile the hills all around are crowned with the venerable olive-trees, burdened with their copious crops of growing fruit. This beautiful sea, two hundred miles long, is only twenty to thirty wide. Therefore as we run along the south bank, we enjoy a grand view of Sparta, the land of Leonidas, who, with three hundred heroes, held the straits of Thermopylæ against the whole army of Xerxes, two mil-

lion, five hundred thousand. It is the celebrated land of Lycurgus, second only to Moses in the history of the world's legislature. After his laws had long received the obedience of his people, and life's evening admonished him that his end was nigh, Lycurgus manœuvered to draw his people into a promise to obey his laws until he returned from a proposed journey he was about to take. Then he went away and never did come back, preferring to bleach his bones beneath a foreign sky rather than release them from the obligation to obey his laws. Consequently history says the Lycurgian code remained in force fourteen hundred years.

A Greek citizen was riding with me, who had been to England and could talk some broken English. He informed me that Parnassus, the highest mountain in Greece, was among those on which I was then gazing in the land of Sparta, beyond the Ionian Sea. On the summit of this towering mountain is the fabulous Pyerian fountain, whose waters have the power to inspire the true genius of poetry. It is said that the longing aspirants after this enviable endowment, *e. g.*, Pindar, Sapho, and many others, climbed up the rugged heights of Parnassus that they might drink from this magic fountain the true genius of poetry and oratory, which hold the multitudes spell-bound and mold the destinies of nations.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pyerian spring;
As light draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking deeply sobers it again."

We all see the verification of this poetry in the

egotism and vanity superinduced by superficial learning; while we frankly witness the consolatory fact that liberal education conduces to humility and gravity.

We now reach the eastern terminus of the Ionian Sea, and find ourselves running through the city of Corinth, in sight of the Cenchrea where Priscilla and Aquila had an apostolic church. This is new Corinth, having been built since the railroad came, within the last thirty years. It is about two miles from old Corinth, where Paul held that eighteen months' protracted meeting, the providence of God giving him the largest church of his ministry. In Paul's day, Corinth stood on a beautiful plain stretching out from the Isthmus of Corinth, connecting Achaia (south Greece), with Hellas (central Greece), and separating the Ionian Sea on the west from the Ægean on the east, and containing a hundred thousand inhabitants. It was not only beautiful for situation, but adorned copiously with various specimens of the fine arts, and an infinite diversity of statuary. It was really the Paris of the ancient world, and unfortunately, like modern Paris, awfully cursed with the terrible sins of adultery and fornication, as you see clearly revealed in the Pauline epistles. Like other ancient cities, it was located at the base of a precipitous mountain, Acro-Corinthus (citadel of Corinth); as in that day all nations were belligerent, and in the absence of firearms they could successfully defend themselves against a great army if they would climb a precipitous mountain. When I was there in 1895, New Corinth contained a few thousand people

and was being built out of the ruins of the magnificent ancient city which, during the ages of desolation, had been ruthlessly spoliated. Then some of the old ruins were still on the grounds, and especially on the citadel. When I was there in 1905, they were about all carried away, and the beautiful site of the ancient city was all turned into a vast wheat field. If you ever pass that way you will see the Acro-Corinthus from the train a long way off. Corinth on its new site along the sea and by the railroad contains about thirty thousand inhabitants, and is rapidly growing.

We are now dashing along the bank of the Ægean Sea, bound for Athens. The classic mountains and plains are everywhere fraught with thrilling memories. When the Greeks gained their independence in the Revolutionary War, which resulted in their emancipation from Turkish thralldom, Athens only contained seven thousand inhabitants. It now, with the suburbs, is estimated at three hundred and fifty thousand. The city is really charming for its beauty and elegance. Fortunately, great Mount Pentelicus, which abounds in an apparently exhaustless supply of splendid marble, overshadows the great and beautiful plain, on which the city stands, hard by the Pyrus, a most delightful harbor. This harbor is perfectly secure for ships in all sorts of weather and makes Athens not only a great commercial city, but a center for tourists from all parts of the world.

One reason why the city is so beautiful is because she is largely built of marble. The ancient Greeks excelled all the world in the fine arts, and if you will visit Athens you will find the modern nation credit-

ably vindicating its consanguinity with its illustrious predecessors by the copious and magnificent adornments of the modern city. Not only does the city abound in beautiful marble edifices, but the finest statuary becomes the source of perpetual edification to the tourist.

When I was there in 1895 the Stadium, so celebrated in the days of her ancient glory, and which you see so frequently referred to in the Pauline epistles, illustrative of Christian pilgrims running for heavenly glory, was utterly desolate, every stone having been carried away during the ages of desolation. They told me that the nations were agitating the enterprise of restoring the Stadium and large sums had already been subscribed. When I was there in 1899, about one-third of the great and beautiful amphitheatre, formed materially at the base of Mount Hymetta, on the bank of the classical river Illysus, was supplied with beautiful marble seats, and they had already begun to hold their annual meetings there, thus renewing them after an interregnum of fifteen hundred years. When I was there in 1905, they had just completed the seating of the amphitheatre; a thousand feet long and four hundred feet wide, with seating capacity for a hundred thousand spectators; all of the seats of beautiful marble, and, to the honor of the architects, most elegantly executed. The Stadium is nine hundred feet long and a hundred and twenty-five feet wide, and so located that all the occupants of the amphitheatre enjoy a perfect view of the performances. In the olden times, none but native Greeks were permitted to contest for the

prize. Now the contest is open to all nations. Paul very pertinently and forcibly refers to the Olympic races, illustratively enforcing the wonderful reality of full salvation. When I learned that the privilege was no longer restricted to Greece, but free to the whole world, I was impressed with the glorious realization now contemplated by all Christendom, *i. e.*, the speedy evangelization of every nation, so that we will have the heavenly racers coursing through every land.

We learn in Acts seventeen that while Paul was preaching in the synagogue on the Sabbath, and throughout the intervening week promiscuously on the streets, some of the auditors became interested enough to conclude that he had something really worth their appreciation as a people standing at the top of the world, the honored teachers of all nations. Consequently they escort him to the Æreopagus, a great auditorium erected on the hill of Mars for the discussion, ventilation, and investigation of all matters of interest, appertaining to religion, philosophy, erudition and every ramification of spiritual and intellectual achievement. The gravest audience of philosophers, astrologers, and sages beneath the sky held their grave councils here. For the encouragement of everything good, and the fortification of the people against all error in philosophy and heresy in religion, everything new must there be proclaimed, thoroughly ventilated and adjudicated, before it was propagated among the people. Thus Paul is complimented by having the most intellectual and cultured audience on the face of the whole earth. In his peregrinations

day after day through the city Paul had been investigating their shrines, temples, and altars, thus diagnosing their religion.

The Æreopagus is only separated from the Acropolis by a low ravine. Like the Acro-Corinthus at Corinth, the Acropolis at Athens is a precipitous mountain of solid rock, two thousand feet high, for security and defense in time of war. It was covered all over with magnificent temples. On the pinnacle stands the great temple of Minerva, the goddess of literature, after whom the city was named; *Athena* is Greek and *Minerva* Latin, the names of the celebrated goddess in the two different languages. This temple is standing to-day, though it was seriously damaged by Turkish artillery in the siege of 1832, which resulted in Grecian independence. It is of great dimensions and supported by fifty-two cylindrical columns. The temples of Diana, Hercules and Nikee are yet standing on the Acropolis; the latter, which means victory, having been erected to the goddess of victory when they so signally triumphed over Xerxes. He marched against the Greeks with an army of two millions, five hundred thousand, and had his throne erected on a lofty mountain overlooking the bay of Salamis, where his innumerable fleet had rendezvoused. Feeling sure that his force would have no trouble to destroy the little insignificant Greek flotilla, he avails himself of the comfortable and safe situation from which to enjoy the utter ruin of the Greek maritime forces. To his unutterable surprise and trepidation, he sees his own magnificent and innumerable fleet boarded, fired, sunk and ruined

by the Greeks under the leadership of Themistocles, and is glad of the chance to skedaddle for his life.

Standing on the Areopagus, overshadowed by the magnificent temple of Minerva and in full view of the temple of Theseus on the plain below, which is standing this day in a perfect state of preservation, we see innumerable shrines all around, as they had, under the leadership of Alexander, conquered the whole world and adopted the gods of all nations, and then honored them with temples and shrines in their magnificent metropolis. It is related that at one time, Jupiter (in Greek mythology the chief god of the universe), was suffering from a pain in his head. He asked Vulcan, his blacksmith, who forged thunderbolts for him in the volcanic fires of Mount Ætna, to strike his head with a sledge-hammer; this done, the beautiful goddess Minerva leaped out. Therefore she was the goddess of literature and philosophy, as you see from the source where she came that she was all intelligence.

Paul began his discourse to the Athenians by a complimentary reference to their piety; "I perceive that in all things you are very religious, for as I passed along, observing your devotions, I found an altar superscribed, 'To the unknown God.' Therefore, Him whom you ignorantly worship, do I preach unto you." I have been to Athens three times, but have never found that altar. Perhaps it has perished with innumerable other altars and shrines during the ages of desolation, or perchance I did not have a competent guide.

On the plain between the Acropolis and the river

Ulysses you will find the ruins of the temple of the Olympian Jupiter. It was one of the seven wonders of the world, four hundred feet long, a hundred and twenty-five feet wide and supported by cylindrical columns of fluted marble ninety feet high. Near this site is Lord Byron's monument, erected to his honor by the grateful Greeks, because he heroically came from England, fought, bled, and died in the war for their emancipation. Hear him sing as he comes to the scene of war:

"Great shades of chiefs and sages,
Behold the coming strife;
Hellenes of past ages,
Oh, spring again to life."

Again, I went into the prison in which the great philosopher, Socrates, was incarcerated for preaching the truth of Christianity; though only walking in the dim light of nature and conscience. He had no Bible, but he certified to them that "the Divinity made intimations to him," which was none other than the witness of the Holy Spirit. They condemned him on a charge of heresy, for which they had Paul stand before the grave assembly of the Æreopagus, charging him with introducing "new gods." Paul was more successful than Socrates, in the fact that he succeeded in preaching sufficient conviction on them to paralyze persecution; they let him go away and leave them; whereas, in case of Socrates, they condemned him to die by drinking the deadly hemlock. When the weeping executioner delivered him the fatal draught, he blessed him and told him not to weep, for he was

going up above the stars to dwell with the Divinity for whose communications he was persecuted unto death, because he had the fidelity and courage to give his testimony. This prison is on the hill of the Muses. The nine Muses recognized by the Greeks were none other than the nine gifts of the Holy Spirit. We also visited the hill of the Nymphs, those little divinities that thronged the hills and valleys of classic Greece. An observatory has been built on the summit of that hill, a congenial memento of its ancient celebrity.

When the Greeks so signally triumphed over the Persians under Xerxes, who marched against them with the largest army ever mustered on the earth, he feeling perfectly certain that he would settle the Greeks forever, and thus gain undisputed dominion of the world, as the Greeks were the only unconquered nation, they were much encouraged. Alexander, succeeding his father Philip on the throne of Macedonia, when only twenty-one years old, and dividing out the royal treasure, or only thirty-five thousand dollars, equally among his soldiers, only thirty-five thousand constituting the royal army, said in response to their inquiry, "What have you left for yourself?" "My hopes." When they say, "What are your hopes?" "Why," says he, "to conquer the Persian Empire, and possess the whole world."

Therefore Alexander sets out, boldly invading the Persian Empire. On the fields of Granicus he meets the imperial army of Persia, fights a decisive battle without losing a man, and leaves forty thousand Persian soldiers dead on the field. Terrible is the shock which pervades the Persian Empire. Eventually they

rendezvous another immense army and meet on the field of Issus. They fight three days without ceasing; winding up the battle with a hundred thousand Persians left dead on the field, and Alexander's loss almost nothing; his soldiers wounded considerably, but the deaths a mere handful.

The battle of Issus was an awful stunner to the whole Persian Empire, and it was a good while before the Emperor faced Alexander again. This time he levied soldiers from all the one hundred and twenty provinces of his world-wide empire, extending from India to Ethiopia, Darius in person commanding the innumerable host. A battle of seven solid days ensues. Three hundred thousand Persians were left dead on the field, and the innumerable host was so utterly defeated and disorganized that they skedaddled promiscuously in all directions; meanwhile the loss of Alexander was comparatively insignificant. Darius is so alarmed that he flees clear away into India. Alexander pursues and finally overtakes him on the bank of the Indian Ocean. There Darius interviews him with a proposition to divide the world between them, half and half. Then Alexander points to the bright Indian sun, in his overmastering effulgence, and says, "Do you see that sun?" He responds, "Yea." "Then," says Alexander, "could this world have two suns like that? You know it could not; they would utterly burn it up. Neither can it have two kings; so I must have it all." Thus he settled the destiny of the world; took it all, and wept because it was all he could get.

We read the Bible and see clearly how wonderfully

God was among the Jews, who grew oblivious to the fact that He is ruling over all nations. Of the wonderful Hebrew history, we have the inspired record; whereas in case of all other nations the history of God's dealings with them is unwritten. As you read the preceding sketch of Alexander's conquests of the world, you see clearly the hand of the Almighty, giving him every nation under Heaven. What is the solution of this wonderful phenomenon? You see preceding it another phenomenon, equally revelatory of the Divine presence among the Greeks, though they had no Bible. With no facilities superior to their neighbors, you see them rise to the top of the literary world and step lightly and triumphantly over the pinnacles of poetry, oratory, philosophy, and the fine arts; the children of the kings coming from every nation to receive instruction at the feet of the Athenian philosophers. The grand culmination of all their literal achievements was focalized in the formation, development and perfection of the Greek language, the finest vehicle of human thought that ever came into use in the history of the world; in vivacity, brevity, comprehensibility, brilliancy, eloquence, and power, surpassing every other language articulated by mortal tongues.

Then we see His wonderful providence in giving Alexander all the nations of the earth; this was the normal method of disseminating the Greek language throughout the whole world, as the legitimate sequence of this universal conquest was the establishment of the Greeks in the administration of every nation under heaven. I traveled six thousand miles in India alone,

evangelizing from place to place, and without a guide; from the simple fact that I found the English language everywhere. The English people have ruled that country a hundred and fifty years, and their language has become universal. The Alexandrian conquest took place 325 B. C., thus giving ample time for the Greek language, spoken by the rulers of the different countries, to radiate out from every capital. interpenetrate every nation and become universal. It was God's preparation for the coming of His Son into the world. Jesus and His apostles preached and wrote in the Greek language. The New Testament, the compendium of God's saving truth, was written in Greek, and carried into all nations. As all languages undergo radical changes and revolutions by use, God in His great mercy soon took this language from the people, lest they might change it and turn it over to become the companion of the inspired Hebrew of the Old Testament. The Bible through the ages has remained as pure as when dispersed by infallible wisdom; consequently we can all go to this incorruptible thesaurus of saving truth and receive the infallible, inspired oracles, translate them into the six hundred thousand languages and dialects used by the sixteen hundred millions of people this day inundating our little planet, and thus reveal to them the truth by which they are saved.

Homogeneous with this fact we this day see the English language rapidly becoming universal. It is one among the many signs of our Lord's near approach to this world. When He was on the earth before, the Greek language was universal. So I have

no doubt but that English will be spoken in all the earth at the time of His second advent, *e. g.*, this continent was settled not only by the English, but by Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italians. How do you account for the phenomenon that they all gave up their language and read in the English? They do not want their children to speak their language, but to learn and speak the English. Rest assured that the hand of the Almighty is in it. Throughout great India, with her three hundred millions of people, the English language is spoken; though the English people in that country, as I was informed by Brother Jones, of Allahabad, India, a missionary in that country for thirty-two years, in all the empire would not exceed one hundred thousand. The English language is rapidly prevailing in China and in Japan. We do not say the other languages are not to be spoken, as in India this day one hundred native languages are spoken by the people; but we simply mean that the English language will become universal, proving the great vehicle of evangelization and Christian communion and fellowship in all the earth.

This land of Greece is Daniel's third kingdom of brass, which was to bear rule over all the earth. Daniel ii, 39.

CHAPTER VI.

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE KEY TO THE ORIENT.

From Athens we sail over the Ægean Sea, through the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora, to Constantinople. As the city stands on eleven majestic hills, it is very conspicuous from the sea. It has a splendid harbor, consisting of a segment of the Sea of Marmora, another of the Golden Horn, and another of the Bosphorus. As you approach it you will enjoy a splendid view from the ship a long time before your arrival. I know of no other city in the world which upon approach exhibits so gorgeous a spectacle. Those high hills are occupied by buildings magnificent and tall; especially do splendid mosques with their lofty minarets dot the city all over and penetrate the blue sky, shining like glittering diamonds.

This city is the capital of the Turkish Empire; the only political upholder of the Mohammedan religion in all the world. These enthusiastic Moslems pray five times a day; the priests climbing the minarets, and standing shouting aloud, "There is but one God and Mohammed is His prophet." I have been much associated with the Mohammedans in my Oriental travels. Their zeal and fidelity to their religion are certainly very commendable. I have often hired them to serve me as guide and escort; when the hour of prayer arrives they go at it; whether aboard ships, or arranged in the desert, or treading the streets of

the city, or halting on Jordan's bank, they promptly proceed with their prayers; their excessive genuflections and manipulations render them very conspicuous.

Standing on the deck of your ship before disembarkation, let us take a bird's-eye view of the city. Turn your face toward the rising sun; you see three great hills occupied by magnificent buildings, with minarets rising from the mosques here and there. These hills, with about a dozen small islands in the Sea of Marmora, constitute Asiatic Constantinople; bounded on the right by the Sea of Marmora, on the left by the Strait of Bosphorus, and containing one-fourth of the city, whose population is estimated at one and a quarter millions. Now turn your face toward the polar star. You see before you five majestic hills densely occupied by the city. Many great buildings, public as well as private, especially mosques and the new Royal Palace, now shine in their splendor before your contemplative eyes. This division of the city contains five-twelfths of the entire population. It is bounded on the right by Bosphorus Strait, on the left by the Golden Horn, and fronts on the harbor. Turn again and face the setting sun. You see three great lofty hills, densely crowded with magnificent buildings and containing one-third of the entire population of the city. Among the public buildings in this section are the old Royal Palace and a number of splendid mosques; among them that of Saint Sophia, the most costly in the city. This division is bounded on the left by the Sea of Marmora, and on the right by the Golden Horn, an inlet from the Sea

of Marmora. It interpenetrates the continent of Europe about six miles; its width at the base being one thousand, two hundred feet, where the water is very deep and the anchorage of ships, even in the worst weather, perfectly safe, and gradually it tapers to an apex and throughout exhibits the shape of a horn, consequently its name.

Constantinople is of all cities on the globe the most doggy. Some one said there were ten thousand in the city. They much encumber the sidewalks and the streets, many of which are very narrow. They keep up such an awful roar at night that visitors find sleep almost impossible, till they become used to the canine music. The solution of this is that the dog is sacred in the Mohammedan religion; therefore you must be very careful not to hurt them however much they annoy you, lest you get into trouble. There is a dog mosque in the city, where hundreds of them are daily fed by public charity. Another phenomenon of the city is the great buffalo used for draught purposes, with great availability. The buffalo is so big and strong that a pair of them will pull a paradoxical load up those streets, which are the steepest I ever saw in a city. It seems that there has been no effort made to cut down the hills, but they have erected immense buildings on them just as they came from the hand of the Creator. Fortunately the place is not earth-quaky; if so, the city would have been shaken down long ago. These majestic hills certainly do augment the beauty of the city, adding a pictorial rest and romantic physique.

Constantinople was founded six hundred and fifty-

eight years B. C., eighty-five years after the founding of Rome, and during the reign of Nebuchadnezzar at Babylon. Byzas, a Megarian citizen of Europe, was the founder. It received his name, Byzantium, and retained it nine hundred and eighty-six years, till refounded by the Emperor Constantine. During the Chaldean Empire, it was too young and insignificant to attract the attention of the world's rulers, and we have no record of the Persian Empire, which succeeded the Chaldean, ever giving it any special attention. When Alexander conquered the world, three hundred and twenty-five years B. C., of course he took it in, and it was really overshadowed by his native land. When the Romans succeeded the Greeks in the dominion of the world, of course, with all other countries, it dropped under the eagle's pinions.

A. D. 328, Constantine visited the place, and diagnosed the situation, felicitously located as it is at the junction of the two continents, by the Strait of Bosphorus, which is only five hundred yards wide and one hundred and fifty feet deep. Consequently it was destined to become the key to Asia. For some time the emperor had been realizing that Rome was infelicitously located, too far west, and eccentric in her relation to the universal empire over which she swayed the imperial sceptre. Julius Cæsar, in the last century B. C., contemplated changing the capital from Rome to Nicomedia in Greece, and as he was so enterprising he would very likely have done it if he had lived, but he was killed by those whom he regarded as his best friends, just at the time he had reached the very acme of despotic power. With his fall. his

magnificent air-castles all vanished into nonentity. When Constantine came to Byzantium and communicated his enterprise of moving thither the world's capital, it enthused all the people so that they almost died of joy. As Rome is originally built on seven hills, Constantine, desiring to make it as much like Rome as possible, laid off seven hills, walking round them, claiming to be guided by the Unseen One. The people accompanied him, and marked off the place for the city wall right where his feet had trodden. He named it New Rome; but the name proved an utter failure. As the people were so grateful to him, they unanimously gave it his name, Constantinople, simply adding *polis*, which is the Greek word for city. Thus Constantinople supercedes Byzantium, after almost a thousand years from its founding by Byzas.

Really this was the grand epoch in the Christianization of the world. Rome was crowded with pagan temples, when Constantine was converted to Christianity, A. D. 321. He did his best to stop all idolatry in Rome, succeeding very largely, but not fully, there still being some pagan temples which he could neither close nor turn into Christian churches. But when he moved the capital to Constantinople he succeeded gloriously along that line. The people were so delighted to have the world's capital brought to their town, and so carried away with the course pursued by the emperor, that he had no trouble to get them all to give up their idolatry and turn Christians. Consequently there was not a single pagan temple permitted in Constantinople, though the inhabitants had

all been idolaters seven hundred years, and most of them nearly a thousand years.

Constantine himself founded Saint Sophia, the first Christian church in the city; several others quickly following. Of course, the removal of the capital gave it a wonderful boom, rapidly swelling into the metropolitanship it has enjoyed through subsequent ages. The capture and fall of Rome under the barbarian invasion, A. D. 476, continued to boom Constantinople; however, those were dark, bloody days. The Roman Empire was the only upholder of ancient civilization, and when it was destroyed by the barbarians ancient civilization passed away, and a period of darkness and barbarism supervened which lasted a thousand years. During this time not one man in a thousand, nor a woman in twenty thousand, could read or write. However, Constantinople was the most prosperous city in the world for the reason that the power and influence of Rome which had ruled the world a thousand years were largely transferred to Constantinople through Julian the Apostate. He succeeded Constantine on the imperial throne, giving an awful backset to Christianity and a corresponding boom to paganism; yet his influence was not felt much at Constantinople, from the simple fact that there were no pagan temples there. He was quickly succeeded by Theodosius the Great, who was both a mighty warrior and statesman and a zealous Christian.

In the fifth century, while Constantinople was really prospering on the ruins of Rome, Justinian the Emperor came to the front of the world and immortalized himself as a military chieftain. He was exceedingly

zealous for Christianity, and actually expended five million dollars rebuilding Saint Sophia with wonderful magnificence; at that age of the world five million dollars were more than fifty millions now. He had cut down the wages of his soldiers and his government officers in order to make this wonderful expenditure. Rome had fallen and Constantinople was at the front.

While Justinian thus came influentially to the front of the world, and his name has descended to posterity emblazoned with military glory, I am sorry to say, he deserves not the encomium which the world has lavished upon him; he never led a campaign or fought a battle. But his general, Belisarius, led his armies, fought his battles, and won his victories; he conquered the Vandals of Africa and the Goths of Italy, the former the conquerors of the world. When the barbarians who had conquered Rome came and coiled around Constantinople like a huge boa-constrictor, and the last hope had fled, Justinian had to call home Belisarius from his conquests in Africa and Italy. He attacked the barbarians, signally defeated them and relieved the city. After he had passed his eightieth year and retired as superannuated, to rest upon the laurels he had so richly and deservedly won, the barbarians, hearing that the grand old hero was worn out and had retired, came again in vast numbers and besieged the city; then Justinian was forced to call Belisarius from his resting place to deliver him from his enemies. Then Belisarius walked out with his staff and gathered around him a few of the faithful veterans of his happier years. They attacked the barbarians, signally defeated them and relieved the city.

Of course the praise of everybody rang out in commendation of the venerable hero, used of God for this glorious deliverance from barbarian pillage and subjugation. This aroused the jealousy of the Emperor, who, as history certifies, to our unutterable astonishment, had the eyes of Belisarius cruelly torn out of their sockets and all of his princely fortune confiscated; thus reducing his noble benefactor to blindness and pauperism. As certified by history, this great general and philanthropist, when more than ninety years old, might be seen walking the streets of Constantinople led by a child, bearing a wooden cup and begging alms of the people. Oh, what a pity that Justinian, amid the religious zeal which adorned the church of Saint Sophia with five millions of dollars, did not get the Holy Ghost to sanctify all of the envy and jealousy out of him!

Those were stormy centuries; the Dark Ages having settled down upon the world like a nightmare with her sable pinions, eclipsing every ray of by-gone civilization during the ninth century. The Saracens and the Tartars were both playing sad havoc with the world, deluging it with blood and heaping it with the slain. They both wanted Constantinople, and either would have captured it, if not intimidated by the other. In the eleventh century the Crusaders, under the leadership of Godfrey, a great military chieftain and a noble Christian, captured Constantinople on their way to Jerusalem, which they conquered and wrested from the Moslems, A. D. 1099. But they were only able to hold the Holy City by the hardest fighting for eighty-eight years; when, signally de-

feated by the Moslems in the battle of Hatton, they were driven out of Asia. In 453 the Turks, under the leadership of their sultan, Mohammed II, conquered Constantinople, took possession of it and made it their capital, and have held it ever since.

The subjugation of Constantinople played sad havoc with all the Christian churches in the city, turning them into Mohammedan mosques, transforming and rebuilding them. Saint Sophia was so costly and valuable that they did not make much change in it; simply building a most costly minaret, a minaret being regarded by the Moslems as a *sine qua non*. Though Constantinople is the capital of the Turkish Empire, the only Mohammedan government in the world, yet it is certified that one-half of the whole population are Christians. The Mohammedans would kill them all if they could; but they are afraid of Christian influence, their rulers trembling night and day lest the Christian powers supplant them forever.

Constantinople is felicitously located at the juncture of Asia and Europe. Asia means east, and Europe means west. America is an augmentation of Europe. Therefore, when we speak of the eastern nations, we always mean Asia; when we speak of the western nations, we always mean those of Europe and America. In the prophecies, Africa means south. Constantinople is the intermediate link between the east and the west, and from our standpoint, the key to the great Orient; therefore it has always been the bone of contention among the nations.

The Bear's mouth has long been watering to devour the Turkey, and would do so unhesitatingly if the

Lion would only take his eyes off of him. Russia is the king of all the world, Daniel tenth and eleventh chapters, destined ere long to supplant the king of the south. If you will read these chapters, you will find that while the revelation is perfectly clear, confirmatory of the conclusion that the "king of the north" will subdue the "king of the south," yet it will not be *vi et armis*, but by "flatteries," *i. e.*, by diplomacies. This prophecy is now receiving its literal fulfillment daily. When I visited the Holy Land in 1895, the Bear was the biggest thing I saw there. When I returned in 1899, I saw at once he had grown to double his former magnitude. When there the third time, in 1905, he had again doubled his magnitude. Peter the Great, the founder of the Russian Empire, predicted that the Bear would lie down on the bank of the Indian Ocean. While the Turks are so particular with other nations, that it is with great difficulty we travel among them, *e. g.*, I had to get a passport from the United States Congress, which I presented on arrival at Constantinople, and which they took and gave me a *teskara*, which I had to present everywhere I went; yet the Russians, as I am authentically informed, travel all over that country without either passport or *teskara*. Besides, they enjoy privileges of shipment in the waters of Constantinople, participated in by no other nation.

At present Russia is under a cloud, depreciated by the world because of her defeat by the Japanese. This does not militate against the fulfillment of Daniel's prophecy, as the defeat was a providential castigation for her maltreatment of the Jews. You see how God

used a weak nation to give her a thrashing, thus humiliating her in the eyes of the whole world. The famine which prevailed in Russia several years ago, was close on the track of a terrible persecution which she had inflicted on the Jews, and so, evidently a castigation for the same. Another phase of this matter is found in the fact that Russia is seeking water outlet in the east; whereas Constantinople, which is central in her empire, is the eligible place for her shipment.

CHAPTER VII.

VESUVIUS, NAPLES.

Far back in by-gone eternity, a volcano was set up in the middle of the sea which continued to pour its fiery lava skywardly in scoriaceous volumes till it piled up a great mountain fresh from the bowels of the earth, full of all the fertilizing elements. It spread out two hundred thousand acres of soil, rich as Eden, inviting the tillers of the earth to pitch their gardens from base to summit and to accumulate fortunes from an infinite variety of tropical fruits. Oh, how ineffably delicious the grapes, figs, oranges, pomegranates and olives, which superabound along with a vast variety of delicious nuts and inexhaustible crops of all the edibles peculiar to the tropical, semi-tropical, and temperate zones. There is a chestnut indigenous to that mountain which I do not believe grows anywhere else on the earth. It differs from the American chestnut by its great magnitude, being four times the size. They export it in vast quantities. When I sailed thence to Egypt in 1895, our ship was loaded, I am satisfied to say, with thousands of bushels, carrying them into Egypt.

The city of Herculaneum is still entombed in its volcanic sepulchre, wrapped in the scoriaceous winding sheet in which old Mt. Vesuvius, eighteen hundred and twenty-seven years ago, in a noonday moment,

mantled it to await the judgment trump. The city of Naples has subsequently been built over it, and when I was ascending the mountain our carriage ran over it. Many eruptions have taken place during by-gone centuries, burying villages and cities; yet Naples only grows the faster; extending out in all directions over the mountains. She now contains seven hundred thousand inhabitants.

When I was there in 1895, the flames were ascending up in fearful volume from the mouth of the crater, so they were visible many miles away. We saw the fearful sight from the sea as we approached the city; consequently there was no going to the crater. When I was there in 1899, the smoke was ascending constantly in great columns, but no fire was visible without; therefore people were going to see the crater. About forty persons went with me. We spent three hours ascending the mountain in carriages drawn by three horses up the macadamized road, zigzagging amid the gardens which everywhere occupied the mountain. The soil is so rich and productive that none of it is permitted to lie idle.

It is a significant fact everywhere verifiable that volcanic soil is the most productive in the world, as it always superabounds in saltpetre, which is the really fertile element in all soils. The reason why cultivated soils become sterilized and unproductive is because the saltpetre is exhausted by the growth of the crops. For that reason tobacco utterly ruins land very quickly, because saltpetre is largely absorbed in its production. The same fact is largely true in the growth of corn. The secret of successful farming

consists in perpetuating the fertility of the land. This is secured by cultivating fertilizing crops, *e. g.*, the cereal grains and grasses, especially rye, clover, and blue grass. There is a great dereliction on the part of the United States Government, in not protecting our soil as they do in Europe, especially in England.

Great Vesuvius has a vast diversity of climate; tropical at the base on the south side; semi-tropical on the east and west; and temperate on the north. The climate changes as we ascend the mountain, therefore the gardens which enclose the mountain on all sides abound in an infinite variety of vegetables and delicious fruits; no end to the grapes, which are exceedingly delicious; figs, olives, pomegranates, apricots, pears, peaches, apples and a great variety of berries.

Not only is the mountain wrapped in gardens, but residences everywhere abound; the volcanic stone is at hand, sufficing for building purposes of every kind. Really the volcano is the father of the city, which is now the largest in Italy, which bids fair soon to reach a million, despite the constant threatenings of the roaring, thundering, pent-up fires of the volcano, weary of their prison and longing to leap away into the open air. It is astonishing to see the perfect lassitude, unconcern and improvidence of the city, apparently utterly unconscious of the danger it is in, liable any moment to be wrapped in fiery winding sheets and to have multiplied thousands buried in one common sepulchre beneath the floods of molten lava, which are ready every moment to roll over them.

. Our weary horses, after three hours of hard toil,

reach their destination where they get rest at the lower terminus of the wire rope railroad. This now carries us up an ascension of twenty-nine hundred feet, running us over the hypotenuse of a right angle triangle about forty-five degrees to the perpendicular, and dumps us off at the base of the cone up which we have a walk of five hundred feet, through ashes and cinders so hot that we had to step rather quickly to keep our feet from burning. It is so steep, and we sank down so deep in the ashes, that it was really laborious walking. This we could relieve *ad libitum*, as a great gang of coolies was there with ropes for us to take hold of and let them pull us up, for filthy lucre. Though somewhat in life's evening, still being a pretty good walker I declined their help, though I found the ascension difficult and laborious. There were a few women in our party, whom those guides carried in their arms and on their shoulders. All of this time, we feel the mountain trembling and hear the awful roar beneath our feet, reminding us of the judgment ordeals, to which we are all rapidly hastening.

We have now reached the summit of the cone, the apex of the mountain. Standing on the verge of the open crater about two hundred feet in diameter, we look down to the apex of the inverted cone, about three hundred feet below, and see the fire flaming; meanwhile the whole earth is trembling and O, how tremendous the roar beneath our feet, which reminds me of a great monster breathing hard. Every few seconds volumes of dense black smoke are discharged, lurid flames and red hot rocks, some of them weighing fifty to one hundred pounds, fly away up in the air and fall

back into the flaming water; meanwhile fire is falling all around us, the guides watching and helping us to keep it from burning our clothing. All the while we can scarcely breathe for coughing because the air is so filled with brimstone; our guides doing their utmost to render us comfortable, telling us it is good for our health and not to mind it. This experience I can never forget. It was the most alarming environment of my life. Many of our party stayed but a moment and retreated. I was in a dilemma; for of my two traveling companions who had accompanied me from America and were standing on either side, the one was urging to leave at once and the other was utterly unwilling to leave. As we had ridden in the same carriage, which was waiting our return at the terminus of that wire rope railroad, it was really important for us to keep together. For this I plead hard, and with great difficulty effected a compromise between them, prevailing on the one to stay till we could persuade the other to go. In due time we all left together, praising God for His merciful providence, as an eruption at that time would certainly have wrapped up all in burning winding sheets.

It is exceedingly dangerous to go to the crater, as those eruptions very frequently take place, many people having lost their lives at different times during the history of the volcano. In 1905, my three traveling companions, "The Texas Boys," went, but I stayed in my room and read my Greek Bible, my visit six years antecedently having satisfied me forever. They reported to me a recent eruption, pouring out a river of lava two hundred yards wide, fifteen

feet deep, and two miles long. They had to walk over it, stepping quickly, to keep it from burning their feet, as it takes a long time for it to cool off. Great changes had taken place since I was there; the crater, even, having changed its location; destroying the upper station and a section of the railroad.

While I stood there on the verge of the crater, looking down into the flaming abyss, contemplating the vast volumes of ascending smoke, and almost suffocated with the brimstone which filled the air, I did wish all the pseudo-Christians, preaching no-Hellism throughout the world, *e. g.*, Seventh Day Adventists, Millennium Dawners, Universalists, and backslidden orthodox folks, were there to see our Savior's awful description of Hell literally verified in the unfathomable abyss of fire and brimstone. I believe a visit to the crater of Vesuvius would do the poor, deluded heretics more good than all of our arguments.

Our Savior is the plainest preacher ever on the earth, and He most explicitly and clearly tells us over and over about the Hell of unquenchable fire and brimstone. It is awfully wicked to tinker with His Word and try to take the force out of it. To preach, means to proclaim a message already delivered to us, and not to manufacture something by the power of our own intellect; as all such are counterfeit heralds of their own Gospel, instead of the precious truth of God, which alone can save.

Satan well knows that if he can take Hell out of the Bible, he will not longer have to divide the world with Christ, but he will get it all in solid columns; each successive generation walking off the earth and

plunging headlong into the lake of fire and brimstone, of which Christ has so faithfully warned us. The power of sin is so inconceivably strong in fallen humanity that only the people who fear Hell give it all up and make their escape. The Bible says this fear is the beginning of wisdom, hence those who have it not never begin the life of holiness, the only way to Heaven. It is horrific to see how dumb the preachers are on the plain, unmistakable truth, appertaining to the Hell which certainly awaits the wicked. I fear multitudes of them will land in Hell from the simple fact that they failed to warn the wicked of their danger, as God positively says that in that case the wicked shall die, but He will require their blood at the hands of those whom He has sent to warn them of their danger. A mutilated and emasculated Gospel is Satan's greased plank, over which to slide people into Hell.

I do believe that our Lord shows "unlearned and ignorant men" (Acts iv, 13) how to carry the Gospel to the world, because He knows they will be simple-hearted enough to deliver the message just as He gave it to them; while minds stored with vast human learning would be very likely to tinker with the message and try to improve it according to their theology, instead of simply serving the office of a Gospel herald, who dares not do anything to the message, but faithfully delivers it as he received it. The reason why we need Bible schools everywhere is because the denominational theological colleges all teach their students to bend the Bible to their creed. Woe unto the Bible schools, when they cease to teach and preach

the Bible, just as God gave it, never daring to soften the hard nor smooth the rough!

I have three times visited the city of Naples, the most of which is actually built on Mt. Vesuvius, and all of it directly under its smoking crater. We people at a distance think if we lived there we would be in constant fear of the awful doom which overtook Herculaneum and Pompeii, the predecessors of Naples. Eighteen hundred years ago they were suddenly buried alive in one vast, fiery sepulchre; whereas many eruptions have subsequently taken place, destroying cities and villages. Though, while sojourning in the city my thoughts have almost constantly been exercised upon their situation, I have never seen the slightest manifestation of uneasiness or dread on the part of any person living there. We absentees are astonished when we contemplate the utter indifference and freedom from all alarm, characteristic of those seven hundred thousand people.

Do you know that the sixteen hundred millions of people who now throng this world are in the very same peril, and environed by the greatest conceivable incentives to fear God and be every moment ready for eternity? Do you not know that this whole world is a volcano; a globe of molten lava, with a thin crust formed on the outside not so thick in proportion to its diameter as the shell of an egg in proportion to its magnitude? Meanwhile four hundred other volcanoes are helping Vesuvius, to keep us all reminded of our perilous environments. I am just come directly from Japan, where we have a great empire consisting entirely of volcanoes, mostly now extinct, but not all,

for I saw some of them active. While I was there an earthquake, which is a volcanic eruption, suddenly buried eleven thousand people on the Island of Formosa. I was also among the Hawaiian Islands, all of which are volcanoes. I passed San Francisco but a few days before her awful destruction by the earthquake. God is constantly warning us by the roar, the smoke, fire and quaking; thus keeping us constantly posted and duly warned to be ready to meet Him. Reader, are you now ready to see Him coming in the clouds?

CHAPTER VIII.

EGYPT.

Sailing from Constantinople southwardly, through the Sea of Marmora, the Dardanelles, and the Ægean Sea, our ship cast anchor at Abilene, as you remember, one of Paul's preaching places. They told me she has a population of one hundred and fourteen thousand and still some Christians among them. We hastened on to Smyrna, where one of the seven churches of Asia Minor was located. It was a poor village at that time, suburban to Ephesus, which was the metropolis of all western Asia. Among the seven churches, five of them were terribly castigated by the Apocalyptic prophet for apostasy and dereliction. He boldly threatens Ephesus that if she does not repent He will come and take her candlestick away, *i. e.*, that she will lose her organization and evanesce from the earth. This awful prophecy has been sadly fulfilled. The great and magnificent city has long since been destroyed and is without an inhabitant.

If you will read the appeals of the Holy Spirit in the first three chapters of Revelation, you will find two of these churches, Smyrna and Philadelphia, fully approved, not an allegation against them. They alone have survived the awful calamities of the dark ages of Mohammedan invasion, as the Mohammedans have long possessed that country, doing their utmost to exterminate Christianity from the earth. While

Ephesus with her metropolitan church has utterly perished, Smyrna has not only survived, but from a poor suburban village has grown into a magnificent city of three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, second only to Constantinople, in the great Turkish Empire. I made special inquiry in reference to Christianity, knowing how terrifically the tide always sets against every Christian church in Mohammedan lands. They informed me that of the three hundred and fifty thousand population, three hundred thousand are Christians. Of course, that is to be understood in a political rather than a religious sense; simply meaning they believe and sympathize with Christianity, and are not members of the Mohammedan church. This is certainly a wonderful manifestation of Divine providence and mercy.

We have again crossed the Mediterranean Sea and find ourselves once more in the land of the Pharaohs. We disembark at Alexandria, this being my fourth visit to this city, in the providence of God. This city was founded by Alexander the Great, when he conquered the world three hundred and twenty-five years B. C. Its location at the mouth of the great River Nile, the longest river in the world, whose source was never discovered till 1891, though the river has always been the best known in the world, abundantly vindicates the wisdom of its founder. With a population of three hundred and twenty-five thousand, it is said to have more shipment in proportion to its magnitude than any other city in the world.

Alexander is a compound Greek word meaning a chosen man. This is significantly true in the case of

the mighty Grecian, indubitably the elect of God to put the Greek language in every court beneath the skies, so that it would radiate into all nations and be universal when our Lord came on the earth; really a *sine qua non* of the world's successful and expeditious evangelization.

In this city we have three sights worthy the appreciation of every traveler: Alexander's tomb, and that of the Apostle Mark. The former was first buried in Greece in a gold coffin, but subsequently moved to Alexandria and buried in pomp and royalty, but without the gold coffin, as that would have been stolen soon or late, thus disturbing the dead. Mark was dragged through the streets by the cruel mob, till an angel hand transported him from the battle-field to the mount of victory. Oh, what a contrast between these two interments! The one in all the possible pomp of royalty, and the other simply laid in the earth by the loving hands of a few despised and persecuted Nazarenes, themselves looking bloody martyrdom in the face, as the same demoniacal rabble was still thirsting for blood.

Alexander's world-wide empire fell to pieces within a year after he was gone. The kingdom for which Mark was dragged by the feet through the filthy streets till he took his upward flight, though at that time small, weak and contemptible in the eyes of the world, now has more subjects than were in the world when Alexander claimed it all, and is marching on with more heroic tread than ever before. She is electrified in contemplation of her triumphant King's speedy return on the throne of His millennial glory

to fill the world with triumphs of His final victory, whose lustre will brighten the eyes of contemplative saints and angels through all eternity.

Another sight you cannot afford to miss is Pompey's Pillar, ninety-four feet high and eight feet in diameter, a perfect monolith, hewn out at the cataracts of the Nile and carried down the river on a flotilla; a distance of seven hundred miles. It stands on a pedestal ten feet high, and is crowned with a capstone ten feet square, giving an altitude of one hundred and four feet. As you gaze on it, you soliloquize, how did they ever get it up in its position, where it has stood alone these two thousand years and weathered the storms? Echo answers, how? I am satisfied that the world to-day has no mechanical power competent to do the work. Rome, the great iron kingdom of Nebuchadnezzar's chronological image, has in this monument abundantly vindicated her claim to the championship of the ages. In point of magnitude and strength, Rome has surpassed all nations and ages and borne away the banner. This solid shaft, ninety-four feet long, a perfect cylinder, eight feet in diameter, and mounted on a pedestal ten feet high, oh, what inconceivable weight! How did they handle it?

Egypt was one of the last countries in the world to be conquered by the Romans, as the Ptolemies, her last dynasty, were celebrated for their wisdom and power. But finally, like all other nations, they had to fall before invincible Rome; Cleopatra, the accomplished queen, being the last sovereign. She was defeated in the decisive battle of Actium, which decided

the world in favor of Roman rule, and ended ultimately in the enthronement of Augustus Cæsar. Cleopatra, with her soldiers, terrestrial and marine, had espoused the cause of Mark Anthony; he having lost the battle, then followed her to Egypt. This identified her with the enemies of Augustus; consequently the Roman armies came against her. When she saw that her doom was sealed, rather than adorn the pompous triumph in Rome, she committed suicide by exposing her arm to the bite of the venomous asp. The kingdom thus falling into the hands of the Romans, they erected this stupendous monument to the memory of Pompey, the celebrated rival of Julius Cæsar.

As we ascend the Nile valley on the train to Cairo, as it is date harvest, we see a world of palm trees bending under the copious crops of their delicious fruit, grown in Egypt in so vast quantity that it actually supplies the world. It is so very sweet and delicious that I used to think they put sugar on it. That is a mistake. The sweetness is owing to the wonderful power of the tropical sun in that land of cloudless skies where rain never falls, but where the earth is abundantly irrigated by the great and beautiful Nile overflowing its banks and deluging the whole country. It seems that the palm is the most fruitful tree I ever knew. It bears fruit when very young, good and copious, and like all the rest, sweet and delicious; this is when the tree is so small that you have no trouble to gather the fruit, standing on the ground. The tree is said to live a thousand years, some of them much longer, bearing delicious fruit as

long as it lives. It has no limbs and frequently grows a hundred feet high. I used to wonder how they ever got up to gather the fruit without a solitary limb to support and expedite the climber. This was my third visit to Egypt, and as it happened to be in date harvest I soon learned how they climb these tall trees. They go up and down about as fast as I would walk on the ground. In that hot country the laborers all go bare-foot. They trim the leaves off the trees every year; the stem of them is very large, about ten feet long, with innumerable leaflets extending out on each side. They cut off this great leaf about an inch from the trunk, leaving the little stub which gets very hard and dry and forms an elegant step for the bare foot of the climber. Besides, he throws a rope around his back and the tree, which keeps him from falling. As he walks up the tree, he lifts up that rope to a higher place, to suit his position every step he takes; thus, with astonishing rapidity and apparently perfect security, he climbs the tree to the umbrella top, where all the fruit grows on peduncles projecting out from the tree immediately above each leaf. He takes up with him a great basket in the form of a hemisphere. In this, with great rapidity he gathers the fruit and then lets it down with a rope. These leaves are the timber of that country, augmented by the trees which may chance to die. The main stem of the leaf gives you a strong pole, about an inch in diameter and eight or ten feet long, which the poor people use in building their mud houses, as well as kraals for their herds and flocks.

The Nile valley, I trow, is the finest farming land

in the world. It is said to sell for four hundred dollars an acre. It produces four crops a year; as they have no winters. Since Britain got possession of the country in 1882, the land is fast falling into the hands of the English nobles. Dikes run all over the country as a substitute for roads; they run boats over them and gather up the marketable produce; as Egypt in the days of Rome was pronounced the granary of the world, so this day she exports large quantities of the cereal grains, fruits, and cotton. I have been there in May and June when it seemed that the whole world was a harvest-field; the barley ripening in May and the wheat in June. I have been there twice in the fall; when they were harvesting the cotton everywhere and the cornfields in their verdant beauty were waving like the sea, and the palm trees were bending under their abundant harvest.

Such was my abstraction in contemplating the wonderful fruits of the Nile valley on either side of the car, that before I knew it I actually found myself in great old Cairo with her seven hundred thousand inhabitants, rapidly increasing and promising quickly to join the already long catalogue of cities with a million. Cairo stands on the right bank of the Nile and is about twenty miles long. The Nile drove the people out of old Memphis, twenty-five miles up the river, coercing them to abandon the situation and move to higher grounds; this river, by its periodical inundations, never washing away the soil but always depositing an additional strata, not only elevates its own bed but the surrounding country. It flooded all cellars and much of the city of Memphis, necessitating

immigration to higher ground. Therefore abandoning their home city, they float down the river carrying their houses with them and rebuild on a beautiful plateau on the other side of the Nile.

The citadel of Cairo, occupying a lofty eminence, with back toward the desert and overlooking the city, is the place for you to go on your arrival if you would conveniently enjoy a bird's-eye view, before you proceed toward general peregrination. On this citadel they show us Jacob's well, which Joseph dug for him that he might have an abundant supply of good water during the seventeen years he lived after Joseph brought him down from Canaan during the famine. The well is sixteen feet square and said to be two hundred and eighty feet deep. I have been there three times, both in the summer and fall, and found an abundance of water.

There you see the Mameluke's Leap. These mameluke warriors, originally the bodyguard of the king, manipulated and manœuvred as years went by to augment their power, till eventually they really became the rulers of the country, the Pasha being only the nominal ruler conservative of their caprices for the aggrandizement of their own official influence. One hundred and fifty years ago, the Pasha constructed a scheme for their destruction. He complimented them by an invitation to a royal banquet on the citadel, and at the same time made clandestine preparations to capture and kill every one of them. The day arrives and they come in royal pomp and pageantry, mounted on their gallant war steeds. When they all get in and are having a jolly time in festivity and social

merriment, the impregnable iron gates having been securely closed, the signal is given for his soldiers to begin the work of death. The result is that only one escapes and he mounts his horse over a great stone wall, plunging down a yawning precipice of one hundred and sixty feet. He killed the gallant steed but, paradoxical to say, the mameluke escaped with his life; thus sadly to fly away alone and tell the mournful doom of his gallant comrades.

Again we go up the Nile to old Cairo and enter the house where they certify that Joseph and Mary, with the infant Savior, lived in Egypt, fugitives from Herod's cruelty. The house is used as a Coptic church: these Copts being the ancient people of Egypt, and consequently the authors of the wonderful artistic specimens seen on all sides. We not only find these at hand but they adorn the museums of London, Rome, and Naples. These Copts are not negroes, neither do they show Ethiopian relationship; their complexion is a light brown and their countenance bright and cheerful, as abundantly revealed in their statuary. They were evidently of Semitic-Japhetic extraction.

They also show us the place where Moses was born and hidden by his parents in the ark of bulrushes on the banks of the Nile; and where he floated down the river to Heliopolis (which means city of the sun): in the Bible it is called the city of On. There the Egyptians worshiped the sun, moon, and stars with great fervency and lavish enthusiasm; here was a magnificent temple to the sun, Heliopolis being the ecclesiastical and Memphis the political capital of the country.

From this Pharaoh's daughter went down to the

river to enjoy her morning bath, attended by her maid servants; then the ark was discovered, having halted in an eddy. As her royal husband, according to history, had fallen before the enemy in the Ethiopian war, thus leaving her in widowhood without an heir to the throne soon to be vacated by her venerable father, she yielded to her anxiety for a son. Charmed by the beauty of the child and her sympathies moved by his plaintive cry, she conceived the idea of feigning maternity and adopting him for her own son. Felicitously, in the providence of God, and through the medium of his little sister Miriam, who had pursued her little brother floating on the placid river, keeping her eye on him, the princess is enabled to secure the mother herself to nurse her own babe, she being blissfully ignorant of the consanguinity. Meanwhile the child's father Amram receives the lucrative appointment of superintending the royal gardens; while Jochabed is delighted to nurse her own baby boy. There is an argument in favor of the conclusion that the Egyptians enjoyed common racehood with the Israelites, whose Semitic descent is clearly revealed in the Bible.

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When I first reached them in 1895 my spirit bounded to climb the highest one, five hundred and fifty feet, to its pinnacle. I did not know the danger I was encountering or perhaps I would have declined. The people there make their living by serving tourists as guides and helpers. They wanted me to climb it so they could get money for helping me. Though I had three stalwart bedouin Arabs helping me, one on my right, another on my left and the third at my back, yet it was the hardest work of my life, developing muscular soreness from which it took me quite awhile to recover. I found it necessary to rest several times during the ascension which, with the slope of the building and the necessary zigzags, was perhaps one thousand, five hundred feet. Finally at the apex, I took a good rest; much edified with the views. I enjoyed gazing hither and thither, not only over the city of Cairo and the great royal cemeteries with which these pyramids are identified, being the tombs of the Pharaohs, but also to old Memphis and the vast surrounding country. I gazed out over the great deserts on either side of the Nile valley until my vision was eclipsed in cerulean ether. Nine great pyramids and hundreds of smaller ones are in full view.

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Near this great pyramid, Cheops, is the Sphinx, the monolithic statue of the god of the pyramids, having the body of a lion, one hundred and twenty feet long and sixty feet high, and the face of a virgin. Remember that this wonderful statue was cut out of the solid rock, and all in one piece, which deservedly gives it a place among the seven wonders of the world. The pyramids, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the temple of Jupiter

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The pyramids are the tombs of the Pharaohs. In that great, royal cemetery there are contained ten to twenty thousand acres of land. It is in the desert for two reasons; the one, because in the plain of the Nile the water would rise; the other, because in the desert land is abundant and cheap. Great tombs were excavated under the ground, often running down deep, with many rooms in them, great and beautiful, and nicely polished marble sarcophagi (stone coffins), some of them weighing a hundred and thirty thousand pounds. Two hundred years ago they began to discover these subterranean tombs, and to take out the mummies and sell them to the museums in different parts of the world that they might have them on exhibition. When the coffins were light enough to handle, they carried them out also, but many of them are so large that they cannot do anything with them and just have to leave them there in those great subterranean sepulchers where they found them. All of these are called the tombs of Sahara. In many of these tombs you will see vast hieroglyphics, the first alphabet ever known in the world, these Egyptians

having the honor to have invented it. You would be much interested in studying the hieroglyphics in these great subterranean sepulchers.

The people are still exploring that great royal cemetery, hunting the tombs and taking out the mummies and other things which are left there. Since I was there in 1899, some Frenchmen have discovered a tomb to which one has to descend by a spiral iron stairway, with one hundred and fifteen steps, to a depth of about one hundred feet. Of course when they discovered the tomb there was no way of descension, for the people who made it had purposely put it down so deep that they did not think it would ever be found; it was entirely covered over and there was no sign of it. These Frenchmen, having discovered it, went down and there found three mummies, evidently the king, queen, and their son, all embalmed and in a perfect state of preservation. They also found in these sarcophagi two hundred thousand dollars in gold and other valuables, which they took out and appropriated.

The ancient Egyptians were an exceedingly intellectual people, sanguinely believing in immortality, consequently they embalmed people in order to make the body last forever. The very fact that they put princely sums of gold in the coffin with them was an evidence that they believed they would live again, and so provided for them in this life. O, how vain are all our efforts to perpetuate happiness in this world. Here you see how these people, having toiled hard, laid up those two hundred thousand dollars and other valuables in those stone coffins, at the same time having their bodies embalmed, so that they would survive

decay and live forever. But though the shaft had been diligently dug safe down into a hundred feet of earth, leaving no superficial evidence or superstructural entrance to mark the place, nothing but the sands of the desert to drift over it so that the coming generations would never find the spot, still, people whom they had never known, found the cozy resting place and not only spoliated all their treasures, but even exhumed them and sold them and their coffins for money: Thus thrillingly is illustrated the vanity of all transitory things, the futility of all our efforts to lay up treasures on earth, and the profound wisdom of Him who warned us not to do it.

Egypt is the oldest country in the world, the richest spot beneath the skies. She was first to be populated before the flood, and first afterward; she was first to organize a human government on the earth, therefore she is the leader of the nations. Her antiquities ante-date those of all other nations on the globe, so that all others in the arts, sciences, literature, philosophy, and every ramification of human wisdom and erudition follow the Egyptians. Hence they stand at the front in all the museums of ancient curiosities, whether in their own land or elsewhere. Their wonderful works of art have been carried away into all countries that have made any progress in civilization, as they were veritably the world's leaders, having the oldest civilization on the globe.

If any man could recover the Egyptian art of embalming, he would through that alone be made a millionaire. It is really strange that amid the wonderful achievements in chemistry, philosophy, and invention of

modern times, Egyptian embalment can never be recovered. It is certainly humiliating to the boasted wisacres of the present age to be constrained to confess that the Egyptians in the departments of science and art were ahead of them, having most important knowledge which with them evanescenced from the world.

They were not only an exceedingly intelligent, inventive people, but were very bright spiritually and cheerful in their disposition, as you see abundantly evinced in their portraiture and statuary, where they had no written Word to guide them. Their religion was a high-toned, elevated, intellectual type; the sun, moon, and stars, the luminaries of the world, being their most prominent objects of worship. They worshipped the sun under several different names; one indicating the rising sun, and still another the noon-day sun. The name of the sun was Osiris, and of the moon, Isis; the one, the glorious king of the day, and the other the beautiful and lovely queen of the night. Doubtless the cloudless sky of their native land, and the wonderful brightness of the sun, moon, and stars, beneath those clear, cerulean skies, a brilliancy and glory utterly inconceivable by us Occidentals, reared amid clouds and fogs; had much to do with the brilliancy of their intellectual apprehension, the fervency of the devotion which they rendered to those objects of adoration, and the acquirement of that intellectual penetration which left all the world and walked out, the only pioneer of the arts and sciences and inventions; which laid the foundation of the first civilization on the face of the earth.

We now reach old Memphis, where Pharaoh sat

upon his throne, surrounded by the tallest peers of the tall peers of the proudest court beneath the skies; believing himself to be the son of the queen, and where Moses stood before him, with Aaron by his side, and preached to him the Gospel, demanding the emancipation of his people out of bondage. There Joseph was carried by the Israelites and sold to Potiphar, the captain of Pharaoh's guard. There he was exposed to the awful temptation of Potiphar's wife, for which virtuous resistance he was cast into the gloomy dungeon, where he suffered in filth and waste matter seven long years.

How do we know the spot of the royal palace, as the capital was long ago taken down and moved to Cairo? Because its very spot is providentially well marked this day by the gigantic statues of Rameses II, and his father, Rameses I, which are still on the ground. The former, forty feet high, is a thing of exquisite beauty, chiseled out of the beautiful red granite marble at the cataracts of the Nile. As it is perfectly symmetrical, it is ten feet across the shoulders, thirty feet around the chest, and the whole body is large in proportion; it of course weighs at least fifty thousand pounds. It was too heavy to be moved, and therefore was left on the ground, significantly marking the site of the royal palace, in which it stood upright, the admiration of every beholder. The astounding magnitude of these statues was in order to enhance the majesty of the king.

Rameses II was the Sesostris of history, who conquered the world eight hundred years before Nebuchadnezzar and stood at the head of it in the days of

Moses. The latter, in the capacity of prince royal, having received a thorough education in military tactics, had served his country in leading the Egyptian army in the Ethiopian war. During the forty years of his absence in Midian with Jethro, his father-in-law, had been consummated the triumph of the Egyptians which gave them the dominion of the world.

In my travels I have seen the beautiful red marble statue of this Ramses II, in the museum in London, Paris, Rome, and Naples. I have seen many of these statues in Egypt, as the country has many which have been made at great cost, elegantly executed, smooth as glass, and every one really a thing of exquisite beauty. A statue of his father, Rameses I, is near the one above described. It is forty-five feet tall, perfectly symmetrical and chiseled out of white marble. In the providence of God, these statues being too heavy for transportation, will forever mark the spot where glittered the palace of the Pharaohs, and whither Moses and Aaron went to preach the precious truth of God and plead with them to let Israel go. As we walk over the very ground trodden by these holy pilgrims, patriarchs, and prophets, I always feel that Heaven is very nigh.

We now take you to the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities in Cairo. Here we see room after room full of mummies, and actually find ourselves associating with people who lived and walked over that land four thousand years ago. Could they but rise and talk to us about the people and the affairs when they were living, oh, how stenographers would come from the

ends of the earth to chronicle the history! There I saw Rameses I, II, III and V. I suppose the mummy of Rameses IV had perished. Rameses II, the Pharaoh on the throne in the days of Moses, from his personal connection with that mighty man of God, especially attracted my attention. I found him a very fine looking man, with regular features, about six feet high, and his countenance exceedingly impressive, indicative of extraordinary intelligence. How could he be there, as the Bible says he was drowned in the Red Sea? Because, as Rememberit said, the bodies of the Egyptians did rise and float. Therefore they could take him out and embalm him; and, besides, we have no assurance that he commanded his army in person on that occasion. Pharaoh was a name common to the royal family. Some one did command the Egyptian army in pursuit of Israel. It is very likely the lot fell upon a younger man, as doubtless Pharaoh, Rameses II, at that time was in life's evening. There in the museum we see mummyized crocodiles and other animals, which were worshiped by the Egyptians; also mummyized babies and people of all ages.

We now visit the Zoological Garden, where we see a world of living animals. There are a number of African elephants, which are not so large as the Asiatic, which abound in India, now the largest animals in the world, some of them said to weigh ten thousand pounds. We see all the ferocious animals which abound in Africa, lions, tigers, panthers, hyenas, bears, and an ample assortment of animals inhabiting the torrid zone, which is really the great home of the animal kingdom. We see all of the

bipeds, gorillas, ourangoutang, baboons, and an endless variety of monkeys. Also the feathered tribes throughout the world, *i. e.*, the great ostrich, the condor, eagles, pelicans, and an innumerable species of birds. Some of them are exceedingly beautiful, adorned with most gaudy plumage. It seemed that everything was there, even down to the little humming-bird. There are also great reptiles which have always abounded in Africa; they have actually proved a formidable impediment to its settlement, as the bite of many is certain death, while the great boa-constrictor swallows you whole.

Port Said was nothing but a group of gamblers till they constructed the Suez Canal; then it immediately built up into a populous town. Though it is only thirty-six years old, it now contains sixty thousand inhabitants. It is very beautiful, being built after the American and European style. The land is very beautiful, level and eligible for building, but quite costly, because it all had to be reclaimed from the sea, which daily rolled her flood-tides over it deep enough to swim a horse; thus rendering it utterly uninhabitable. The building of the great walls, which serve as artificial embankments against which the breakers dash with impunity and go back to the sea whence they came, was very costly work. However, building there is delightful, as the climate of Egypt is so dry that all kinds and shapes of stone and bricks are consolidated into concrete with cement, which becomes like solid rock. Therefore all arenaceous, calcareous, and argillaceous substances available for building purposes only need calcareous cement

to consolidate them into concrete, and your wall is complete. This work requires an immense quantity of water, which you have no trouble to command, because the sea is so nigh that whenever you dig down deep enough for the foundation it comes right in and you have all the water that you want. They build houses very tall, with many stories, utilizing this cheap material and economizing territory.

We have there some splendid and hopeful Gospel work; the Peniel Mission, established by Sister Ferguson and her noble husband, and Brother Studd, of Los Angeles, Cal. It is in charge of our noble elect sisters Richardson and Triplett, with some splendid native workers. They have a school of one hundred girls and little boys, having been under the necessity of turning over the large boys to the Presbyterians for the want of room. They could have a glorious school of two hundred if they could erect or purchase a suitable building. I feel that the saints are going to meet this emergency soon and thus permanently and efficiently establish this Gospel work. Money expended for real estate, by purchase or building, will be a safe investment financially; the city is growing rapidly, and the value of property is enhancing. Do not forget to pray for this mission and to help it financially, as the Lord prospers you. That Suez Canal, whose hither terminus is at Port Said, is, in my judgment, the most lucrative enterprise in the world. It abbreviates the distance from Europe to the great Orient, *i. e.*, India, China, Japan, and Oceanica, by one-half. The tonnage of vessels passing through it is pouring in a princely fortune continually.

CHAPTER IX.

BABYLON: THE GOLD KINGDOM.

Having sailed from Egypt to Beyrout, the most convenient office of Cook's Agency to Babylon, I was very anxious to visit the scene of Israel's captivity, and the second great power that fought its way to the front and ruled the world, eight hundred years after Egyptian supremacy, under Rameses II, the first man to conquer and rule the world. As we now pass from the scene of Israel's bondage under the oldest kingdom of the world, we would be so glad to go to the scene of her captivity under the second great power, that whipped the first and all other nations, and fought her way to the top of the world.

When I went to the Orient in 1895, I was anxious to extend my tour to Babylon, as she was prominent among the historic countries which I visited in connection with the Holy Land; but my way was utterly obstructed. Babylon is far away in the Turkish Empire, where life is in constant peril, to say nothing about your money, which is indispensable to a foreign tourist. There was no public conveyance and the only chance to go would have been overland on horseback, with an armed escort, which would have been too costly. When I went again in 1899, I found decisive encouragement in the railroad which had been built from Beyrout over the great mountains,

Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, to Damascus. But still the Cook Company had no tour to Babylon, as they have to almost every other place in the world, and there was no chance to go without that armed escort, which would simply mean financial bankruptcy. So I had to give it up again. Then I waited six years and all the time worked on my tour and did my best to get to Babylon. Yet the Cooks had no tour to it, and my only chance was the armed escort, which, I found on investigation, would cost me more from Beyrout to Babylon and back (one thousand miles) than my whole tour around the world, in which I traveled about thirty-five or forty thousand miles. Therefore, with great reluctance, I gave it up the third time. As I am now seventy-three, it is hardly probable I will ever go, from the simple fact that there is no public conveyance to it, and a private conveyance with the armed escort would be too costly, and besides awfully hard physically, and with life in constant peril.

The railroad since I was there in 1899, has been extended to Aleppo, the metropolis of North Syria. It is believed that in a few years it will run to Bagdad, which is within two or three days of Babylon by horses. When the railroad reaches Bagdad, I believe the Cooks will put Babylon on their universal tours. In that case they will either run the railroad out to Babylon, or provide other conveyance. Then tourists will begin to pour thither as to other places of great and thrilling historic interest; thus bringing Babylon back into the civilized world; whereas she has been practically out of it for two thousand years. The

merriment, the impregnable iron gates having been securely closed, the signal is given for his soldiers to begin the work of death. The result is that only one escapes and he mounts his horse over a great stone wall, plunging down a yawning precipice of one hundred and sixty feet. He killed the gallant steed but, paradoxical to say, the mameluke escaped with his life; thus sadly to fly away alone and tell the mournful doom of his gallant comrades.

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Coins have been found in these pyramids bearing superscriptions which give the date of their erection. They clearly certify that the pyramid of Cheops, the largest one, which we have been climbing, covering thirteen acres of ground and five hundred and fifty feet high, was built three thousand seven hundred years B. C.; this is according to Bishop Usher's chronology, which is generally used. This pyramid was built only three hundred years after Adam was created. You say that is too short a time, as there were not people enough in the world at so early an age. To this I would respond: the Septuagint, *i. e.*, Greek Old Testament, chronology gives two thousand two hundred years as the antediluvian period instead of one thousand six hundred and fifty-six, as given in Bishop Usher's chronology. The authorities all lean to the Septuagint, and believe the antediluvian world was two thousand two hundred years long. This would make the world nearly a thousand years old when the pyramids were

built. There is no defalcation as to their antediluvian origin, as such is true according to the most authentic history; besides, the world has no mechanical powers now competent to build them. Calculators certify that it would take twenty thousand men a hundred years, or one hundred thousand men twenty years to build old Cheops. The antediluvians somewhat relieve this dilemma, as the people in those times were so much stronger than now. They lived ten times as long and in all probability had ten times the physical strength.

The pyramids are the tombs of the Pharaohs. In that great, royal cemetery there are contained ten to twenty thousand acres of land. It is in the desert for two reasons; the one, because in the plain of the Nile the water would rise; the other, because in the desert land is abundant and cheap. Great tombs were excavated under the ground, often running down deep, with many rooms in them, great and beautiful, and nicely polished marble sarcophagi (stone coffins), some of them weighing a hundred and thirty thousand pounds. Two hundred years ago they began to discover these subterranean tombs, and to take out the mummies and sell them to the museums in different parts of the world that they might have them on exhibition. When the coffins were light enough to handle, they carried them out also, but many of them are so large that they cannot do anything with them and just have to leave them there in those great subterranean sepulchers where they found them. All of these are called the tombs of Sahara. In many of these tombs you will see vast hieroglyphics, the first alphabet ever known in the world, these Egyptians

having the honor to have invented it. You would be much interested in studying the hieroglyphics in these great subterranean sepulchers.

The people are still exploring that great royal cemetery, hunting the tombs and taking out the mummies and other things which are left there. Since I was there in 1899, some Frenchmen have discovered a tomb to which one has to descend by a spiral iron stairway, with one hundred and fifteen steps, to a depth of about one hundred feet. Of course when they discovered the tomb there was no way of descension, for the people who made it had purposely put it down so deep that they did not think it would ever be found; it was entirely covered over and there was no sign of it. These Frenchmen, having discovered it, went down and there found three mummies, evidently the king, queen, and their son, all embalmed and in a perfect state of preservation. They also found in these sarcophagi two hundred thousand dollars in gold and other valuables, which they took out and appropriated.

The ancient Egyptians were an exceedingly intellectual people, sanguinely believing in immortality, consequently they embalmed people in order to make the body last forever. The very fact that they put princely sums of gold in the coffin with them was an evidence that they believed they would live again, and so provided for them in this life. O, how vain are all our efforts to perpetuate happiness in this world. Here you see how these people, having toiled hard, laid up those two hundred thousand dollars and other valuables in those stone coffins, at the same time having their bodies embalmed, so that they would survive

decay and live forever. But though the shaft had been diligently dug safe down into a hundred feet of earth, leaving no superficial evidence or superstructural entrance to mark the place, nothing but the sands of the desert to drift over it so that the coming generations would never find the spot, still, people whom they had never known, found the cozy resting place and not only spoliated all their treasures, but even exhumed them and sold them and their coffins for money. Thus thrillingly is illustrated the vanity of all transitory things, the futility of all our efforts to lay up treasures on earth, and the profound wisdom of Him who warned us not to do it.

Egypt is the oldest country in the world, the richest spot beneath the skies. She was first to be populated before the flood, and first afterward; she was first to organize a human government on the earth, therefore she is the leader of the nations. Her antiquities ante-date those of all other nations on the globe, so that all others in the arts, sciences, literature, philosophy, and every ramification of human wisdom and erudition follow the Egyptians. Hence they stand at the front in all the museums of ancient curiosities, whether in their own land or elsewhere. Their wonderful works of art have been carried away into all countries that have made any progress in civilization, as they were veritably the world's leaders, having the oldest civilization on the globe.

If any man could recover the Egyptian art of embalming, he would through that alone be made a millionaire. It is really strange that amid the wonderful achievements in chemistry, philosophy, and invention of

modern times, Egyptian embalment can never be recovered. It is certainly humiliating to the boasted wiseacres of the present age to be constrained to confess that the Egyptians in the departments of science and art were ahead of them, having most important knowledge which with them evanesced from the world.

They were not only an exceedingly intelligent, inventive people, but were very bright spiritually and cheerful in their disposition, as you see abundantly evinced in their portraiture and statuary, where they had no written Word to guide them. Their religion was a high-toned, elevated, intellectual type; the sun, moon, and stars, the luminaries of the world, being their most prominent objects of worship. They worshipped the sun under several different names; one indicating the rising sun, and still another the noon-day sun. The name of the sun was Osiris, and of the moon, Isis; the one, the glorious king of the day, and the other the beautiful and lovely queen of the night. Doubtless the cloudless sky of their native land, and the wonderful brightness of the sun, moon, and stars, beneath those clear, cerulean skies, a brilliancy and glory utterly inconceivable by us Occidentals, reared amid clouds and fogs; had much to do with the brilliancy of their intellectual apprehension, the fervency of the devotion which they rendered to those objects of adoration, and the acquirement of that intellectual penetration which left all the world and walked out, the only pioneer of the arts and sciences and inventions; which laid the foundation of the first civilization on the face of the earth.

We now reach old Memphis, where Pharaoh sat

upon his throne, surrounded by the tallest peers of the tall peers of the proudest court beneath the skies; believing himself to be the son of the queen, and where Moses stood before him, with Aaron by his side, and preached to him the Gospel, demanding the emancipation of his people out of bondage. There Joseph was carried by the Israelites and sold to Potiphar, the captain of Pharaoh's guard. There he was exposed to the awful temptation of Potiphar's wife, for which virtuous resistance he was cast into the gloomy dungeon, where he suffered in filth and waste matter seven long years.

How do we know the spot of the royal palace, as the capital was long ago taken down and moved to Cairo? Because its very spot is providentially well marked this day by the gigantic statues of Rameses II, and his father, Rameses I, which are still on the ground. The former, forty feet high, is a thing of exquisite beauty, chiseled out of the beautiful red granite marble at the cataracts of the Nile. As it is perfectly symmetrical, it is ten feet across the shoulders, thirty feet around the chest, and the whole body is large in proportion; it of course weighs at least fifty thousand pounds. It was too heavy to be moved, and therefore was left on the ground, significantly marking the site of the royal palace, in which it stood upright, the admiration of every beholder. The astounding magnitude of these statues was in order to enhance the majesty of the king.

Rameses II was the Sesostris of history, who conquered the world eight hundred years before Nebuchadnezzar and stood at the head of it in the days of

Moses. The latter, in the capacity of prince royal, having received a thorough education in military tactics, had served his country in leading the Egyptian army in the Ethiopian war. During the forty years of his absence in Midian with Jethro, his father-in-law, had been consummated the triumph of the Egyptians which gave them the dominion of the world.

In my travels I have seen the beautiful red marble statue of this Ramses II, in the museum in London, Paris, Rome, and Naples. I have seen many of these statues in Egypt, as the country has many which have been made at great cost, elegantly executed, smooth as glass, and every one really a thing of exquisite beauty. A statue of his father, Rameses I, is near the one above described. It is forty-five feet tall, perfectly symmetrical and chiseled out of white marble. In the providence of God, these statues being too heavy for transportation, will forever mark the spot where glittered the palace of the Pharaohs, and whither Moses and Aaron went to preach the precious truth of God and plead with them to let Israel go. As we walk over the very ground trodden by these holy pilgrims, patriarchs, and prophets, I always feel that Heaven is very nigh.

We now take you to the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities in Cairo. Here we see room after room full of mummies, and actually find ourselves associating with people who lived and walked over that land four thousand years ago. Could they but rise and talk to us about the people and the affairs when they were living, oh, how stenographers would come from the

ends of the earth to chronicle the history! There I saw Rameses I, II, III and V. I suppose the mummy of Rameses IV had perished. Rameses II, the Pharaoh on the throne in the days of Moses, from his personal connection with that mighty man of God, especially attracted my attention. I found him a very fine looking man, with regular features, about six feet high, and his countenance exceedingly impressive, indicative of extraordinary intelligence. How could he be there, as the Bible says he was drowned in the Red Sea? Because, as Rememberit said, the bodies of the Egyptians did rise and float. Therefore they could take him out and embalm him; and, besides, we have no assurance that he commanded his army in person on that occasion. Pharaoh was a name common to the royal family. Some one did command the Egyptian army in pursuit of Israel. It is very likely the lot fell upon a younger man, as doubtless Pharaoh, Rameses II, at that time was in life's evening. There in the museum we see mummyized crocodiles and other animals, which were worshiped by the Egyptians; also mummyized babies and people of all ages.

We now visit the Zoological Garden, where we see a world of living animals. There are a number of African elephants, which are not so large as the Asiatic, which abound in India, now the largest animals in the world, some of them said to weigh ten thousand pounds. We see all the ferocious animals which abound in Africa, lions, tigers, panthers, hyenas, bears, and an ample assortment of animals inhabiting the torrid zone, which is really the great home of the animal kingdom. We see all of the

bipeds, gorillas, ourangoutang, baboons, and an endless variety of monkeys. Also the feathered tribes throughout the world, *i. e.*, the great ostrich, the condor, eagles, pelicans, and an innumerable species of birds. Some of them are exceedingly beautiful, adorned with most gaudy plumage. It seemed that everything was there, even down to the little humming-bird. There are also great reptiles which have always abounded in Africa; they have actually proved a formidable impediment to its settlement, as the bite of many is certain death, while the great boa-constrictor swallows you whole.

Port Said was nothing but a group of gamblers till they constructed the Suez Canal; then it immediately built up into a populous town. Though it is only thirty-six years old, it now contains sixty thousand inhabitants. It is very beautiful, being built after the American and European style. The land is very beautiful, level and eligible for building, but quite costly, because it all had to be reclaimed from the sea, which daily rolled her flood-tides over it deep enough to swim a horse; thus rendering it utterly uninhabitable. The building of the great walls, which serve as artificial embankments against which the breakers dash with impunity and go back to the sea whence they came, was very costly work. However, building there is delightful, as the climate of Egypt is so dry that all kinds and shapes of stone and bricks are consolidated into concrete with cement, which becomes like solid rock. Therefore all arenaceous, calcareous, and argillaceous substances available for building purposes only need calcareous cement

to consolidate them into concrete, and your wall is complete. This work requires an immense quantity of water, which you have no trouble to command, because the sea is so nigh that whenever you dig down deep enough for the foundation it comes right in and you have all the water that you want. They build houses very tall, with many stories, utilizing this cheap material and economizing territory.

We have there some splendid and hopeful Gospel work; the Peniel Mission, established by Sister Ferguson and her noble husband, and Brother Studd, of Los Angeles, Cal. It is in charge of our noble elect sisters Richardson and Triplett, with some splendid native workers. They have a school of one hundred girls and little boys, having been under the necessity of turning over the large boys to the Presbyterians for the want of room. They could have a glorious school of two hundred if they could erect or purchase a suitable building. I feel that the saints are going to meet this emergency soon and thus permanently and efficiently establish this Gospel work. Money expended for real estate, by purchase or building, will be a safe investment financially; the city is growing rapidly, and the value of property is enhancing. Do not forget to pray for this mission and to help it financially, as the Lord prospers you. That Suez Canal, whose hither terminus is at Port Said, is, in my judgment, the most lucrative enterprise in the world. It abbreviates the distance from Europe to the great Orient, *i. e.*, India, China, Japan, and Oceanica, by one-half. The tonnage of vessels passing through it is pouring in a princely fortune continually.

CHAPTER IX.

BABYLON: THE GOLD KINGDOM.

Having sailed from Egypt to Beyrout, the most convenient office of Cook's Agency to Babylon, I was very anxious to visit the scene of Israel's captivity, and the second great power that fought its way to the front and ruled the world, eight hundred years after Egyptian supremacy, under Rameses II, the first man to conquer and rule the world. As we now pass from the scene of Israel's bondage under the oldest kingdom of the world, we would be so glad to go to the scene of her captivity under the second great power, that whipped the first and all other nations, and fought her way to the top of the world.

When I went to the Orient in 1895, I was anxious to extend my tour to Babylon, as she was prominent among the historic countries which I visited in connection with the Holy Land; but my way was utterly obstructed. Babylon is far away in the Turkish Empire, where life is in constant peril, to say nothing about your money, which is indispensable to a foreign tourist. There was no public conveyance and the only chance to go would have been overland on horseback, with an armed escort, which would have been too costly. When I went again in 1899, I found decisive encouragement in the railroad which had been built from Beyrout over the great mountains,

Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, to Damascus. But still the Cook Company had no tour to Babylon, as they have to almost every other place in the world, and there was no chance to go without that armed escort, which would simply mean financial bankruptcy. So I had to give it up again. Then I waited six years and all the time worked on my tour and did my best to get to Babylon. Yet the Cooks had no tour to it, and my only chance was the armed escort, which, I found on investigation, would cost me more from Beyrout to Babylon and back (one thousand miles) than my whole tour around the world, in which I traveled about thirty-five or forty thousand miles. Therefore, with great reluctance, I gave it up the third time. As I am now seventy-three, it is hardly probable I will ever go, from the simple fact that there is no public conveyance to it, and a private conveyance with the armed escort would be too costly, and besides awfully hard physically, and with life in constant peril.

The railroad since I was there in 1899, has been extended to Aleppo, the metropolis of North Syria. It is believed that in a few years it will run to Bagdad, which is within two or three days of Babylon by horses. When the railroad reaches Bagdad, I believe the Cooks will put Babylon on their universal tours. In that case they will either run the railroad out to Babylon, or provide other conveyance. Then tourists will begin to pour thither as to other places of great and thrilling historic interest; thus bringing Babylon back into the civilized world; whereas she has been practically out of it for two thousand years. The

return of Babylon to the historic world will actually prove a sunburst on itinerism and thrill the tourists of every land with enthusiasm to visit the seat of the Golden Kingdom, number one in Nebuchadnezzar's chronological series revealed to him by the Almighty in his wonderful dream.

If we could go to Babylon now we could not explore it; because the great river Euphrates, which was kept in the channel by artificial embankments of solid masonry, has long ago broken over and flooded the city, and inundated those beautiful and fertile lands spreading out on either side, once the garden of the world, and thus turned them into dismal swamps. When it is reached by public conveyance and put on Cook's regular tours, then people will migrate thither, and build hotels to entertain the travelers who will come from all parts of Christendom, delighted to include it in their tour to the Holy Land; as I so much desired to do in all three of my trips.

They will also prepare facilities necessary for exploration, *i. e.*, boats for the Euphrates, and other waters branching out from him which are deep enough to need them. They will have to do a great deal of bridging in order to indentify the ruins of the city. Oh, how the German archaeologists will leap into the open door and proceed at once to Babylon, as they are working now at Ephesus, Baalbek and Capernaum, and bring floods of light on the interesting history of by-gone ages. These antiquarians for historic and scientific purposes gladly enter every open door along the line of history, whether sacred or secular. Oh, how they would delight to go to Babylon, explore and

identify those cyclopean walls, three hundred and fifty feet high and eighty-seven feet broad; and the titanic tower of Babel, the enterprise of Nimrod, which he wickedly conceived in order to defeat the Almighty in case He should send on the earth another flood. How they would delight to locate the hanging gardens and the royal palace, where Belshazzar, in his midnight revelry with his thousand lords and wives and concubines, saw the handwriting on the wall.

The truth of the matter is, it would repay richly the railroad company to make Babylon their terminus instead of Bagdad. It would also richly remunerate the Cook Company when the railroad men stop at Bagdad, to take up the enterprise and extend it on to Babylon at their own expense. Babylon, with her wonderful historic interest, the seat of the Golden Empire, once the capital and metropolis of the whole world, has slumbered in oblivion long enough. It is high time she was exhumed and again revealed to the civilized world. Her historic, scientific, and archæological interest would amply justify the enterprise. If this is not done in time for me to visit that place, whose interests, both sacred and secular, have so thrilled my heart and enthused my aspirations to add her to the already long catalogue of my explorations, I hope this chapter may be used by the Holy Spirit to stir up those who ought to be interested, as I am, to agitate this matter when I am gone. I verily believe that it is going to be done, and that the time of Babylon's redemption from the historic sepulchre in which she has slumbered two thousand years is at

hand. Really the greatest barrier is the awful despotism of that dark, diabolical Turkish Empire, which is doing everything possible to keep Christians out. They know that if Babylon was exhumed, Christians would pour thither from the ends of the earth. Our only hope in this matter is, as in everything else, to catch them with filthy lucre, which they love so dearly, as they are always ready to take backsheesh. Let every reader hold up this enterprise before God.

CHAPTER X.

DAMASCUS, LEBANON, BAALBEK.

Again we land at Beyrout, the beautiful new city of a hundred thousand, and the commercial successor of old Tyre and Sidon, which soon after the flood were founded on that coast a short distance south. It is a very beautiful city, built after the European style, and a great place for ship landing. When I first came to the Holy Land in 1895, I landed at Beyrout and was imprisoned ten days, because our ship had sailed hither from Egypt, against which the whole Turkish Empire was quarantined on account of the plague, Black Death. This time, for the same reason, I am imprisoned again, but fortunately for only one day. If you ever travel in the Turkish Empire you need not be surprised if you have the experience of the Lord's prisoner. Here I am delighted to meet Brother Shukrey, my dear old guide, who to my delight served me during both of my former tours. Now, responsive to my notification, he has arrived from his home in Jerusalem, again to escort us through Syria and Palestine.

Till a dozen years ago all the travelers in this country went on a camel's back, over the great mountains, Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, to Damascus, the capital of Syria, and the oldest city in the world. Now it is

our privilege to make the trip on the railroad, which is constructed on the rack and pinion system. It now climbs these craggy steepes, often zig-zagging to and fro, forming loops and crossing its track.

Oh, how I always enjoy my travels on Mount Lebanon, so celebrated in the blessed Bible, where God tells us the righteous shall grow like the palm-tree and flourish like Lebanon. The soil of this mountain was originally wonderfully rich. It is still exceedingly fertile and productive, growing the vine, olive, fig, and other delicious fruits in great abundance. We also see vast fields of mulberry to feed the silk worms, as this is an industry by which the people bring vast quantities of money into their country. I saw a number of large silk factories.

The mountain is terraced from base to summit and thus protected from the wash. The most of the great cedars which covered this mountain in the days of King Solomon have long ago retreated before the farmer, giving room for the many varieties of delicious fruit trees, as well as the cereal grains. On this mountain we have all varieties of climate. Hence the tropical fruits at the base; those of the temperate zone higher up, and still higher great wheat-fields. This mountain rises to an altitude of ten thousand feet and wears a beautiful white snowy cap. Between the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon intervenes the beautiful valley of Baca, an extended plain about twenty-five miles wide and three thousand eight hundred feet above the sea level, a delightful farming region, as the land is rich and level. Mount Anti-Lebanon is much more rugged than Lebanon, and con-

sequently has a much smaller proportion of tillable land. The scenery is very picturesque, romantic and edifying.

As we run over this mountain, our guide calls attention to Zenobia's aqueduct, which carries the pure, limpid water from the snowy heights of this mountain to Palmyra, her beautiful capital, which is none other than the "Tadmor, which Solomon built in the wilderness." This celebrated queen reigned in the fifth century. When her royal husband, Odenatus, died, she succeeded him on the throne of Palmyra, and immortalized herself in history, not only for her wisdom in administration, which proved so conducive to the prosperity of her kingdom, but for her genius and heroism in military tactics. She invaded and conquered other countries, both in Asia and Africa; pushing on her conquests till the Emperor Aurelian found it necessary to march his army against her, much to his regret, because of her womanhood. In history she ranks along with Cleopatra, the queen of Egypt, as a great civil administrator and military chieftain. We also passed near two temples which she built on this mountain.

In this run it is my privilege again to see the tomb of Abel, the first martyr to truth and righteousness, whom Cain slew. Meanwhile we are dashing along amid crags and precipices; we look away toward the rising sun and behold! Damascus bursts upon our vision. This city is said to have been founded by Shem, the eldest son of Noah, soon after the flood. It still thrives, while other ancient cities have perished. Damascus, said to be the oldest city in the world, has

survived a thousand revolutions, stood many sieges, and been captured by many invading armies, while the ages have rolled along. It has never been utterly destroyed; though often reduced to a mere village, it has ever revived again.

Oh, the desolating wars that have swept over this city! David conquered it and added it with its territory to his kingdom, after a bloody war in which twenty thousand Damascenes were slain. It was the capital of the Syrian kings who waged exterminating wars against Israel throughout all the centuries, till she was carried away into captivity by Shalmanesser and Sennacharib, kings of Babylon. Though Syria was really included with Canaan in God's gift to Israel, still Israel never conquered it till David ascended the throne, and then she only held it during his administration. As God permitted Syria to castigate Israel for her sins, her history is indissolubly interwoven with that of the Hebrews.

When God spoke to Elijah in the cave on Mt. Horeb, sending him back to Isreal to anoint Elisha as his successor, he was also to anoint Jehu as king over Israel, and Hazael to be king over Syria. This order was verified by Elisha when, coming to Damascus, he met Hazael, Benhadad's minister, sent to enquire of him in reference to his recovery from a severe spell of sickness. Giving him his response he broke out in tearful lamentation. Hazael asking him why he wept so, he responded, "I am weeping over the shocking cruelties you are going to perpetrate against not only the men, but the women and children of Isreal." To this Hazael responded with horror, "Do

you think your servant is a dog, that he would do such things?" Hazael was sincere; he was utterly shocked at the very idea of committing those atrocities, and yet he did all that Elisha predicted.

Going back to the palace and entering into the king's chamber, where he was alone, lying sick in his bed, he took a wet cloth and putting it over his face smothered him to death; then he took his kingdom and long reigned over Syria. Meanwhile he prosecuted exterminating wars against Israel, actually taking from them the territory east of the Jordan, including Ramoth-Gilead. He also perpetrated all those horrific diabolisms against not only the men, but the women and children of Israel, which had been foretold by Elisha. The case of Hazael vividly illustrates human depravity. When he met Elisha in the interest of the king's recovery, he was actuated by good motives, sympathetic with his suffering king. Then he felt utterly outraged when the prophet predicted that he would be guilty of sins horrific enough to make a demon blush. Yet the years rolled on; environments all changed; he was king of Syria, and, engaged in an exterminating war with Israel, became so ambitious to conquer that he actually resorted to every conceivable cruelty to subdue the people and expedite his victory. The legitimate conclusion of the case of Hazael is that unsanctified people can have no idea what they will do. So long as the devil nature is in your heart, you are actually liable to do anything Satan himself would do. Then hasten, O reader, to get rid of it, under the cleansing blood.

When Mohammed, a great man if he was a false

prophet, first came to Damascus, he was so charmed with the beauty of the city, its gardens and environments, that he climbed a spur of Anti-Lebanon, so that he might enjoy a comprehensive view of the city and surrounding country. Standing there and turning his strong eagle eyes toward the east, he diagnosed the scenes before him, the splendid edifices, palaces, temples, and especially the beautiful and magnificent gardens, in which infinite varieties of most delicious fruits are produced. Those two beautiful rivers, Abana and Pharpar, descending from the snowy heights of Anti-Lebanon, are ingeniously captured by the horticulturists, divided up and distributed among the gardens, and rolling their limpid rills in different directions among those prolific trees they everywhere abundantly irrigate the fertile soil; thus is developed the productiveness of each tree to the superlative degree. Mohammed, seeing all this, lifted up his voice and shouted aloud, "Surely this is paradise." As we descended the mountain and I gazed upon this venerable city, the oldest in the world, the splendor of the scene reminded me of Mohammed's *ipse dixit*.

On arrival we hasten to the house of Judas, on Strait Street, where Saul of Tarsus was gloriously converted, after the three days of fasting and praying which followed his knock-down conviction on the road. I found every convenience for the baptism he received at the hands of Ananias, as the house is supplied with water from the river Abana. Then I say to my guide, "Now escort us to the house of Ananias." This street is the straightest, broadest, and best in the city; the center of the bazaars. We soon leave it and follow

our guide; winding about through the crooked, narrow, irregular streets and allies till we arrive in a house which we at once recognize from the seats used for religious meetings. Though this is a Mohammedan city, the house of Ananias is used for a Christian church. Again we all bow together in prayer. Then I asked the guide to take me to the place where Paul was let down through a window in a basket over the wall; thus making his escape from Araeta, who had all the gates diligently guarded lest he might make his escape, and was meanwhile ransacking the city to find and kill Paul.

Again, we visit the house of Naaman the leper. As they still have lepers in that country, who are not allowed to associate with people, lest they also contract that awful disease, Naaman's house is now used for the lepers' quarters. You remember how Naaman got mad when Elisha ordered him to go and dip himself seven times in the Jordan, rejecting the remedy with contempt, going away in a rage, and exclaiming to the retinue of honorable servants who accompanied him, mounted upon the ten camels loaded with valuable presents to remunerate Elisha for his contemplated cure, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of the Jordan?" Then his servant speaks to him, insisting that he go and try it anyhow, reminding him that he has nothing to lose by the experiment, but everything to gain.

They loved him much—because he was a great and good man, and had actually delivered Syria from the subjugation of her enemies, by his wonderful wisdom and valor as a statesman and military lactician. Yet

this leprosy had broken out on his body, as doubtless his blood was tainted by heredity, and the servants knew it would kill him if not cured. It was a notorious fact that none but God could cleanse the leper. Therefore, yielding to the importunities of his servants, they all face about and proceed directly to the Jordan. He plunges once and looks, as it was a local affection having only begun, and he sees the leprous spot still there. He tries it again and again, till the sixth time, and there is no change. His servants exhort him to go ahead. Now he plunges the seventh time beneath Jordan's rolling wave. Rising into the clear light of day, he looks in vain for his leprosy. It has utterly evanesced. The running sore and the old scab cannot be found. The skin is smooth and bright like that of a little child. Oh, how they all shout the victory, mount their camels and hasten away to bear the good news to the king.

But the princely fortune which Naaman brought, and the prophet utterly refused, proved a temptation too much for Gehazi, Elisha's boy preacher, who unfortunately yielded to the love of gold and fine clothing. Naaman's leprosy took hold of him never to let go.

If you would go to Damascus and drink from the beautiful, limpid rivers, Abana and Pharpar, which flow through the city, as I have done, and then go to the Jordan, stand upon his bank and gaze upon the muddy waters, as his fall is so great that he stirs up the black mud till his waters are so muddy that you cannot see an inch below the surface, you would not be surprised at the insult which Naaman felt he had

received; so appreciative and proud of his own country which he had delivered from her enemies, was he, that he thought the rivers of Damascus were much better than the muddy waters of the Jordan.

As Damascus is the oldest city in the world, and my traveling companions had never been there, we take ample time to give it quite an exploration. We go into the factories and see them making swords and all sorts of implements; also vessels of gold and silver and precious stones; and all sorts of furniture that you can think of, adapted to every class of people in the whole world, from the king on his throne to "the maid servant behind the mill." The manufacturers of Damascus are really wonderful and celebrated throughout the whole world. There are said to be ten thousand looms in Damascus, all run by hand. As silk is the great export of Syria, that is the principal material used in factories; besides all sorts of woolen goods. We thought it important to enjoy a look into oriental life and selected this city as a specialty for our convenience in the diagnosis of such life, in its multitudinous forms and phases. Much of their manufacture really excelled in beauty, sunstantiability, comfort and durability. We visited their mosque, one of the largest and finest in the world. We were much interested in visiting the tombs, where I was delighted and edified especially with that of Saladin, who was certainly the greatest military man in the world in his day. He lived in the eleventh century. He conquered the Crusaders who had fought two hundred years to recover and hold the Holy Land, having done so under the leadership of Godfrey, a great and good

man who finally captured Jerusalem, A. D. 1099, and held it eighty-eight years, amid constant war. Then they were signally defeated by Saladin in the battle of Hatton, on the west coast of the sea of Galilee. Their defeat was so decisive that they fought no more, but retreated out of Asia never to return.

When Saladin and his hosts, though they were staunch Mohammedans, thus triumphed over the Crusaders and drove them out of the Holy Land, he astonished the world by his clemency toward the Christians in not taking any of their churches from them, but in letting them keep them all, as hitherto. When on the battle-field, his enemy commanding the army sent against him had his horse killed, leaving him on foot, Saladin sent him out another as a present. Living in a barbarous age, and a barbarian himself, yet he was a great man, and good according to his light.

We now visit the Christian quarters, and as we walk through them and see the finest buildings in the city, we remember the awful slaughter of 1860, when the Druses, a blood-thirsty and barbaric people, fanatical Mohammedans, murdered one thousand four hundred Christians in cold blood. It is said the Christians' quarters were deluged with blood and heaped with the slain. While this bloody massacre was going on, the governor of the city with his army kept still, making no effort to prevent it. So soon as the news reached France, they sent an army with all expedition to Damascus, who arrested the governor and all of his officers, not for committing the massacre, for they did not, but for their non-intervention in preventing it. They condemned and hanged them. Then

when the Sultan sent another governor to Damascus to fill the vacancy, the first thing he did after his arrival was to join the Christian church and receive baptism; he and all his officers, you see, fearing the sad fate of their predecessors.

Not only did the French hang the governor and his officers, but they demanded of the Sultan an asylum for the Christians, whither in the future, in case of danger, they might fly and find safety. They selected Mount Lebanon, so sacred to every Bible reader, as a possession for the Christians. An especial territory there was laid off, its boundaries fixed, and it was given to the Christians. Though surrounded by the Turkish Empire on all sides, it is an independent commonwealth with its own Christian governor and officers; the former selected by the Christian powers of Europe. So there the Christians have a home of their own, within the great Turkish Empire, where they can live in peace and safety. They have a little army of eight hundred soldiers to protect them from all molestation. I saw them drilling when I was there. They have one hundred and fifty thousand people, and an ample supply of that good rich land of Mt. Lebanon, where they are doing well and living in peace; their country producing not only a good living, but ample exports of silk (which is their great industry), wine and oil to bring in plenty of money from other countries.

This little, independent territory has two capitals; Babda, the winter capital, down at the base of the mountain, near the sea, where there is no winter, and Ipsedin, high up on the mountain, the summer cap-

ital, where there is no summer heat, but perennial spring and autumn. I was really delighted with this little state. If Christendom had stood still, when they murdered those fourteen thousand, the Turks would have taken courage and massacred all the Christians in the Empire and taken their property. We see here an illustration of what we must do in China. It is a burning shame for the Christian powers to fold their arms and let the Chinese murder our missionaries.

When I was in Damascus in 1899, we mounted horses and traveled directly to Jerusalem, taking ample time to explore the country on the road. A short distance south of Damascus, our guide halted us, notifying us that we were on the spot where our Savior, in His glory, shone down on the persecuting Saul of Tarsus, prostrating him on the earth. We all thanked God, took courage and went on our way rejoicing. This time we did not go that way, though my young men were anxious to visit that hallowed spot; we declined on account of the heat there.

We now reach Baalbek by railroad; the road having been built since I was there six years ago. We hear much about the seven wonders of the world: the Coliseum of Rome, the Temple of Jupiter at Athens, the Colossus at Rhodes, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the walls of Babylon, the Pyramids of Egypt and the Sphinx amidst the Pyramids; but if you ever visit Baalbek, you will stand awe-stricken and spell-bound; your bewilderment will be unutterable; you will be actually lost in wonderment ineffable, seeing sights unparalleled in all your observation and really

unheard of, unless, perchance, you have read about it. What would you think of a stone hewn out, a solid monolith, seventy-two feet long and sixteen feet square and weighing two billion pounds? You at once recognize the fact that there is no power on earth competent to move it and manipulate it. You will see this at Baalbek. You will see great stones high up in the cyclopean walls, weighing one billion five hundred million pounds. You will see great cylindrical stones seven feet in diameter and twenty feet long, occupying their places in the columns which support those titanic temples, one hundred feet from the ground. The walls of the citadel enclose the largest temple ever built on earth, including the Pantheon, and contain the shrines of two hundred and fifty Olympian gods. They are eighty feet high and sixteen feet broad at the base, containing stones so large and heavy that mathematicians and scientists have labored in vain to explain the phenomenon or to solve the problem. The reason why Baalbek was not included with the seven wonders of the world, is because these gigantic temples and walls have not been commonly known among average people.

However, there is no doubt as to the ante-diluvian origin of Baalbek, which means city of Baal, because it was built for the worship of Baal the sun god. When I was there in 1899, I read a book which identified Baalbek with the city which Cain founded when God drove him away from the human home, because he killed his brother.

As there seems to be no possible exegesis of these wonders from the facilities of post-diluvian times,

they relegated them to be ante-diluvians; they who lived ten times as long as we and in all probability had ten times the physical strength. Besides, they had an animal, the mastodon, several times the size of the elephant, which has never lived on the earth since the flood. It is supposed that they utilized this animal for draught purposes, bringing it into availability in the main manipulation of these great stones.

I acquiesced in the exegesis, and so recognized in my book, "*Foot-prints of Jesus*," the tradition that Cain founded the city. I find plausibility in the evidences that Adam and his family were living in this region of country, believing as I do that Adam was created in the Holy Land; as Syria adjoins it, when driven out of Eden they came up into this country. The same conclusion is corroborated by the presence of Abel's tomb here in Syria. They also showed us Noah's tomb, only twenty miles from Baalbek. Cain was a worshiper of the sun god, Baal, as abundantly evinced in the bloodless offering consisting of fruits and flowers, the products of the sun, which he brought before God. He was a worshiper of this god of nature, and a Unitarian, while Abel worshiped the God of grace.

When I returned in 1905, I found much light on the mysteries which had utterly staggered me six years previously. The German archæologists, the greatest antiquarians in the world, had gotten there soon after I left and spent the six years excavating and exhuming these wonderful ruins; earthquakes had shaken them down till only six columns out of the three hundred of the great Temple of the Sun are still standing. The

first earthquake was in the fifth century, the second in the eleventh century, and the third in 1759. The last quake actually lasted twenty-seven days. These greatest monuments of idolatry that have ever been built on the earth, with the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars, not only antagonized the true religion, but actually defied the power of the Almighty; therefore He put down His foot and shook them from their bases till they were constrained to tumble to the earth. The stones so paradoxically large and heavy and fitted together with a most perfect mechanism were considered actual proof against earthquakes; therefore God actually continued that last earthquake twenty-seven days, till he utterly demolished them, only leaving six out of the three hundred columns of the great temple to perpetually notify coming generations of the mighty works which idolatry had performed on the earth, and at the same time of His own mighty works.

Those German archæologists have exhumed vast quantities of the ruins and are still at it, actually expending princely fortunes, so much to their credit, to transmit all possible light on history and science. By these excavations they have solved the problem which had long staggered the whole scientific world. The solution however is not scientific but only historical. The exhumed columns bear the superscription of Nero, Commodus, Adrian, Vespasian, Tiberius, Trajan, and Aurelian; thus revealing the fact that these wonderful superstructures were erected by the Roman emperors during the first three centuries of the Christian Era.

Rome was the great iron kingdom of prophecy,

Daniel ii, 33, iron being the strongest metal in all the world; hence the Romans were to eclipse all other people in all ages for their physical strength and mechanical powers. Here we see they have written their history ineffacably on the escutcheon of time for all future generations to read and know that they were the strongest people ever on the earth, and never will have any equal. While we know by the history superscribed on these stones that the Romans did erect these walls and rear up these temples, yet the mystery as to how they did it remains unsolved. The greatest mathematicians and scientists have come to Baalbek and labored days and weeks in the vain attempt to formulate mechanical powers and machinery by which that work could be done. Utterly failing, they have given up in despair and gone away. Thus the Romans, having conquered the world and ruled it a thousand years, have left these mighty works, showing to their successors their superiority in having wrought achievements which they are utterly incompetent to duplicate, or even to explain. Thus Rome has vindicated her claim to be the iron kingdom, in power eclipsing all her predecessors and successors.

The Bible says that Solomon built a house in the forests of Lebanon. From this it is concluded that he built Baalbek, which is on the plain of Baca between the mountains of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon; a suitable location, because protected by the former from pirates issuing from the sea on excursions of robbery, and by the latter fortified against robbers from the continent. In those times they had no banks in which to keep their money, while the world in her youth, with

her virgin soil unexhausted and her gold and silver mines knowing no failure, had much need of a safe despositum for her precious metals. In these temples they kept their wealth. They had golden images of their gods, and silver shrines, which it would have needed an army to protect, unless impregnably secured by human art. They had great and pompous processions and festivals at Baalbek, in which the golden images of their gods were taken from the temples and carried through the streets.

Not only were these temples built of stones so very large and heavy as to be impregnable, but they were surrounded by the great citadel whose walls were sixteen feet thick and eighty feet high, and entered only by a subterranean passage, so that a few men could actually prevent the entrance of a great army.

We have every evidence that King Solomon did some building at Baalbek. When the Queen of Sheba made him that memorable visit and brought him the million of dollars in gold, it is said that he reciprocated the compliment by building her a magnificent temple at Baalbek. The Solomonian period of Baalbek was followed by the Phœnician. The Phœnicians excelled in the mechanical arts of their day. In all of these wonderful superstructures, there was never any mortar used; everything being executed by perfect precision, so that these great stones fitted on each other to the breadth of a hair.

The Phœnician was followed by the Grecian, when Alexander conquered the world; and the Greeks were succeeded by the Romans; thus all nations in their turn, when they came to the front of the world, took

the lead in erecting these wonderful superstructures. As Baal was the name of the sun god, who was worshiped pre-eminently at Baalbek, when the Greeks came to the front they changed the name to Heliopolis, from *Helius*, the sun, and *polis*, city. The place retained this name, Heliopolis, a thousand years, during the occupancy of the Greeks and Romans. In A. D. 634, when it fell into the hands of the Arabs, they dropped Heliopolis and restored the ancient name, Baalbek.

When I used to read in the Bible so much about the worship of Baal, I wondered who he was that he should be so very influential. When I learned that he was the sun god, my astonishment at his popularity evanesced. It is certain that Baal was the most popular divinity in all the world for the first forty-five hundred years. At this we are not astonished because the sun is the most gloriously overwhelming and demonstrative entity in the world; besides, he is, in the providence of God, the author of light, heat, life, and all phases of material prosperity. Therefore I do not wonder that he, with the moon, in the Bible denominated "Queen of Heaven," and the other beautiful constellations, did win from the simple children of nature the early homage of their hearts. When we consider the wonderful brightness of the oriental firmament, which is inconceivable by people who have always lived in the western hemisphere, the trend of the nations to worship heavenly bodies becomes still more obvious.

The proximity of Baalbek to the Holy Land was

the great reason why the Israelites were constantly going away into idolatry. Israel trended faster into Baal worship than Judah, from the fact that she was located directly between Judea and Syria, where Baalbek wielded an overwhelming influence, being the great center of Baal worship for all the nations of the earth. Therefore their grand festivals exhibited a wonderful pomp and pageantry, as they went out on processions carrying the golden images of their gods glittering in the effulgent beams of the bright oriental sun.

The government of Baalbek was always sacerdotal; the high priest of Baal being the chief executive. Baalbek was no mean city; at one time during the Roman administration, she had a population of one hundred thousand, and was a great city for that age of the world. Besides she had three hundred suburban towns in her territory and under her government. Really this city was harmonious to Jerusalem in her theocratic government, and consequently the better adapted to compete with the latter in her aspirations for the religious metropolitanship of the world.

In the distribution of the world to the apostles, according to Matthew xxviii, 19, Syria was allotted to Philip, who going thither heroically preached, boldly confronting the aristocratic combinations of idolatry concentrated at Baalbek. They did not stand him very long, till they nailed him to a cross and crucified him. Beginning with this apostle, Baalbek has quite a roll of martyrs. Saint Eudoxia was born of pagan parents, A. D. 101; she was early converted to Christianity and became a bright and shining light, so that the Catholics, after centuries, canonized her.

She heroically suffered martyrdom there in her native city. Saint Barbara has also written her name ineffably on the bright roll of God's martyrs. She was a native of Baalbek, having descended from pagan parents. When the emperor Constantine was converted to Christianity, A. D. 321, he very soon went to Baalbek, the great metropolis of pagan worship in all the world. There he boldly witnessed for Jesus and actually succeeded in giving a great impetus to Christianity, even stopping the worship of idols at that place, where they had been worshiped from the days of Cain. He was succeeded by Julian the Apostate, so named because he went back into idolatry, and of course his influence greatly revived the old paganistic worship at Baalbek.

The heathens were so enraged against the Christians who had given such an awful backset to their religion under the preceding administration that now, encouraged by having the emperor on their side, they broke out in terrible fury against the Christians, massacring them without mercy. Saint Cyril, an able preacher of the Gospel, whose writings I have in my library, had long been pastor of the church in that city. They got so mad at him that they actually tore him to pieces like wild beasts, and history says, turning cannibals, they ate his liver. They took the Christian virgins and diabolically mutilated them; afterward killing them and feeding their flesh to swine. Fearing lest the hogs would not eat it, they cut it up and mixed barley with it to induce the animals to devour it.

In A. D. 634, an Arab chief by the name of Abou

Obeida, having invaded Syria and conquered Damascus, came on and laid siege to Baalbek. Herbur, the Roman governor, though quite bold, proved to be a very weak general. After signal defeats by the Arabs, his own people killed him. It was not long until the Arabs took the city and restored to it its ancient name Baalbek. Its capture by the Arabs wound up its long career of forty-five hundred years in the capacity of the world's metropolis of idol worship. The Arabs were Mohammedans, therefore they stopped the worship of idols in the great temples, and turned the citadel into a fortress, introducing Mohammedan worship in another building.

After the conquest of the Arabs, Baalbek continues, ever and anon, to suffer terribly from the invasions of barbarian armies. The Saracens completely overran, subjugated and awfully impoverished the people. The Tartars also came and treated the people horribly cruel; Gengis Khan, their barbaric leader, actually turning the people over to his soldiers that they might rob and brutalize them *ad libitum*. During those dark and bloody ages, marauders in bands ever and anon came through that country, robbing and murdering indiscriminately. Besides, they had a flood which terribly destroyed things. They also, in the fifth and in the eleventh centuries, were visited by earthquakes, which seriously damaged the city, the temples and the wall of the citadel. Finally, in 1759, they had another earthquake, the one which lasted twenty-seven days, and which sunk down three hundred columns of the great temple, leaving but six which stand to this day.

In Baalbek we see the best the world could do in the way of religion without God. They had focalized the wealth and influence of all nations. Now travelers exploring all the historic countries of the old world go thither and see the utter futility of man's religion; even though it be fortified by all the gold that ever glittered and all the encomiums which the whole world can confer.

CHAPTER XI.

PHOENICIA.

The territory of Phœnicia was never large; though she was one of the first nations to develop from the Semitic stock, there in Syria where Adam and Eve had lived. Her principal cities were Tyre and Sidon, of which you read so much in the Bible; Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Isaiah, and others copiously pour on Tyre and Sidon their awful warnings, because of their pride and vanity. These cities, like Damascus, were among the first to be founded after the flood; they were maritime commercial cities, and constituted the water outlet for Damascus and Jerusalem. The Phœnicians were an exceedingly intelligent people; actually the inventors of the alphabet, which they formulated from the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

At an early day, before there were any factories in the world, they learned to make beautiful red cloth, deriving the coloring principle from a fish which they caught in the sea. When the people of that time wore any clothing it was generally simply the skins of wild beasts. These beautiful red garments made by the Syrians attracted the eyes of all the kings of the earth, who alone were able to buy them; unless a man became so rich that he could play king at his own expense. The gold and silver mines were then fresh and unexhausted; there were but a few people in the world,

who, having choice of all the land, only cultivated the richest; consequently these Phœnicians got their own price for their clothing and became immensely rich. This explains the reason why their pride and vanity actually ran away with them. Where riches, pride, pomp, and pleasure have the run wickedness always abounds, consequently the Tyrians and Sidonians having become immensely rich gave way to pride and sensuality; they were enthusiastic workers in the great temple of Baalbek.

The Phœnicians were the world's pioneers in the art of navigation. They were not only very shrewd in the invention of ships, but they were very heroic and adventurous in sailing over the briny deep. There they were on the coast of the greatest sea in the world, the Mediterranean, which, with its branches, the Adriatic, Ionian, Ægean, the Dardanelles, Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Euxine (afterward called the Black Sea) contains about twenty-five thousand miles of sea-coast; this they colonized very successfully. They were actually the most stirring and enterprising nation on the globe in their day and proved the most invincible rivals of the Romans. Carthage, on the north coast of Africa, which was one of the Phœnician colonies, proved the most terrible antagonist to Rome, whose battle-cry was "All the world." Rome knew not how to let anything else live on the globe. She had the insatiable maw of the Scylla, that formidable whirlpool off the coast of Italy, which drew down all the ships coming within her suction power, and swallowed them forever. The Romans fought Carthage one hundred and forty years. Cato, the greatest statesman of his

day, habitually wound up all of his powerful senatorial orations with the maxim, "*Carthago delenda est.*" (Carthage must be destroyed).

Several generations of Romans thus grew up with the understanding fastened on them ineradicably, that Carthage was to be destroyed. The Carthagenians gave the Romans the most heroic fight of all the nations of the earth. Hannibal, their mighty warrior, crossed the Alps in the rigor of winter, pouring down his thundering legions into the sunny fields of Italy as suddenly as if they had risen up out of the earth. He met the imperial army on the fields of Cannæ; an awful battle ensued in which the Romans fought heroically, but suffered terribly; finally, in signal defeat, they had to yield to the invincible tide of Hannibal's army. History says that eighty senators of the blood royal were left dead on the field, and Hannibal gathered three bushels of golden rings from the slaughtered knights of Rome.

Now listen, and never forget it! The Roman armies having suffered awful defeat at Cannæ, they resort to stratagem to effeminate the Carthagenians. They receive them all with generous hospitality into the wealthy and luxurious city of Capua and entertain them like kings. They eat and drink, revel and debauch; thus evanescing their hardihood, effeminating their constitutions, glutting their appetites, and debauching their digestive organs. The result is signal defeat by the Romans; then Hannibal, giving way to despondency, committed suicide. From this notable epoch the Carthagenians wane and the Romans rush forward to glorious and final victory, verifying the

senatorial battle cry, "Carthage must be destroyed."

The awful fulfillments of Hebrew prophecies against Tyre and Sidon received a decisive beginning in the conquest of the world by Nebuchadnezzar. He besieged Tyre fourteen months, finally conquering; Sidon having already fallen beneath his invincible arms. Three hundred years had rolled away and these once magnificent cities had largely recovered from their desolation, when Alexander the Great comes against them. During his siege of Tyre, which lasted long, they actually built a mole through the sea and moved the city to an island; yet the mighty Grecian knew not how to give up anything, therefore Tyre and Sidon suffered a second subjugation. From this they never revived very much; but the downward trend was continuous. Eventually the Saracens conquer and expolate them. Ere long the Tartars desolate them, showing neither distinction nor mercy to age or sex. When I saw them in 1905, Tyre was as she has been for quite awhile, verifying Israel's prophecy, "Tyre shall become a rock on which the fishermen shall dry his net." Tyre at present has but about five hundred inhabitants and they are poor fishermen, drying their nets on the rocks. The ships no longer stop there as in the olden time, when it was the Alexandria of the Mediterranean. Sidon, like Tyre, went into desolation till about twenty years ago, when the Mohammedans rebuilt it somewhat and now it contains about two thousand inhabitants. If infidels would acquaint themselves with history and see how the prophecies have been fulfilled in case of ancient cities, they would certainly see the falsity and emptiness of their boasted infidelity.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HOLY LAND.

Thither I always longed to go, and tread the vine clad hills, drink from the milk and honey rills, and enjoy the luscious fruits of Canaan. God has opened the way for me to go there three times. I must go to the Holy Land once more; but I expect to find it on a nearer route, straight up toward the stars, instead of sailing towards the rising sun. But, reader, I know you want to go to the Holy Land in this world, beyond the mighty ocean and the great sea, where pilgrims' feet have trodden in ages gone by, those who now play on their golden harps amid the jasper walls of the new Jerusalem. Bible students cannot afford to forego the privilege of facilitating their Biblical study by a visit to the Holy Land, and all the other prominent historic countries, which we took in on that voyage.

Feeling it pertinent, I will here give you some directions which will prove helpful in case you embark upon that enterprise, as I feel you will. All who read this book I am sure want to see the land afar off, about which your precious Bible talks so much; you long to walk about where Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, the prophets and apostles did walk, but most of all you want to stand on the earth trodden by the Prince of salvation, who came from Heaven to redeem you from death. Oh, how delightful to put your feet on the same rocks

and the same earth as that trodden by the Lord of glory when He descended from Heaven to redeem you from death. Oh, you say, what will it cost? I cannot answer that question for you. I have made it three times at the cost of four hundred dollars each time, equal to one thousand, two hundred dollars. Most people pay that amount for one tour. When I was talking of going all who had been there and knew anything about it, assured me I could not make it for less than one thousand dollars; therefore it is not worth while for you to interview others in reference to cost, as it is not a matter with others but yourself. In my three trips to the Orient, I have always traveled second-class, thus economizing one-half. You can do the same, but even in that case, you will be sure to spend much more than myself, as I am an economical traveler.

I give you some information here which is bound to do you good. I have always bought my tickets from Thomas Cook and Son, 261 Broadway, New York; every time purchasing the round trip. Write them and they will take great pleasure in answering all your questions and giving you all desired information. But you need correspondents at Jerusalem. When I went in 1895, landing at the depot at Jerusalem, the bright face of Rolla Floyd at once shone on me. He is a dear Christian man, born and reared in America; one of our own people. He has been there forty years, is well acquainted with the whole country, prepared to answer any question you may desire, and will take great pleasure in so doing. If you will write a letter directed to Rolla Floyd, Jerusalem, Palestine, he will

get it and take great pleasure in writing you everything you want to know. If you desire him to escort you, as he is now in life's evening, you will have to excuse him from personally serving you; but rest assured that he will supply you with a competent guide who will go with you everywhere and show you everything, explaining all as he goes. When he met me in 1895, I at once committed myself to him. He put me in a delightful German hotel, which I here especially recommend to you. It is kept by Brother Fast, a noble Christian gentleman. I have visited Jerusalem three times; in 1895, 1899, and in 1905, spending ten or twelve days each time and always staying at the Fast Hotel.

Brother Floyd sent me Shukrey Hishmeh, a native Syrian born in Jerusalem and educated in the languages of the different nations, purposely to serve tourists as a guide. He is a noble Christian gentleman, all right in every way and served me with perfect satisfaction. When I went again in 1899, Brother Floyd was sick in bed but I went to see him, asking him to take charge of me as formerly, and he at once sent for Brother Shukrey to serve as guide. I was perfectly delighted to see him again after an absence of five years. When I went the third time, in 1905, I wrote from London directly to Shukrey to meet me and my three traveling companions at Beyrout, Syria, and take charge of us. This he did promptly, serving us a month with perfect satisfaction. Address him, Shukrey Hishmeh (dragoman), Jerusalem, Palestine, asking him everything you want to know about your tour; he will with great pleasure give you all desired

information. If you so desire he will meet you on arrival and serve you as escort, taking you to all the sights, and explaining everything to you patiently, kindly, and lovingly. You can rely on him perfectly. He will not beat you out of a cent or let any one else defraud you. If you commit your affairs to him, you will be perfectly satisfied in the end and enjoy the privilege of giving him a written recommendation to all who shall follow you in the peregrination of the Holy Land. Feeling assured that my readers will all want to make this tour and that many of them will put their aspirations into practice and go to the Holy Land, it is my duty to give you this information. God bless you in your laudable enterprise to visit the native land of our Savior, as well as of the patriarchs, prophets, apostles and holy Hebrew nation.

CHAPTER XIII.

MOUNTS CARMEL AND TABOR.

In 1895 I disembarked at Joppa; in 1899 at Beyrout, Syria. Going by rail thence to Damascus and traveling by horse through the country, we entered the Holy Land at Cæsarea Philippi, the most northern terminus of our Savior's evangelistic peregrinations. When I went again in 1905, I disembarked at Haiffa, a beautiful growing city of thirteen thousand on the coast of Palestine, belonging to the tribe of Asher which you can see from the map lies along the sea-coast. Sailing down from Beyrout, passing Tyre and Sidon on the sea-coast, we sail past Ptolemy, so named from Ptolemy Philadelphus, the king of Egypt, who took great interest in the Jews, encouraging them in convening in his kingdom. He had their most learned rabbis translate the Old Testament out of the Hebrew into the Greek, for the special use of his subjects who could read the Greek but not the Hebrew. That translation which proved of infinite value in the perpetuation of the promulgation of the Scriptures, is called the Septuagint, which name is in honor of its seventy translators. Ptolemy was powerfully fortified by the Crusaders during the eighty-eight years they occupied the Holy Land, from 1099 to 1187. The fortifications were also somewhat augmented by Abraham, pasha of Egypt about one hundred and twenty-five years ago;

also used by Napoleon Bonaparte about that time. The plain of Ptolemais, a nice and beautiful land along the sea, with the city belonged to the tribe of Asher. This city contains thirteen thousand inhabitants.

Haiffa is a beautiful growing seaport of fifteen thousand; it has a splendid harbor, which cannot be said of Joppa where navigation is dangerous. The plain of Haiffa is beautiful, level, with rich land and, along with great Mount Carmel, equal to any in Asher. From Haiffa we traveled over a macadamized road up to the summit of Carmel, where we entered Elijah's convent and saw the Carmelites worshipping in their church. They were so named because they originated, as they claim, through the ministry of the prophet Elijah on Mount Carmel, which was a favorite resort with him, as well as with Elisha; both of them spending much time on that mountain, which was exceedingly fertile, and dotted all over with thriving villages.

We again gazed from the place where the controversial sacrifices were offered by Elijah and the prophets of Baal, in order to settle the long-contested problem, "Is Jehovah, or Baal, the sun-god, God?" The controversy had for some time turned with a sweeping popular tide in favor of Baal; the people believing that he was really the true God of Israel, as he was the god of the whole material world on which the sun shines, that, of course, including Israel with all the balance. Such had been the intensity of the controversial strife that they had slain all the prophets of the Lord, except Elijah, and those whom Obediah had hidden and fed till they could get away. Now Elijah has come out of his long exile where the ravens fed

him three years, and boldly facing about proposes a fair investigation in the presence of all the people who are still orthodox enough to recognize the fact that the true God always answers by fire. Therefore it is mutually agreed that the fire response will settle the long controversy.

Opening the investigation in the early morning Elijah gives the prophets of Baal the preference of time; they plead on till three o'clock in the afternoon without avail, when Elijah, offering his sacrifice, calls on the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The fire sweeps copiously down from Heaven, as in the case of Abel's sacrifice, consuming the victim, the wood, the stone, and the water that filled the trench all around the altar: then the tide of faith sweeps the multitude and they all shout, "Jehovah is God." Now, thoroughly convinced of the false attitude which all this time has been occupied by the prophets of Baal, Elijah, availing himself of the theocratic ministration, proceeds at once to exercise the office of prophet-judge, and commanding the people to arrest the prophets and not to let one escape, then takes them down to the river Kishon and slays them all.

Because of Israel's idolatry in following the prophets of Baal, the heavens had been locked and the rains withheld three and one-half years. Now that they have returned to Jehovah, and Ahab and his people have again become loyal, Elijah is ready to pray for rain. Mount Carmel is near the sea from which all the rains come; therefore Elijah sends his servant to the mountain's summit to watch the scene and notify him if he sees a cloud. Eventually he sees one the size of a

man's hand; to real faith, truly an omen of approaching rain. Therefore he tells Ahab to get down from the mountain quickly for the rain is coming. Sure enough, it does come, descending in torrents; meanwhile Elijah performs the part of a royal courier, running before Ahab all the way to Jezreel, about thirty miles. Great is the rejoicing among the people; that was truly a day of victory in Israel.

As we pass along and look at all these historic places, that of the altar, the place where the prophets were slain in the river Kishon, and whence Ahab fled in his chariot, all the while that notable place, "Haro-sheth of the Gentiles," is in full view. It was the place where Sisera, chief commander of the Jabin army, was rendezvoused. Because he had nine hundred chariots of iron he had held Israel in bondage and awfully oppressed them for twenty years, as they were utterly incompetent to cope with the formidable chariots which dashed furiously into the solid phalanx, cutting it all to pieces.

Mount Carmel is very conspicuous from the sea as well as from the land; at a great distance showing up as a long ridge, and reminding me of a potato ridge. Meanwhile we also see Mount Tabor which is twenty miles distant, across the plain of Megiddo, at the base of Mount Carmel, and the plain of Esdraelon, at the base of Tabor. You will see these two mountains at a great distance from all parts of the country: while Mount Carmel looks like a sweet potato ridge, Tabor is perfectly round, reminding you of a potato hill. Carmel is in Asher and Tabor in Zebulon.

In consequence of that invincible host of nine hun-

dred Syrian chariots, Jabin, the king of Hazor, had successfully held Israel in bondage twenty years. It seemed that the spirit of liberty was dead, and that the star of hope had gone down in the gloom of an eternal night: no man in Israel had the courage to raise the standard of revolt. Amid these gloomy environments, when the black darkness of despair had settled down on the land from Dan to Beer-sheba, behold Deborah, a mother in Israel, is found sitting under the palm-tree administering judgment to the people; that means revolution. She sends out heralds to blow the trumpet in Zebulon and Naphtali. Ten thousand rally; redoubtable braves who would rather die than longer bear the yoke of bondage. She moves to the summit of Tabor and sends for Barak, whose very name means thunderbolt, (therefore he ought to be brave). On arrival he asks her what she wants. She says, "I want you to lead these ten thousand men against Sisera." His heart failing him, he asks to be excused; then she says, "Will you be my second if I take the lead?" Of course, he is too brave to let an old woman turn him down in that way, therefore he responds in the affirmative, "Yes, mother, till I die in my tracks."

The policy of an ordinary general would have been to remain on the summit and fight on the defensive; the very opposite was the mind of Deborah, whose first command is, "Forward, march down the mountain." That means they were going to meet Sisera on the open plain. How strange! the ten thousand obeyed the command. Oh, how quickly would nine hundred seize their own chariots and settle the fate

of the ten thousand pedestrians; but they marched directly across the plain to meet Sisera on the open campus, where there was no visible possibility of escaping the awful impending destruction. Now while they are marching on, and Sisera is coming up the river Kishon, with his army to meet them, behold the elements scowl and the winds howl, and with wonderful rapidity a cloud arises from the sea, black as midnight, and pours a deluging water-spout on Sisera's army; no rain falling on Deborah or her ten thousand.

I was in one of those water-spouts not far from that place during my tour in 1905, for like them, we were near the sea. It came up so quickly there was no time to get away and fell on us a pouring deluge; my horse became unmanageable; fortunately it was soon over and I hastened to my hotel and changed my apparel.

So this deluging water spout, with awful thunderings and forked lightnings, poured down on Sisera's army, setting the horses wild and utterly incorrigible; those spikes projecting out from the chariots on each side literally butchering the men by wholesale. Meanwhile the descending flood inundates the river till he overflows his banks, drowning the wounded men who have fallen on all sides, and, utterly blinded by the darkness of the storm, naught is thought of by the rest but to escape for life. Sisera, leaving his chariot, runs for his life. He entered the village of the Kenites, the people of Hobab, the father-in-law of Moses. Hobab had come to see Moses while he was leading Israel through the wilderness, and Moses had said to him, "We are traveling to the promised land, come with us

and we will do thee good, for God has spoken good concerning Israel." Then Hobab consented and went with him; Moses insisting, "Thou wilt be eyes for us, as we travel through the wilderness."

When Jael, a young woman of the Kenites, looks out at her door and sees Sisera running with all his might, and looking to her begging for a drink, she bids him come in and gives him a large bowl of rich milk, which he, faint with hunger and thirst, gulps down voraciously. The soporific potion quickly lulls him to sleep, and stretched out on the dirt floor in a back room, his loud snoring convinces the woman of his sound sleep; then in one hand taking a great iron spike, used to fasten the door, she slips to him with a wooden mallet in the other hand. Setting the spike on his temple, she strikes with a furious blow, successively repeating the stroke, driving the spike through his skull and brain and down into the ground, killing him with a single blow of her hammer.

She returns to the door looks out, and sees Barak running with all his might hot on the track of Sisera. Saluting him, she shouts, "Come in and see the desire of your heart." Then he enters and she escorts him into the back room and shows him the great Sisera, the terror of Israel, who had held them in bondage twenty years, lying dead. Thus glorious victory has come to Israel through the instrumentality of mother Deborah and young sister Jael, the former leading the army, and the latter with her own hand slaying Sisera, the most formidable military chieftain in the world, thus bringing glorious deliverance to Israel.

This victory is a stunning argument in favor of

women's ministry. The true translation of Psalm lxviii, 11, "The Lord gave the word and the women who published it were a great host," corroborates this history of Israel's glorious deliverance. It is to the burning shame of King James' translation that omitted the feminine gender in the above Scripture, thus committing an awful sin and falsifying the Word of God. That beautiful prophecy, "How beautiful are the feet of the women who preach the Gospel of good things," also corroborates the preceding, Isaiah lii, 7. In my peregrinations around the world, I found more women, than men preaching the Gospel to the poor heathen. After Sisera's defeat, Israel had rest forty years.

Mount Tabor has a wonderful celebrity in the history of Israel. From time immemorial it has been a conspicuous place, where armies have rendezvoused. The Crusaders fortified it potently and occupied it nearly all the time they were in the Holy Land. Origen, the most learned man in his day, who lived and wrote in the third century, pronounced it the Mount of Transfiguration. In this he was evidently mistaken, as the Word says they were alone on that mountain, involving the conclusion that it was uninhabited, whereas, history authenticates that there was a town on Mount Tabor at the time of the Transfiguration; however, the Crusaders, following Origen, built the three tabernacles, one for Jesus, one for Moses, and one for Elijah, on Mount Tabor. I have been in them all.

Mark says that when Jesus came down from the Mount of Transfiguration, He and His disciples traveled through Galilee; whereas Mount Tabor is far

down the southern border of Galilee, and they would have to travel through it to reach him before the Transfiguration, as they were away up in Cæsarea Philippi in Syria, beyond the northern border of Galilee. The Sunday School lessons make an awfully random shot in pronouncing Hermon the Mount of Transfiguration, which is far up north, fifty miles beyond Cæsarea Philippi, the most northern terminus of our Savior's evangelistic peregrinations. . Beside, it was too cold for them to spend the night on the summit of Hermon. Travelers are all warned against it lest they suffer from cold. The name of the mountain is not given; doubtless withheld purposely, as our Savior knew it would be idolized if known. There is no doubt but it was one of the peaks of the Anti-Lebanon range which runs all the way down, rising up to our right as we descend the Jordan valley. There are plenty of mountains along the road; doubtless the real one is near the northern border of Galilee; so when they descended they traveled immediately through Galilee to Capernaum.

CHAPTER XIV.

NAZARETH, CANA, HATHEPHER.

This chapter concerns scenes all in the tribe of Zebulon. We now reach Nazareth, the most honored city in the world; complimented with the residence of our Savior for thirty years. It was so insignificant in Old Testament history times as never to receive a solitary mention. It was proverbial for its ignominy; giving currency to the expression which really became proverbial that "No good thing can come out of Nazareth." They often had used that argument against the claims of Jesus; not simply to the Messiahship, but to a place among the prophets. His enemies boldly challenge Him to search the Scriptures and see if any prophet comes out of Nazareth. In their arguments they brought up the prophecies, giving Bethlehem as the birth-place of the Messiah; to their shame being ignorant that He was really born in Bethlehem. Thinking He was born in Nazareth they vociferated against Him, clamorously condemning Him as a Nazarene, pertinaciously maintaining that no prophet was to come out of Nazareth. So, while Nazareth was at the bottom of the roll of honor in the old dispensation, she is now at the top, and ever will be.

When I was there in 1899, Nazareth had seven thousand inhabitants; in 1905 she had twelve thousand and

half of them Christians. Many splendid buildings had been erected during the six years of my absence; among them a Russian Bible college at the cost of one hundred thousand dollars; also two magnificent Latin convents. The great industry of Nazareth is the manufacture of soap; quite homogeneous with her glorious spiritual encomium in the expurgation of the sins of the world by the cleansing blood, so forcibly symbolized by soap which is the physical purifier of the world.

Again, I visited the Church of the Annunciation, occupying the spot where Mary stood when the archangel Gabriel announced the wonderful conception of our Savior. We also were in Joseph's carpenter-shop where, in beautiful statuary, we see Jesus in striplinghood, toiling at the bench with His foster father, while His mother is sitting by looking at them work. That statue of Jesus looks lovely beyond description. We also go to the fountain whence He doubtless carried water for the family thousands of times during the thirty years of His minority. There is no mistake about this as that is the only fountain in the city. We also visit again that old synagogue, a substantial one story building, where He worshipped for thirty years and whence they drove Him out after He had received the Holy Ghost, under John's ministry, because He was too fiery and they could not stand Him. We also go to the precipice whence, in their wrath, they aimed to hurl Him down and break His neck, but His divinity interposing, rescued His humanity.

If they were to turn you out of your church, would you ever go back? Do not say no, lest you make an

awful mistake. Here you see Jesus, our infallible leader, whom they not only turned out of His church in which He had spent His life, but did their best to kill, and would have succeeded if the Divine had not come to the rescue of the human and delivered Him out of their hands, after staying away a whole year, going back and giving them another trial, only again to be run off. Therefore you see that you are to be very careful about leaving your church for a little persecution, because Jesus spent His whole life in the church of the dispensation in which He was born, though they not only twice ran Him out but finally killed Him. Remember, we are to endure all sorts of contempt, opposition and persecution in our church for Jesus' sake.

Now we reach Cana, which is four miles east of Nazareth. I have often been there and always visited the fountain whence the water came which Jesus turned into wine. That is an unmistakable identity because there is but one in the city. The site of the bride's house where the wedding took place and the miracle was performed is disputed by the Greek and Latin Christians, each having built a convent on the spot claimed. I am satisfied the Latins are correct in this case. When Mary told them to do everything He said, led by the Spirit to anticipate the pending miracle, after the notification that the wine was out, nothing having been done to the great quantity of water (one hundred and twenty-six gallons), with which they filled the six jars standing by Jesus, He told the servants to draw out and give to the master of ceremonies that he might taste it. Upon tasting it, he was utterly astonished.

because it was delicious, *i. e.*, the article was first class. Then he observed that it was customary to use the best wine first, so that if they had any left it would be the inferior; at the same time he observed to the groom "that he had reserved the best of the wine to the last of the feast."

The theology of this miracle is exceedingly beautiful and exegetical of the gracious economy universally verified in Christian experience; clearly, lucidly, and copiously vindicatory of the second work of grace. Water throughout the Bible symbolizes regeneration, John iii, 15, "Born of water and of the Spirit." Here you see nothing at all was done to the water in those vessels; the quantity of which was so large that it would be impossible to play off some fraudulent strategy, manipulating away the water and substituting the wine. You see the six vessels filled with water to the brim, setting by, just as they have been since they were brought from the fountain. Jesus commands the servants to draw it out and hand it to the master of ceremonies. Now you see how we get sanctified; the wine here, and everywhere else, symbolizes the Holy Ghost, Ephesians iv, 18, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein there is riot." Now behold the miracle of grace so beautifully symbolized by this great miracle of turning the water into wine. Just as the servants drew out the water and handed to the master of ceremonies, *i. e.*, the boss of the festival, so we perceive in our altar services. Here we have a lot of people down at the altar seeking sanctification; they already have regeneration, *i. e.*, the water of life. We exhort them in utterly eternal and unconditional abandonment to God, to take sanc-

tification by simple faith, and to rise and testify to it before the leader of the meeting, *i. e.*, the pastor of the church. Before this abandonment and trust for the blessing, the seekers have nothing but regeneration; just as those servants at the wedding festival had nothing but water, which they had carried from the fountain; but when they handed it to the boss, and he had tasted it, behold it was wine. Now see the parallel. These people at the altar had nothing but regeneration; then how can they testify to sanctification which they do not possess? In just the way we get everything from God; not by anything that we can do, but by simple faith. Therefore these regenerate people seeking sanctification have nothing to do but to consecrate fully, trust for sanctification, and testify to it before the leader of the meeting. Faith is made perfect by testimony. True faith will tell its own story. So long as there is a lingering doubt, testimony will be futile, not having a right name. You will rise and hand the leader of the meeting a drink; but when he takes it, he will find it is not wine but water. When your consecration is thorough and your faith free from doubt, your testimony will be clear as the New Jerusalem bells, and the evangelist upon hearing it, electrified with joy, will join with you in a shout of victory.

Cana, the native place of the apostle Nathaniel, is in full sight of Hatherphrah, the birth-place and now the tomb of the prophet Jonah, who in a most wonderful manner symbolizes all Israel. God commanded Jonah to go and preach to Nineveh, the greatest Gentile city in the world, and the predecessor of Babylon in the metropolitanship of the Assyrian Empire, the great

and formidable rival of Egypt, the oldest nation and the first to have an organized government. This was under Rameses II, the Pharaoh before whom Moses and Aaron stood, the Sesostris of history; and the king who conquered the world eight hundred years before Nebuchadnezzar. During the ascendancy of Egypt, the Assyrians were constantly growing and spreading over Asia. Judea is directly on the road from Assyria to Egypt and that is the reason why she was so much troubled with invasions by these two great powers, as well as others. Assyria fought eight hundred years for the mastery of the world, Egypt being her most formidable rival.

In the days of Jonah, the population of the world, compared with the present, was small; there were no great cities, in modern estimation, Nineveh, with a hundred and twenty thousand, standing at the front. Babylon, her rising rival, was destined in two hundred years more to supersede and destroy her, pursuant to the awful belligerent policy then prevalent in the whole world. But to-day the world is not greatly ameliorated in that respect, and sad to say she is flooded with iniquities which have supervened in the track of the arts and inventions. The latter have been a positive blessing, but Satan's negative side has utilized the same in withering and blighting curses; sweeping their pestilential syroccos over every land and inundating the world with a prelude of Hell.

After Jonah's memorable experience in the storm, and in the stomach of the whale, he unhesitatingly takes a bee-line for Nineveh; utterly oblivious of the five hundred miles over which he must trudge, a for-

lorn pedestrian, and regardless of wild beasts, savages, rugged mountains, burning deserts, and flooded rivers. Oh! the millions, who in all ages have succeeded Jonah in ocean storms and the abdomens of sea monsters. What a pity we do not obey God at the start, thus economizing the bloom of youth and vigor of manhood which are so often wasted in battles with cyclones and monsters, but which might be expended in the Lord's blessed work.

God chose the Jews out of all the nations of the earth to become the happy and honored custodians of a precious revealed truth, exemplifying it in their lives and carrying it to the ends of the earth. It was His benediction of light, love, peace, joy and happiness to all nations. Instead of leaping with enthusiasm to welcome His Son, their own blessed Messiah, for whom they had watched and prayed for four thousand years, receiving with joy the glad tidings of redemption, and under the commission for the evangelization of the whole world turning into a nation of Gospel preachers, and thus radiating to all nations of the earth the joyous news of the wonderful salvation; instead of this they rejected and slew the Prince of life. All nations had so far been groping in the dim lights of nature, providence, conscience and the Holy Spirit, in the absence of the written Word; meanwhile fondly dreaming of the God whose handiwork they delighted to contemplate in the broad oceans, towering mountains, majestic rivers, fruitful fields and cerulean skies, the last illumined by the glorious constellations spanning the hemisphere from pole to pole.

As the Jews were untrue to their trust, therefore the awful storm of Roman extermination came sweeping and thundering from the west, overtaking them within a third of a century after the bloody tragedy of Calvary; selling them into slavery, and leading into captivity every one who survived the sword, pestilence and famine. Thus you see the great whale, *i. e.*, the world, swallowed them all, except the small minority who had received their blessed Christ, not one of whom got swallowed by the whale; they alone escaped the destruction of Jerusalem, by flying away to Pella, a Gentile city. There they met a glad welcome by the converts of the Legionaire, whom our Lord so wonderfully saved in Gadara by casting out the ten thousand demons, and calling him to preach the everlasting Gospel to his own people. History says God wonderfully blessed his labors, so that he had quite a host of Gentile converts who were glad to receive their Jewish brethren when they fled from the awful storm which swept their native land with the besom of death, slavery and captivity.

The Roman policy was a rule of ruin. That awful military despotism made it a rule, when they found a people utterly ungovernable, to blot their nationality from the face of the earth, selling them all into slavery to defray the expenses of the war which had been prosecuted for their national extermination. Pursuant to their murderous economy, having waited on the Jews thirty-three years to give up their rebellion, while they were following those false Christs who continued to arise through all of those years after the ascension of our Lord into Heaven; having waited

till patience was worn out, and forbearance ceased to be a virtue, the sturdy old emperor, Vespasian, sitting on his diamond throne in his golden house at Rome, and supported by five thousand senators all around him, living in their silver houses, issued his edict for the extermination of the Jews. In a seven years' war, they rigidly carried out this awful edict and a great nation dropped out of the world; *i. e.*, the whale swallowed not only Jonah, but the whole nation which Jonah represented, and whose obliteration from the national escutcheon of the world was so vividly symbolized and adumbrated when the whale swallowed Jonah. Jonah thus escaped from the storm, but his individuality was lost. If an enrollment of all the people and all the animals had been made during the three days he spent in the stomach of the whale, Jonah would not have been counted; the whale only would have been enrolled.

Ever since the Romans destroyed the Hebrew nationality, A. D. 73, the Jews have had no country, no home, no nationality on the face of the earth. Why? Because they are still in the maw of the world. The signs of their ejection out of the whale's stomach are potent in all lands. God says in the prophecies, "I will send the hunter to drive you and fishers to draw you out of all lands." One-half of all the Jews are in the great Russian empire. See how they are now hunting them and driving them out with sword and firearms. Meanwhile, a dozen great colonization societies are laboring constantly to gather them from the ends of the earth and restore them to the fruitful mountains and fertile plains of the Canaan for

which their fathers forsook Egypt, passed through the sea, and trod the burning sands of the howling wilderness.

When Jonah was ejected from the whale's abdomen and, to his infinite delight, found himself once more on *terra firma*, he unhesitatingly struck a bee-line for Nineveh; no longer was he intimidated by the magnates of the world's metropolis, before whom God had commnaded him, an illiterate Galilean farmer, to stand and proclaim awful pending doom. He thought they would kill him for prophesying evil. But oh, how he was mistaken! Having traversed the city three days with his only sermon hanging on his lips, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed," terrible conviction, a real nightmare from the eternal world, settled down on the people, not sparing the king. He issued his proclamation, commanding all of his people to fast and pray three days and nights covered with sackcloth and ashes, prostrate on the ground, and to feed none of the animals until the time; let the fast be universal, if perchance God may repent, (*i. e.*, change His purpose,) and grant them mercy. You see he had them all repent without any assurance that they would receive mercy, as Jonah's sermon had but one sentence in it, and that was wrath unmixed with mercy.

God help us all to profit by the wisdom of the Ninevite king who laid aside his crown, descended from his throne, covered his head with sackcloth and ashes, lay prostrate on the ground, and commanded all his subjects to do likewise. The result was that God heard their cries, saw their tears, and spared their

lives. After that generation had passed away, the city again lapsed into wickedness, was destroyed by the Babylonians two hundred years subsequently, and is this day a heap of ruins; a mournful memento of the awful doom which will inevitably overtake the wicked who are too proud to repent. These people were not profited by the example of their predecessors who repented under the preaching of Jonah, but, as is generally the case, they hardened their hearts, stiffened their necks, rushed heedlessly against Jehovah's buckler, and perished forever. When they extend the rail-road on to Bagdad, which already runs to Aleppo, the metropolis of North Syria, and the Cook Co. shall take up Babylon and put it in their tours around the world, which I believe will come in a few years, then I know they will extend it on to the ruins of Nineveh, including that also in Cook's tours. In my three trips to the Orient, I all the time was anxious to visit the ruins of the ancient cities which have played so conspicuous a part in the drama of universal history, and which stand to-day so conspicuous in the long catalogue of historic reminiscences. They are confirmatory of biblical inspiration, and revelatory of the signal prophetic fulfillments of God's righteous judgments against the wicked.

Ignorance and wickedness always go hand-in-hand. Sanctified learning is the handmaid of true religion. If you would have your religion a success and your heavenly hope gloriously verified, you must not fold your arms, complacently adopting the diabolical maxim "Ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise." I have known preachers to condemn and denounce human

learning *in toto*. We frankly admit that unsanctified learning is a curse rather than a blessing, because it is in the hands of Satan who will use it for your damnation. But remember God says "My people perish for lack of knowledge," O. T. "Study to show thyself approved of God, a workman not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," N. T.

We also from the case of Jonah learn another profitable lesson; that is that sanctified people must beware of infirmities. Jonah was the Lord's prophet when He commissioned him to preach to the Ninevites. Of course he was a Christian in his dispensation. Not having the perfect love which casts out fear, he yielded to the cowardice which sanctification alone can take out of the heart. In the whale's stomach he had three days and nights to get his consecration to the point of receptive faith. Therefore his ministry, subsequently to his ejection by the sea-monster, was on the sanctified plane. But you see the trouble he got into when his prophecy was not fulfilled, and when his diagnosis of course put him in the exceedingly unenviable attitude of a false prophet; therefore he became very blue in contemplation of the situation. Of course God knew the Ninevites would repent under Jonah's ministry and in that case He would spare them. Then why did He not tell Jonah? The reason is very obvious. That would have softened the message and been very likely to superinduce a superficial repentance which is worthless. Consequently Jonah just threw open his big mouth and roared like a lion all over the city. "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed"; himself believing that the awful doom would come. Therefore

his heart broke with sorrow and his eyes flowed like rivers, winging his proclamation with lightning and thunderbolts, and giving his awful message the force of battering-rams and cyclones.

When God sanctified me thirty-eight years ago, He made me a cyclone of fire. I went to the hardest and most wicked places and often preached ten solid days on the doom of the wicked, saying nothing about love or mercy, actually treating the matter as if there were no Savior. Consequently I saw Ninevite conviction; the old, the young, the rich and poor all alike falling like dead people and crying to God; this awful nightmare conviction having settled down on everybody. Then I descended from Mt. Sinai and hastened to Calvary; no longer preaching Hell, but the dying love of Jesus, until they all swept into the kingdom with shouts of victory.

Oh, what a universal commotion among the scattered children of Abraham in all the earth! According to Ezekiel, as you see revealed in chapter thirty-seven, the Jews will be gathered into the Holy Land before they are converted to Christianity. This conclusion is obvious from the dry bones, illustrative of utter physical death and symbolic of spiritual death. They are gathering now with wonderful rapidity, already seventy-five thousand Jews in a population of one hundred thousand in Jerusalem alone. They are dotting the whole country with their colonies and rapidly rebuilding all of the ancient cities. I trow, when the Lord comes to take away His bride, He will so reveal Himself to His consanguinity as to superinduce a repentance which will roll over Palestine like a

flood, sweeping everything before it. This will be the consummation of their rejectment from the world, which is so rapidly progressing initially in their gathering back to their native land. When the Jews are converted to Christianity they will be the best and most faithful witnesses of their once rejected Messiah and go out at once, like Jonah to Nineveh, and tell the world about their wonderful Christ, whom to their sorrow they so long ignored, while in the stomach of the whale.

When this strong and beautiful metaphor of Israel's redemption, symbolized by the wonderful experience of Jonah, shall supervene, and millions of Abraham's children shall turn evangelist and rush to the heathen Ninevehs in all the earth, ringing the proclamation of repentance, oh, what a sunburst on Christendom will follow in the wake of these swift messengers! It will be like resurrection angels blowing the Gospel trumpets till the nations sitting in darkness shall all hear the felicitous proclamation, "Awake from the slumbers of pagan night and hasten to the brightness of the glorious Sun of Righteousness rising on thee with healing in His wings!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Oh, what a charm rings in the very mention of this wonderful Galilean sea, over whose placid waters Jesus with His disciples so often sailed! Ever and anon He had to rebuke the storms which are so common on that sea. In all of my sailing over it I have reminded my party to take hold of our glorious Captain in prayer, for tranquil seas. These petitions have been wonderfully answered. Oh, how beautiful is this sea when perfectly calm, not a ripple corrugating its cerulean surface. The reason why this sea is so proverbial for storms is because it is seven hundred feet below the Mediterranean Sea thirty miles west; this depression, as it is entirely inland, as a natural consequence is environed by highlands on all sides. In the Holy Land the west winds are very strong, as they have an unbroken sweep of fifty-five hundred miles across the Atlantic and through the Mediterranean, the long way. Therefore uprising against the Palestinian shore with tremendous force, they sweep on over the continent, frequently passing over the sea of Galilee without dropping down, thus leaving us a placid calm, while the storm is howling above our heads. But frequently the strong winds moving horizontally from the summit of the highlands on the west coast, by the time they cross that sea, drop down so low that when they

strike the eastern mountains, instead of rising and passing over them and moving on in the even tenor of their way, they are deflected either to the right or to the left, in which case they fly round in the subsidence occupied by that sea, thus assuming a giratory motion, and actually developing a cyclone, to the awful detriment of navigation. In this case, as you read in the Scriptures, the waves roll over the ship and fill it full, and if voyagers are not good swimmers, they are very likely to be drowned.

These storms of which we read so frequently during our Savior's ministry, afforded grand opportunities to illustrate His Divinity, by simply speaking to them, in which case they always acquiesced at once and a universal calm supervened, evoking the astounded ejaculations of His disciples, "Who is this who commands the sea and the storm, and they obey Him?" During His ministry He needed these tornadoes to multiply His opportunities to enforce the conviction of His Messiahship. When we sailed over that sea, as we all perfectly believed in Him, the storms were not needed and would certainly have deluged us with water and imperiled our lives. Therefore the sea, in His mercy, was perfectly tranquil, smooth as glass, and oh, how beautiful as we glided over it from shore to shore; generally making our Savior's track as revealed in the New Testament, a specialty.

This sea is sixteen and one-half miles long and eight miles wide. It has no influx, except the river Jordan, which enters due north and is lost in the sea, till he passes out due south, without perceivable increase of volume, and goes on his way to his final des-

tination in the Dead Sea. There are two large springs flowing into this sea directly upon the base of the contiguous mountain, but none from the surrounding country excepting the Jordan. The Hot Springs on the south-west coast, near the city of Tiberias, are an important sanitarium, as in other countries. The water is hot enough for all culinary purposes, cooking eggs very quickly and stewing meat and all kinds of vegetables in due time. They flow out from the base of a majestic hill on whose summit Herod Antipas, who was king in the time of Jesus and who beheaded John the Baptist, had a palace. He also had another over in Perea, on the east coast of the Dead Sea. Our attention was directed by the guide to the battle-field, off the south-east coast, where Herod met his father-in-law, the king of Arabia, who fought him for divorcing his daughter. Herod had received her in wedlock, but now, in order that he might wed Herodias, his brother Philip's wife, he divorced her. God was in that battle, and Herod was signally defeated, which with the decapitation of John the Baptist paved the way for his downfall. By these and other acts of maladministration, incurring the displeasure of Cæsar, he was summoned to Rome to answer charges adduced against him; deposed by the Emperor, he, with his wicked wife, was banished to Logdunon, then the wild west, where they perished miserably in lonely exile.

When I first reached the Sea of Galilee, I said to my guide, "Have them row us at once to Capernaum," our Savior's home during the two and a half years of His Galilean ministry. Jesus said He had no home,

but what I mean is that when they drove Him away from Nazareth, He came to Capernaum and made it His headquarters, not only preaching in the cities and villages which crowded the bank of this sea seventy-five miles all around, but out into the surrounding country in all directions, radiating, peregrinating and returning again to Capernaum. This city was the honored nativity of the apostles John and James, the sons of thunder. It was also the residence of Peter, who was the senior apostle, about forty years old, when called to the ministry. I trow his house was the home of Jesus. When we often read about His going into the house, doubtless it was Peter's residence. Pursuant to the awful woes Jesus pronounced on Capernaum, Matthew eleventh chapter, she utterly perished from the earth and through long, rolling centuries was without an inhabitant. As the Jews are so rapidly reviving all of that country, about a dozen years ago they began to revive Capernaum. When I was there in 1905, I saw the ruin of a great and beautiful synagogue which the German Archæologists had exhumed during the six years of my absence from the Holy Land. Formerly it was utterly buried in the debris accumulated from the great mountain which hangs over it, doubtless the Mount of Beatitudes, on which our Lord preached that wonderful sermon.

If you visit the Holy Land you will certainly go to the Sea of Galilee, where Jesus did abide and preach so much, all around about. As you approach along the macadamized road from the west, you will come to Mount Hatton, from which you will have a grand

view of the sea. This mountain is celebrated in history for the decisive battle fought on it between the Crusaders and the Moslems, under the command of Saladin, the greatest military chieftain in the world in his day. The battle resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the Crusaders, so they fought no more, but retreated out of Asia never to return. They had fought two hundred years, all Christendom being combined in a desperate effort to recover the Holy Land and rescue our Savior's patrimony from the infidels. A million Europeans bleached their bones on Asiatic soil, and though they conquered Jerusalem, under Godfrey, in 1099 A. D., they only held it eighty-eight years and were driven out, A. D. 1187. The reason why this failure supervened was because the prophecy, Daniel viii, 25, specifies "He shall be broken without hand," referring to Mohammed, the false prophet. Hence the futility of all human efforts to drive the false prophet from the earth. God alone can break him.

Since the Crusaders, and all Christendom, in an effort to break him, fought two hundred years, but finally retreated in despair, the hand of God has visibly entered upon the work of destroying the false prophet. He began to break him in the signal defeat of the three hundred thousand Moslems, by John Sobieski and his Polish army of seventy thousand, at Vienna, in 1683, where the Moslem's tide was arrested and has been rolling back ever since. There God put His hand on the false prophet and began to break him and will continue till the final fulfillment of this prophecy, Revelation xix, 20, where you see the beast, *i. e.*, the papacy, and the false prophet, *i. e.*, Mohammed,

are arrested and cast alive into the lake of fire that burneth with brimstone.

Whereas your guide will most likely tell you that you are on the Mount of Beatitudes, where our Lord preached His wonderful sermon, I am satisfied it is a mistake. If you will read it through, you will find He entered Capernaum as soon as He wound up that wonderful discourse. Mount Hatton, where the battle was fought, is ten miles from Capernaum; hence the normal conclusion is that the Mount of Beatitudes was more convenient than Hatton. I am satisfied that it was the great mountain that hangs over Capernaum from the north. When I was there in 1899, I rode over that mountain, purposely exploring it with reference to our Savior's ministry. The Word says that when He went up into the mountain His disciples came to Him, and that He left the multitude below on a plateau, *i. e.*, a bench in the side of the mountain. I found the conformation of the mountain suited that description, the level plain on the southern slope nicely verifying the Bible description. Capernaum is directly at the base of this second mountain, so that He might enter the city immediately after closing His sermon.

There is no doubt but that the great and beautiful synagogue, which has been exhumed in Capernaum by the German Archæologists, is the one which the centurion had built for the Jews, as he lived in the city.

From Capernaum we sailed to Bethsaida, on the north-west coast of the sea. It was the nativity of Peter and Andrew and Philip. Though having given the world these three great apostles, it so rejected our Lord's ministry as to become the subject of a terrible

woe, which you will read in Matthew the eleventh chapter. Pursuant to this it utterly perished, like Capernaum, and for the same reason, and the main site to this day remains desolate; however, a convent has been built near by by a Christian man. This city was blessed by a great spring which flows out from the base of the Mount of Beatitudes into the sea of Galilee.

On the west coast of the sea we again visited the city of Magdala, the nativity of Mary Magdalene, who was named from it, and out of whom our Lord had cast seven demons when He rescued her from Satan. In the catalogue of our Lord's feminine apostles, Mary Magdalene stands at the head of the column, followed by Mary, the wife of Alphæus, and the mother of James the less, Salome the mother of James and John, the sons of thunder, Susanna, and Johanna, the wife of Chuza the steward of King Herod. We also sailed across the sea, landing on the east coast and visiting Gadara, where our Savior cast the legion of demons, (ten thousand), out of the poor demoniac; at the same time calling him to preach, and giving him his own country for his field of labor.

On the same coast we visited the place where they tell us our Lord appeared to His apostles early in the morning, after that memorable night of fruitless toil, during which they had caught nothing. But when, at His bidding they cast the net on the right side of the ship, they enclosed one hundred and fifty-three fine, large fishes. Though the draught was so encouraging, they quit the business forever, as there they met their risen Lord, who already had their breakfast waiting;

this, I trow, those Herculean stalwarts did enjoy after rowing the ship, casting the net and pulling it through the waters all night long. There Jesus put Peter to a terrible interview, asking him, "*agapas me?*," *i. e.*, "Do you love me with Divine love," *i. e.*, "Peter, have you been reclaimed from your Gethsemane backsliding?" This was a hard question and Peter evades it by responding, "*Philo se*," "I love thee as a friend." Jesus responds to him, "Feed my lambs," and the second time, "Shepherdize my sheepings." Then Jesus repeats the same interrogative the third time, "Do you love me with Divine love?" When Jesus repeats the same interrogative, "Do you love me with human love," leaving His own word *agapo*, which means Divine love and taking Peter's word which he had used every time, *phileo*, which means to love as a friend with human love, this breaks Peter's heart because of our Lord's insinuation against the sincerity of his human love, thus indirectly reminding him of his late apostasy and denial. Our Lord here forcibly illustrates to us an exceedingly profitable lesson, differentiation between human and Divine love: the latter is the very essence of saving grace, and the former actually graceless; yet the two are often mistaken the one for the other. At this point Satan deludes millions, hallucinating them with the fond delusion that they are Christians because they love the Lord and His people; at the same time it is only human love. They are ignorant of Divine love, which we cannot exercise by our natural volition, as it is an exotic in the heart of God, and only received as the Holy Ghost, in God's condescending, redeeming mercy, pours it into our hearts.

The sea of Galilee, including the west and the south coasts, is in the tribe of Zebulun. The north coast, including the city of Capernaum and the Mount of Beatitudes, is in the tribe of Naphtali, extending as far north as Dan, the northern terminus of Palestine, while Beer-sheba, far down south in the tribe of Simeon, is the southern terminus. Hence the proverb, "from Dan to Beer-sheba"; as we say, from Maine to Florida, meaning the whole country. These coasts of the sea belonged to the Gentile Gadarenes, hence it was called the Galilee of the Gentiles, and it was said that they saw great light. No wonder, when they saw Him who is the Light of the world.

The sea of Galilee is clear, limpid and delightful fresh water. The people living on its coasts never dig wells but use the sea water for all purposes. Pilgrims visiting it are accustomed not only to drink it but to bathe in it; they look upon it as sacred, because our Lord sailed over it so much, when treading every shore He preached the Gospel to the many cities and villages, which, in that day of Israel's prosperity, so densely populated that region. Sailing on that sea we have a conspicuous view of old Chorazin, though ten miles distant on the mountain slope. In the days of Christ it was large and prosperous, but like Capernaum and Bethsaida it rejected the ministry of our Lord, and was consequently included in the awful anathema pronounced against the three, in Matthew eleventh chapter, where Jesus tells them that it will be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon, those heathen cities that never heard the Gospel, as well as Sodom and Gomorrah, in the day of judgment, than for them,

assuring them that if His mighty works had been wrought in those great heathen cities, which had perished from the earth, they would have survived to this day.

My heart always clings around the sea of Galilee every time the Lord ever lets me make a visit. In 1899, when the time came to leave, my young men refused to go, so we had to stay another day and spend all the time riding about over the sea, stopping at all the places of historic notoriety on every coast. In 1905, we all left it with great reluctance, my young men, (the Texas Boys), almost refusing to go. Oh, what a hallowed influence lingers there, filling the land, sea, and sky with an unearthly enchantment. The last time I was there, as the sun was retreating from the world, I looked upon this beautiful sea, and a hundred and fifty miles away to Mount Hermon, up in Syria, where the Jordan rises, and beheld his snowy summit, bespangled with all the variegated tints of the rainbow, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. Oh, how indescribable it seemed, reflected in supernatural beauty and ineffably gorgeous glory, on the sea of Galilee. As I am now in life's evening, and it is not probable that I will ever again visit the Holy Land, I can say that of all the hallowed spots I have ever seen the sea of Galilee, which is the most prominent spot in our Lord's ministry, rises pre-eminent, surpassed only by Calvary.

CHAPTER XVI.

NAIN, SHUNEM, AND GILBOA.

This chapter is still in the tribe of Zebulun. The city of Nain is on the north-west slope of Mount Little Hermon, and exceedingly conspicuous from the summit of Mount Tabor, which has been crowned by a city for perhaps more than two thousand years.

There is a notable death in the city of Nain, the only son of a poor widow, her support in this life and her hope of inheritance in Israel, sickens and dies, despite all possible medical effort. The sympathetic heart of Jesus takes Him all the way from Capernaum, about thirty miles, to comfort the bleeding heart of that poor widow. Already the funeral procession has advanced out of the city, bearing the corpse to the sepulchre, when attention is arrested by the approach of Jesus and His disciples, accompanied by a great crowd. Meeting the bier and putting His hand on it, He nods to the pall-bearers to halt. Their astonishment is unutterable, as they had never known a corpse interrupted on its way to the sepulchre before, yet an indefinable awe constrains them to heed. Setting down the bier in the road, they stand aside. Jesus proceeds to lift the pall from the face of the dead, revealing the physiognomy of the pallid, ghastly corpse. He now speaks in a voice that makes the mountain tremble, "Young man, I say unto thee,

Arise!" He opens his eyes and, seeing his mother, a light flashes over his face and the redness of life and youth begin to supersede the pallid horrors of death. Jesus takes him by the hand and lifts him up. Now he reaches out his arms and embraces his mother.

Meanwhile, a sensation is going on in the city among the people who see the procession disturbed on its way to the sepulchre, a matter entirely a phenomenon and never before heard of. Ascending to the flat roofs of their houses they gaze with all their eyes, bewildered beyond utterance at seeing the procession actually broken up, and the people dashing around promiscuously like they were wild. Now their ears are saluted by a tremendous roaring shout: "Glory to God in the highest, for raising up a prophet in Israel who has power to speak the dead to life." Oh, how the people in the city are puzzled, saying among themselves, "Why! Who ever heard of a shout at a funeral? That is a place for weeping and mourning." But now they see the whole crowd in pell mell mass coming back to the city. How to explain it they cannot conceive. Why, what have they done with the corpse? Soon the people who formed the procession reached the proximity of recognition; then they recognize the young man who was dead, and his mother, walking in the front leading the procession, and followed by the multitude roaring at the top of their voices: "Glory to God in the highest, for raising up a prophet, who has power to raise the dead to life."

Our Lord immediately returned to Capernaum and proceeded preaching to the multitudes. Behold His

unutterable goodness and kindness to walk those sixty miles to soothe the broken heart of a mother in Israel.

A beautiful stone church stands on the spot where this wonderful miracle was performed. The city of Nain is now a Mohammedan village; but this church was built by the Sacristan monks. We went into it and saw the statuary; the engravings are very beautiful, representing the scene of the Resurrection so vividly that we almost see it with our mortal eyes. We ride half way around the mountain, and opposite Nain on the south-east slope we find ourselves in Shunem, where lived the loving twain, walking closely with the God of Israel and in deep distress because they were childless; thus not only forfeiting their inheritance in Israel, but the glorious Messianic progenitorship. The prophet Elijah passed that way in his peregrinations to Mount Carmel and back, stopping and lodging with them as a matter of convenience; so they built him a chamber on the wall and furnished it with a bed, candlestick and a regular ablutionary outfit, all things essential to the comforts of the lodging. Sympathizing with them in their sterility, he promises them an heir in answer to prayer: sure enough a promising son brightens the lonely home. The years speed away. The youth in his teens, an industrious farmer boy, is helping his father in the harvest-field, when sunstroke prostrates him on the earth. His father quickly carries him to the house and stretches him out on the prophet's bed, for he is now a lifeless corpse. Meanwhile the father's faith has fled and he thinks of nothing but mourning over his hardy boy, forever gone, but the mother orders the servant to saddle her donkey

with all possible expedition, and mounting, she dashes away at full speed, fifteen miles to Mount Carmel, hailing the prophet and telling him the news. The prophet hands his staff to Gehazi with orders to go with all possible expedition, as the celerity of his youth might qualify him to get there ahead of the prophet, and lay his staff on the corpse. This does not satisfy the mother and she falls and seizes his feet. Gehazi takes hold of her, thinking to relieve his master of the nuisance, but Elijah says, "let her alone for her soul is troubled within her." She utterly refuses to be satisfied with the service of the young prophet, in putting Elijah's staff on him; but constrains Elijah himself to go at once and with all possible expedition, and by her importunity forces acquiescence. All possible haste secures a speedy arrival. Then the prophet going up into the chamber prostrates his own body on the corpse, placing his eyes, nose, and mouth on those of the dead boy. At this the boy begins to awaken, sneezes seven times, and rises into life. (Seven throughout the Bible means Christ, who is both man and God united; three representing God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and four representing humanity, north, south, east, and west, the cardinal points always standing for the world of which man is lord, *i. e.*, the world is the body, and the man the soul.)

When we contemplate the environments which characterize the ministry of Jesus, we are especially astonished at the tardiness in the apprehension of His Messiahship. It seems to us that His miracles would have convinced men all right; you must remember that He did not declare His Christhood among the Jews

until the very last days of His ministry; when it was really necessary for Him to tell it to the Twelve, six months previous to His crucifixion. This was when He escorted them to Cæsarea Philippi, a Gentile city in Syria. He never hesitated to admit His Christhood among the Gentiles, *e. g.*, in Samaria to the woman at the well very early in His ministry, also at Gadara. He knew the Gentiles did not want a Jew for their king, whereas the only hope of Hebrew emancipation from Roman bondage which they had endured thirty-eight years, was the coming of the Messiah, who all the prophets certified to be the King of Israel. As they knew they never could cope with the Roman power on the battlefield, they were utterly shut up to Messianic intervention as the only hope of emancipation from the awful despotism of Roman rule. Therefore, if He declared His Christhood they would have crowned Him King on the spot, and the Romans would have killed Him for high treason; finally when they did crucify Him, with His accusation superscribed on the cross above His head, in Hebrew, Greek and Latin letters, "This in the King of the Jews," it was for high treason, for which the penalty was death.

It was absolutely necessary for Him to live on the earth three years, in order to teach His disciples and launch the Gospel church. Three days would have sufficed for Him to come into the world, bleed and die, and redeem us from all sin, death and Hell. But the glorious scheme of redemption would have evanesced without the Gospel church to keep the lamps burning before the world. He had a hard time to perpetuate

His Bible School those three years, as His friends were constantly after Him to crown Him King, in which case the Romans would have killed Him.

The hierarchy had fallen out with Him at the beginning of His ministry for His telling the truth, and had become His bloodthirsty enemies, everywhere hounding Him for His life. Even the heroic effort of John the Baptist, who thought it was high time for Him to proclaim His Christhood, and consequently sent to Him two of his disciples to ask Him outright in the presence of listening thousands, "Art thou the Christ, or look we for another?" signally failed to deflect Him from His purpose of withholding the revelation of His Messiahship from the Jews till He had finished the three years course of His inspired truth, which He was daily dispensing to His disciples by the greatest responsibility ever committed, *i. e.*, the launching of the Gospel church.

Now take the matter as it stood before the Jews and you will not be astonished at the tardiness of their apprehension of His Christhood. In the absence of an open proclamation on His part, they had nothing but His mighty works and His inimitable teaching, the deep things of God, to convince them of His Messiahship. Now suppose we consider the miracle which was certainly the most convincing of all. You see in this chapter the puzzle which confronts them here on this same Mount, Little Mount Hermon. Jesus raised the widow's son at Nain and Elijah raised the Shunamite at Shunem, the places separated by only two hours on horseback. The same dilemma confronted them throughout that country, while He was filling

the land with miracles, even raising the dead. Hence you see the normal trend of the popular mind would unhesitatingly conclude that He was a prophet, yea, the greatest prophet the world had ever seen, from the simple fact that He wrought more miracles and greater, and His teaching was more fruitful of heavenly erudition in every conceivable ramification than ever before known on the earth; yet the prophets had done all these things, the difference not being in kind but in degree.

The hierarchy, His uncompromising foes, did their best to sweep away all these overwhelming arguments in favor of His prophetic office; using before the people the silly and garrulous argument that the Bible gives no instance of any prophet coming from Nazareth, which really was a sophistical allegation, as the fact of prophets rising in other places did not at all preclude the legitimacy of their coming out of Nazareth, or any other obscure village or rural hamlet.

While the Canaanites, so called from Canaan, the son of Ham, were consequently Hamites, the authorities tell us that the Philistines, a great nation of stalwart giants inhabiting that exceedingly fertile land along the sea-coast, and extending out and taking in some of those rich mountains, and even south to the isthmus of Suez, were Japhethites.

The record of Noah's family throws a dark shadow over Ham his second son, showing him up as not only libidinous, but brutish in the care of his father, when he was giggling over the exposition of the father's nudity; while his two brothers, Shem and Japheth, took a garment and walking backward carried it and cov-

ered him. History develops the fact that while Shem retained a knowledge of the true God more successfully than either of his brothers, Ham trended away into idolatry and wickedness faster than either of his brothers; Japheth being intermediate, rather excelled in intellectual achievements.

Joshua never did succeed in conquering the Philistines. David was the first one to really subdue them and hold them in subordination during his administration, but they prospered and perpetuated their nationality till after both Israel and Judah were carried into Babylonian captivity. When Nebuchadnezzar conquered the world, carrying the Jews away to Babylon, it seems that he must have deported the Philistines also to some other country, as we know he conquered them, for the Bible tells us about his subjugating them at the same time he invaded Judea. As we never hear of the Philistines after they turned the Jews out of Babylonian captivity, the conclusion is that Nebuchadnezzar must have taken them away to some other country.

These formidable Philistines were the chronic eyesore throughout the entire forty years of Saul's administration, a long scene of bloody days immediately preceding his coronation. He ascended the throne of Israel in the midst of an exterminating war with the Philistines, and immediately after his coronation immortalized himself by a brilliant victory over them which gloriously boomed his administration. While Saul was a great man, wise in counsel and heroic on the battle-field, and evidently adapted to the kingdom at that critical epoch when the Philistines were pressing them to the wall, and while the nation was exceed-

ingly prosperous during the forty years of his administration, so prosperous that David in his lamentation when Saul fell before the Philistines on Mount Gilboa, beautifully and pertinently said, "O ye daughters of Israel, weep and mourn for Saul who clothed you with scarlet;" yet Saul's great trouble was incorrigible self-will throughout the entire forty years of his reign. But his conversion was unmistakably clear. The Holy Spirit says, "When Saul met the prophet, God gave him another heart." No one who believes the Bible can any more doubt Saul's genuine conversion to God. You will find no experience related in the Bible more unimpeachable than that of King Saul. The great trouble with him was that he never could get sanctified; therefore his life was a series of alterations of light and darkness; a bright day followed by a dark night, an unbroken contention of ups and downs, sinning and rebelling, rising and falling.

In his royal capacity, officially representing Israel, God commaded him to go and utterly exterminate the Amalekites because they fought against Israel forty years, doing their utmost to keep them from entering the land of Canaan; thus symbolizing the inbred sin, which is always fighting against us to keep us from getting sanctified. If we do not get rid of it, we will fall under condemnation for willingly keeping it, become backsliders and drop into Hell. Saul obeyed God and marched his army against the Amalekites; but instead of utterly exterminating them and everything they possessed, he saved Agag, the king, alive and brought back with him the best of their cattle and sheep, so that, as he apologized to Samuel, he might

have them to sacrifice unto the Lord. That point was a finale in his history, such as we all reach sooner or later when we settle matters to be all the Lord's forever without any reservation, or grieve away the Holy Spirit and sink into irretrievable condemnation. Adam the first in our hearts is the Agag; he must die; while ill-gotten gains are those fat cattle and sheep that we do not need either to enable us to support the Gospel at home or to send it to the heathen. God is neither poor nor stingy. He will attend to His cause at home and abroad. The thing for us to do is to look after our own souls and to be sure we are right with God. At this mournful crisis God forsook Saul and appeared to him no more, neither by dreams or visions, or Urim and Thummim. Then and there he crossed the dead line whence there is no retreat.

"There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's mercy and His wrath.

"There is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
Which marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair."

Saul was in trouble all the forty years of his public life; the Philistines were the thorn in his flesh. It was in the war with them that the stripling David slew the monster giant, thus evolving the popular commendation, which aroused Saul's jealousy and brought on seven years of war with him; and now Saul is again involved in a fresh series of battles with the Philistines. They have fought him forty years; they

despise his very name and are determined to destroy him. Their army is encamped at Shunem and Saul's on Mount Gilboa, the beautiful plain of Esdraëlon intervening. This plain contains a hundred thousand acres of beautiful land, level and rich, and O, how many great battles have been fought on it! The two armies daily met in pitched battle on this plain intervening between the encampments, but the Philistines have proved too strong for Israel and have already defeated them over and over, driving them from their position, farther and farther into the Gilboan mountain range.

Though Saul has obeyed the Bible in his administration, exterminating witches and wizards out of his kingdom as God commands, because they are the devil's preachers, in these latter days of God-forsaken darkness the poor man has turned spiritualist; a very natural course for a backslider, for when the Holy Spirit has utterly left a human spirit, never to return, the normal trend is to go after demoniacal spirits, thus turning spiritualist. So in the dead hours of the night, accompanied by an escort, he walks away seven miles over mountain and plain to visit the celebrated medium, the witch of Endor. She goes for enchantment and calls for an answer from the eternal world. God avails Himself of the opportunity and sends up Samuel from his paradise rest in Abraham's bosom, the intermediate state of the Old Testament saints, in the region of Hades: there they await the descension of the risen Christ, to emancipate them and to lead them up to Heaven with Him in His glorious ascension. Samuel delivers to Saul an awful proph-

ecy of coming doom, stating to him, "To-morrow you, and your sons shall be with me." They did go down to Hades and in that sense were with him, but they went into the fiery Tartarus with Dives while Samuel was in Abraham's bosom with Lazarus; yet all were in Hades and in conversational proximity. See the sixteenth chapter of Luke.

When Samuel delivers this message, Saul falls prostrate on the ground. The witch of Endor prepares him a nice, tender calf and persuades him to eat; then he with his escort returns to Gilboa. The next awful day, the Philistines in the early morning set the battle in array. The conflict is terrible; the mighty are falling on all sides. The crimson tide is flowing; the Philistines stampede the hosts of Israel and rush furiously on. The young men have already fallen and King Saul, mortally wounded, begs a man to kill him. He shrinking from the ordeal, Saul then falls on his own sword, the blood that vitalized that heroic life crimsoning the heights of Gilboa. David lovingly weeps over Saul and his sons: "How have the mighty fallen!" Saul and Jonathan united in their lives, as father and son, in death were not divided; both falling on that fatal day. The Philistines nail up their bodies against the walls of Bethshan, but the men of Jabesh-gilead go in the night, take them down, carry them away to Jabesh in Judah, where Saul was born and reared, and honor them with a royal interment.

CHAPTER XVII.

GIDEON'S VICTORY.

Again Israel sinned and brought on them another righteous judgment from the Almighty—this time all the tribes of Arabia were combined against them under the general cognomen, Midianites. These Midianites prove awfully oppressive, coming annually in vast numbers, actually taking their harvest from them and bringing gaunt famine to stalk like an avenging specter over all the land; so the distress is universal and appalling. The Midianites are innumerable as the sands of the sea, consequently the popular heart has sunken into despair, and the cruel iron of hopeless despondency has interpenetrated to the heart of the nation and blighted all hope. Really the spirit of liberty is dead; an ominous gloom has settled down like a nightmare, paralyzing all energy; the sun of their nationality has already gone down in the gloom of an eternal night. Their political rulers are all solid worshipers of Baal, who is now their national divinity.

Now we see Gideon, a young man of Abiezer, the son of the officiating priest at the altar of Baal, Joash; but he himself is a faithful worshiper of Jehovah, and with his heroic band of ten young men still dares to hold up the banner of Israel's Jehovah. He is threshing some wheat behind the wine-press to hide it from the Midianites, till he could get a little bread to satisfy

hunger. An innocent looking tramp comes along and hails him as a mighty man of valor, the deliverer of Israel. He is astounded beyond measure, assuring him that he is mistaken, for he is a member of an obscure family and the smallest in his father's house, *i. e.*, the runt of the family. The stranger has already elicited sympathy by the consolatory message which he has delivered to him, therefore Gideon begs him to hold a minute till he can run and get him something to eat, which was a great blessing in that land of famine. While the morsel is being prepared, he had the stranger tell him how he can know that God will be with him and deliver Israel; he tells him to test Him by the dew on the fleece. By this time the pot of soup and the cake of bread had arrived, which he gives to the strange prophet who had thrilled his heart by predictions so very auspicious and delectable. The man lays the bread on a rock, a sacrifice to God, and pours out the soup on it. Then touching it with the staff, a lambent flame leaps up, streaming Heavenward, and leaping up into this flame, the stranger ascends higher and higher, becoming smaller and smaller, till vision is eclipsed in ether blue, and Gideon's sympathetic guest is seen no more.

Then Gideon knows he has seen an angel sent from Heaven, who had appeared in the incarnation of a very simple, humble way-faring man.

Gideon tries the dewy fleece and the dry ground, *et vice versa*, to his utmost satisfaction; he puts God to the test in the matter, as in both experiments it was absolutely necessary for Him to contravene the laws of nature, in order to produce the phenomenon. Now Gid-

eon knows by ocular demonstration that God is in it. Therefore, with heroic certainty, he moves forward to raise the standard of revolt in that critical time when not an influential man in the kingdom would stand by his side or give him one word of encouragement.

Taking his holiness band of ten young men, and going at midnight, he cuts down Baal's grove, demolishes his altar, restores the altar of Jehovah, which had long been neglected, and offers his sacrifice on it. The next morning at day dawn, the matter is discovered, and the news flies at lightning speed throughout Abiezer; all know it is an overt act of unambuscaded insurgency against the ruling power. Quickly it is ascertained that Gideon, the son of Baal's priest, is the guilty one. Therefore, lighting on the shortest way out of the trouble, they demand of Joash, the priest, to deliver up his son at once and let his head be taken off, so as to perfectly satisfy the authorities and prevent the swift retaliation which must inevitably come upon them. The father is already half-way converted to the religion of his son, the heroic leader of the holiness movement. Therefore he bluffs them quickly by the bold response, "Let Baal plead his own cause; if he is a god as you maintain, he does not need our vindication, for he can vindicate himself." By this time the war bugles are roaring from every hill-top. Gideon's band is blowing for volunteers in the on-coming war of independence, and all the men, far and near, who have the courage of their convictions are fast responding to the bugle call.

Gideon selects as his headquarters one of the great mountains in the Gilboa range overlooking Jezreel,

the northern capital of Israel. This mountain is called Gilead. Do not confuse it with Ramoth-gilead, fifty miles distant in the tribe of Reuben, on the east side of the Jordan, where Reuben, Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh received their inheritance. In this uprising under the leadership of this obscure and unheard-of youth, the summit of Mount Gilead becomes the place of rendezvous. Rapidly as the bugle notes fly on the wings of the wind, the proclamation rings throughout Issachar, in which this insurgency in the providence of God springs up, also Zebulun, Naphtali, Asher, and the half tribe of Manasseh on this side of Jordan; they do not take time to peregrinate the more distant tribes of Israel.

Gideon reviews his men and finds thirty-two thousand have responded to the flying bugle calls. Soon a courier arrives from the east bringing the startling news that the Orient is up in arms. Within forty-eight hours the enemy heaves in view, far away beyond the Jordan toward the sunrise, the splendor of their steel panoplies, flashing beneath the eastern skies as if a thousand suns were rising in their glory. Gideon sees pale faces all around. He was a law-abiding man. The law positively forbids a military leader to take a coward to the battle-field lest he demoralize the others by his flight in the time of battle. Therefore Gideon separates the faint-hearted and finds only ten thousand left; twenty-two thousand having taken the cowardly side of the question. Now the enemy is in full view and Gideon finds still more faint-hearted ones. God tells him to take them to the water and see who snatches up in his hand and drinks quickly,

and who takes time to drink deliberately and copiously, and then to separate the former from the latter. In this elimination, nine thousand, seven hundred go away to join the twenty-two thousand in a place of security, until they can hear from the battle-field and govern themselves accordingly; in case of victory to come and help, but in the case of defeat and massacre to skedaddle far away and save their scalps.

Now you see Gideon's army is actually reduced to three hundred; they all have the perfect love which casts out fear, so neither men nor devils can scare them, from the simple fact that they have passed the scarey line and stand ready for martyrdom. The thirty-two thousand loved the Lord, despised idolatry, were true to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and true Christians in their dispensation, but they still had carnality which made them faint-hearted in time of imminent danger. While the three hundred had the perfect love which casts out fear and fills the heart after carnality is gone out; therefore they had to put the enemy to rout. You see before it wound up that the other thirty-one thousand, seven hundred were on the battle-field doing as good fighting as the three hundred, after the enemy was defeated and on the trot. But you see the three hundred braves had to put the enemy to rout; they had to do the *fighting*.

I have seen this verified on a thousand battle-fields. I have gone to many a church of four to five hundred and found them all in bondage to the Midianites, beaten for volunteers till the thirty-two thousand rallied. But I always found it necessary to let the cowards go, and take the faithful few; to fast, pray, and preach

till we actually put the devil to rout. Then the cowards would come back after they heard the shout of victory, and do a lot of fighting; they would see their trouble, go for sanctification, get it, and then take their places with the three hundred braves to press the Lord's war to the ends of the earth. But I always found that a few faithful veterans who fear neither men nor devils had to put Satan to rout if they ever got a revival and did any good. I always hailed it as a blessed providence in the beginning if they would keep the cowards away until we could pray the fire down and put the devil to rout.

Now the thirty-one thousand cowards are gone and Gideon is left alone with the three hundred braves. The grand army has moved in from the Orient, history says, three hundred thousand strong. They arrive too late in the day to undertake the battle. They sedulously plan for the oncoming morrow, coiling round Mount Gilead like a huge boaconstrictor, so that none can escape. They all pitch their tents, and lie down on the ground to take their rest after days of weary marching. But for Gideon's three hundred braves there is neither slumber nor sleep. They know that they are bagged and there is no alternative but to cut their way through the country. The long evening hours are on them. Gideon says to his men, "Comrades, continue in prayer till I with my boy preacher go down to the host and perhaps God will give me an omen." Stealthily down they go till they have reached within a stone's cast of the vast host, now wrapped in lethean slumber. The deep breathing of the camels and war steeds murmurs like the bil-

lows of the ocean. Suddenly a waking soldier says to his comrade by his side, "Did you see that?" He answers, "See what?" "Oh, I saw a barley cake come rolling down Mount Gilead. It struck a tent and smashed it to smithereens killing every man in it; then another and it went down; another and another until it swept the plain of Esdrælon like an avalanche."

His waking comrades now in broken utterances say, "We know what that barley cake is; it is none other than Gideon, the son of Joash, a mighty man of war, who is now on this mountain. He with his army is on this mountain and will light on us this night and we are all dead men."

Then Gideon and Phura rise, thanking God, return to the summit and say to the three hundred, "Glory to God, all is well." Then Gideon directs them: "Now all take heed; I separate you into three bands of one hundred each. You will take with you a trumpet, a pitcher, and a burning torch, hidden in your pitcher, and stealthily proceed and take position at the three points of an isosceles triangle, encompassing the hosts of Midian. When I give you the signal, wave your torch high in the air, and let every man break his pitcher and lift his torch, shouting at the top of his voice, 'The sword of the Lord and Gideon!'" The three hundred braves diligently obey the order, arranging themselves at equal distances from the hosts; at the given signal every man breaks his pitcher against the rocks, thus producing a tremendous clatter which awakens the sleeping hosts. The latter are seized with instantaneous panic, mistaking the clamor of the breaking pitchers for the clatter of steel-clad hoofs over the

rocks of the mountain, and horrified with the conclusion that they are assaulted by an overwhelming force of cavalry. (Pitcher in that scripture is the same Hebrew word translated *barrel*. In case of Elijah pouring water on the sacrifice on Mount Carmel, it was not pitcher in our sense but a large earthen vessel that they used to carry water from the fountains. I have often seen it; it is generally several times the size of our pitchers.) When the signal was given for them all to break their pitchers they would not all prove equally quick of motion, the result would be a somewhat long clatter and roar, thus thrillingly impressing the waking hosts that thundering cavalry was pouring copiously and precipitately down on them from the mountain.

Remember, this alarm is given at three different places equally distant from each other, and encompassing the host. Consequently when the awful affright seized the Midianites and the stampede set in, as they had no lights, they instantly dashed together, all rushing to the center of the plain to make their escape. The moment every man broke his pitcher, he lifted up his flaming torch, which had been hidden in his pitcher, and blowing his trumpet with all his might, shouted at the top of his voice, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" Thus an hundred blazing torches were flaming in each band, enough to light a great army, and impressing the Midianites that they were really assaulted by a host of both cavalry and infantry. The plain of Esdraelon contains a hundred thousand acres and the army was so large that the encampment was very extensive, but the alarm so suddenly given from

three different positions encompassing the entire host, gave them no time to light their torches. Hence it was dark throughout the vast encampment.

As the stampede was from the three different points encompassing the hosts, the normal effect was for them to rush together with awful violence; men, war horses, chariots, and draught camels all promiscuously rushing together in pell mell confusion. Therefore, thinking they had met the foe, they proceeded to kill one another with all their might, deluging the plain with blood and heaping it with the slain. Meanwhile, those thirty-one thousand, seven hundred faint-hearted, who had taken the cowardly side of the division on Mount Gilead are within hearing distance. Therefore, so soon as they hear the trumpets blowing and the roaring shout of victory, they rush with all possible expedition to the battle-field, plunging into the fight and cutting the Midianites down on all sides; and so it is a time of slaughter, utterly indescribable.

The ultimatum of the incorrigible panic and confusion is a promiscuous stampede for the Jordan ford, that they may escape for their lives. The plain of Esdrælon is heaped with the slain. Among the dead left on the field are Oreb and Zeeb, two out of their four commanding generals, while Zalma and Zalmunna fly away with the stampeding host, all hotly pursued by Gideon's men, hewing them down with sword and spear incessantly, till the way to the Jordan is actually blockaded with the dead, so that comparatively few make their escape to their eastern home, for Gideon and his men pursued them precipitately across the Jordan, overtaking and slaying them all the while.

Among the slain fugitives east of the Jordan, are Zalma and Zalmunna, the other two commanding generals. In the finale, the destruction of the host is so summary that not an influential officer survived to make another rally. The result is that they give up and Israel is again free as in former years. A shout of victory everywhere rings through Israel from Dan to Beer-sheba, from the Great Sea to the eastern border.

As the tribe of Ephraim had grown to be the largest in Israel, and the insurgency of Gideon was so sudden and expeditious, he felt that it would not do to await the evangelization of all Israel, lest the enemy get the advantage of them. Therefore the recruiting officers only blew their war bugles in Issachar, Zebulun Naphtali, and Asher, but the Ephraimites were greatly offended because they were slighted in the campaign. They called Gideon to a rigid account for thus treating them with contempt when they were the greatest tribe in Israel. Gideon's apology was terse and symbolic, saying to them "the gleanings of Ephraim is more than the vintage of Abiezer"; when they heard this they were satisfied. The exegesis of that apology was the simple fact that Gideon had faith in God for giving that wonderful victory before it came, and knew that the stampede, which he apprehended by faith, would sweep through the territory of Ephraim. Therefore he left them at home, so they would be on hand to intercept the retreating host and slay them in their precipitous flight for life. This they did, so in the ultimatum their participation in the war of independence entitled them to an equal share of honor and glory with those who fought in Gideon's army.

When this glorious victory was consummated and their independence achieved, the people asked Gideon to reign over them. He positively declined, assuring them that neither he nor his children would ever reign over them, reminding them that the Lord Jehovah, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, who had given them deliverance from their enemies, should reign over them forever. However Gideon, following this noble verdict, made the awful mistake of saying to them, that if they wanted to reward him they should give him the golden earrings they had stripped from their slain enemies and from the necks of the camels on which the princes of the Midianites had ridden, as they had taken their spoils from their defeated and slain enemies. Gideon took these jewels and made a golden image, which afterward proved a snare to the people, deflecting them into idolatry. I do not believe Gideon had any predilection toward idolatry, but simply used this golden image to be a memento of the victory, as it was made out of the gold which they had taken from their slain enemies; but it was a serious mistake to make it, as he might have known some of the people would not stop with the simple souvenir, but would actually give to it the homage of their hearts; thus trending away into idolatry.

We cannot be too careful at this point. When I travel around the world, I see idolatry superabounding. The people all denied that they were worshipping those idols and said that they were worshipping God in the temple, and the image before which they bowed was simply a reminder of God. There are four hundred millions of Buddhists in the world. They have his

statue in all of their temples and worship him. He was a good and noble man living in the fifth century before Christ, and teaching the people virtue, love, mercy and philanthropy, and doubtless walking in all the light he had. If he were living on the earth now, I am satisfied he would be a zealous Christian and a powerful preacher of the Gospel. If he had known the people would worship him, he would have done everything in his power to prevent it. He never dreamed of becoming an idol for the people to worship. When I thus told his worshippers, they said they did not worship him, but God, and only meant to show him the reverence due him for the good he had done on earth. There is infinitely more idolatry in Christendom than any of us apprehend. The abomination of desolation, of which Daniel speaks in the ninth chapter, the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh verses, was simply the picture of the Roman gods on their battle-flags, called abomination in common with all idolatry in the Bible, and called desolation because the Roman armies were desolating all nations seven hundred years.

People have asked me if there would be pictures in this book. I assured them in the negative. We had a kodak with us, taking pictures everywhere, so I might give you a picture book, but have no inclination to do so. The thing you need is not pictures but solid truth, valuable information about the world, given from a Bible standpoint, so that you can know how the world stands before God and be prepared to do your utmost, helping to get others ready for the judgment day.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AWFUL DOOM OF AHAB'S DYNASTY.

Ahab was, to say the most for him, an intellectual mediocre; while Jezebel was a woman of extraordinary brilliancy, her father, the king of Sodom, having given her the finest education possible in her day. She had enjoyed all the facilities possible in the cultured, religious and intellectual circles of Baalbek, the ecclesiastical metropolis of the world. The Phœnicians were second only to the Egyptians in the antiquity of their nationality and had profited by all their inventions, really being the first people to invent the alphabet, in which they utilized the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Jezebel was celebrated not only for her culture and for her intellectual brilliancy, but especially for her beauty, sprightliness and winning ways. Therefore she captured the king of Israel who became her husband. Though an enthusiastic worshiper of Baal, leading the choirs in the magnificent temples of Baalbek, she was too adroit and polite, to even insinuate any controversy on religion; but, recognizing Ahab as he claimed to be, a true and loyal son of Abraham and a staunch worshiper of the great Jehovah, she unhesitatingly acquiesces and joins her husband's church. He reciprocates her generosity by extending due deference to the religion in which she was born and reared. Therefore they lived in perfect harmony. While

the Bible, which they formally recognized, constitutes the husband the head of the family, which she frankly recognized, still her vast intellectual superiority normally verified the maxim, "A power behind the throne, greater than the throne." Ahab is really overshadowed by her intellectual acumen and power, so that he soon, recognizing his domestic and administrative environments, spontaneously falls in the rear, complacently utilizing her superior qualifications for the leadership of the kingdom; which she adroitly and clandestinely subsidizes in the interest of idolatry. Thus her obsequious husband becomes the tool of her *ad libitum* manipulations, conservative to her own carnal caprices.

At Jezreel, their northern capital, Naboth has a beautiful and fruitful vineyard near the royal palace, which Ahab has much admired, and which he has concluded would be a grand accession to the royal premises, as it is down on a fertile plain at the base of the beautiful hill on which the palace stands and is convenient to irrigating waters, so important to fruitful gardens in that country. Ahab desires to make it "a garden of herbs," *i. e.*, use it for growing vegetables and fruit which will always be convenient and fresh for the royal table. He sends for Naboth and proposes to purchase it, paying the full value in money. Naboth simply responds that whenever he could, he would be delighted to accommodate his royal majesty; but he begs to be excused from the transaction which would alienate from him his inheritance in Israel, which he had received at the hand of Joshua when

all the tribes assembled together to receive their respective allotments. Ahab insists, telling him he will either pay him its full value in money or give him another vineyard quite as good; he wants it as an added accession to the royal gardens. Naboth tells him it is the inheritance of his ancestors which they received in the distribution of the land, and he cannot give his consent to give it up. Ahab, like a child, exposes his imbecility by giving way to weeping. The queen comes into his chamber, finding him rolling on the bed deluged in tears, and says, "O my dear husband, what is the matter? Tell me, that I may sympathize in the sorrow which has broken your heart." He then relates to her his unsuccessful efforts to procure Naboth's vineyard, either by purchase or exchange, which he so much desires that he cannot forbear to weep. You see, like a silly child he had set his heart on it. The beautiful countenance of the queen sparkles with victory as she laughs heartily and says, "Dear husband, dry up your tears and let me manage this matter, and rest assured I will get the vineyard for you," not insinuating how. As he had the utmost confidence in everything she told him, he makes himself perfectly easy; he rests with the assurance she will get it for him. She at once prepares for him a church festival, inviting in the people whom she would. Now they are all in the festal hall, Ahab resting in his chamber. She makes a speciality of seating Naboth in a very conspicuous place. While the interest is at full tide she has the charges against Naboth, for blaspheming God and the king, read before the assembly, and an ample corps of witnesses stand up and testify that they heard him;

thus proving the charges overwhelmingly and sweeping all controversy from the field. It is a well known fact that the penalty for blaspheming the law of Moses is death by stoning; they crown the interest of the occasion by stoning him to death.

In all nations the law confiscates the property of traitors to the government. Naboth is already dead, having been executed for high treason; therefore his property adverts to the government formally and without any legal process. Now Jezebel comes into the royal chamber, congratulating the king and notifying the king to go and take possession of Naboth's vineyard, because he is dead and gone, having been justly executed according to the law for high treason. Therefore the silly king, delighted with the success which he felt God had given him through the instrumentality of his noble wife, the ensuing morning hastens down to take possession of Naboth's vineyard.

But already has God spoken to the prophet Elijah, commanding him to go to Jezreel at once, to meet the king and deliver to him a message. While Ahab is walking round about the beautiful vineyard on which he had gazed from his palace windows for successive days, and which he had so long coveted, suddenly, as if he had risen up out of the earth, the tall form of Elijah, the prophet, towers before him, his holy locks and flowing beard waving in the morning breezes. Looking the king in the face, he shouts with lightning emphasis and stentorian voice: "The dogs that ate the flesh of Naboth, shall lick the blood of Ahab and eat the flesh of Jezebel." It is like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky, appalling the king with terror and dis-

may so that he is about to die of sheer fright and panic. In connection with the same awful message of swift destruction coming on him and his wicked wife, Elijah assures him that his family will utterly perish from the face of the earth, leaving not a son in all the earth to sit on the throne after him. Ahab staggers back to his palace, falls down on his bed and cries pitifully before God, pleading for mercy. He touches the sympathies of the blessed Father, so that He mitigates the sentence by sending Elijah to tell him that, in mercy, He will postpone the plenary fulfillment of the awful prophecy till after he is dead.

Jehoshaphat, king of Jerusalem, in a few weeks comes down to pay Ahab a friendly visit. They are having a good time of sociability and festivity together, when Ahab says to Jehoshaphat, "Do you not know that Ramoth-gilead belongs to us and the Syrians have it in possession? Do you not believe that we ought to go and drive them from it and take it in hand?" Jehoshaphat responds: "All right, king; my men as your men, my horses as your horses, my chariots as your chariot." Then says Ahab, "We will consult the prophet on the subject." In due time four hundred prophets were convened in the royal auditorium to consider the matter, inquire of the Lord, and deliver their messages. When they wait on the Lord and seek enchantments, they proceed to deliver their messages, which are all alike encouraging; saying to the king: "Rendezvous your army at once and proceed to Ramoth-gilead, because the Lord has delivered the Syrians into your hands: go on, O king, and prosper!"

Now Jehoshaphat says, "But, king, are these all the

prophets you have?" Ahab at first said, "Yes;" then pausing a moment, he said, "There is one more, but I hate him, because he never does prophesy anything good for me." Jehoshaphat asking his name, Ahab says, "His name is Michaiah, but it not worth while to send for him, as he is of no account." But Jehoshaphat insists the more that he send for him at once. So to gratify him, Ahab acquiesces and sends for him forthwith. Now the prophet has arrived; Ahab tells him the case and asks him for his messages, and he proceeds: "I had a vision from the Lord. I was up in Heaven and saw the great assembly of angels and archangels, in presence of the great Jehovah sitting upon His throne, who said to them, 'Who will volunteer to become a lying spirit in the mouth of Ahab's prophets?' One says, 'I will go; send me, that Ahab may go to Ramoth-gilead and be slain.' Behold, I see all Israel scattered upon the mountains, as sheep without a shepherd." This vision of course importing the death of the king, Ahab says, "I told you he would not prophesy anything good for me, for he never does." Then the four hundred false prophets of Baal ridiculed and mocked, some of them even slapping him in the face; meanwhile one of the most prominent, having made for himself horns, puts them on his head and goes about shaking his head as if he would use them saying: "Thus saith the Lord, so shall Ahab horn the Syrians till he utterly destroys them."

Now Ahab says to the sheriff, "Take this man, put him in prison, and feed him with the bread and water of affliction till I return in peace," but Michaiah replies, "If you ever do return in peace, God has not

spoken by this prophet." Then Ahab with all expedition parades his army, gets ready and sets out for Ramoth-gilead. He has laid aside his royal habit and put on that of a common soldier, thus showing that he had at least a slight bearing to the conviction that, after all, Michaiah might prove true and the other four hundred false.

When Benhadad, the king of Syria, sent away his soldiers to meet Ahab at Ramoth-gilead, he charged them that, come what might, they were to be sure to get the king of Israel this time. Therefore, when they arrived and put the army in array, the Syrian soldiers seeing Jehoshaphat invested in his royal robes, make at him with all their might, to kill him, thinking that he was the king of Israel. While flying from them, and while they are pursuing him and shooting at him prolifically, he shouts aloud, and succeeds in telling them that he is not the king of Israel, but Jehoshaphat, the king of Jerusalem, and only a visitor on the battle-field. Then they turn away, and are utterly at sea because they could not identify Ahab, from the fact that he was dressed as a common soldier. At this juncture of utter bewilderment, it so happens that a Syrian soldier drew his bow at a venture, not aiming at anybody in particular, when God directed the arrow and it whizzed right into the body of Ahab, "passing through the joint of the armour," as he was clothed with a steel panoply, impenetrable to arrows, missiles and swords. This took place in the early morning, and his men at once started home with him, fifty miles in a carriage, arriving at nightfall; but he had died on the road. They washed the chariot at the

pool, and the very dogs that ate the flesh of Naboth licked up the blood which had accumulated in the chariot, thus verifying the awful prophecy of Elijah: "The dogs that ate the flesh of Naboth shall lick the blood of Ahab and eat the flesh of Jezebel."

Do you see the awful indiscretion committed by Jehoshaphat, the king of Jerusalem, in visiting Ahab and in going with him to war? You see how very narrowly he escaped with his life. Jehoshaphat was a godly man and his administration was all right. We should profit by this lesson and be very careful how we associate with ungodly people. Ahab claimed to be a true Israelite, worshipping the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; Jezebel, his wicked queen, loudly professed the same; but they believed in popular religion and were opposed to exclusiveness. However, they could not be true to Jehovah, the God of grace, and to Baal, the god of nature, at the same time. Jehoshaphat was a holiness man and doubtless thought he could do good to his neighbor king, who much needed spiritual help, but he almost lost his life; his escape from the Syrian arrows, which darkened the air while flying all around him, was purely providential. It is doubtful whether he should have visited Ahab in his palace; but it is certain he had no business going with him to the battle-field. When three great nations formed an alliance and came against him, instead of fighting them, Jehoshaphat just took out his holiness bands, had them stand up before the enemy, and they seeing the beauty of holiness, God came and utterly discomfited them all, and gave him the victory. He should have been as rigidly

true to his own principles, as a holiness man, when he visited his neighbor, the anti-holiness king.

Joram, his son, succeeds Ahab on the throne of Israel. The Syrian war at Ramoth-gilead, which had been inaugurated by his father, is still sweeping on. Having been wounded on the battle-field, he is detained in his palace at Jezreel during convalescence; meanwhile Azariah, the king of Jerusalem, pays him a friendly visit.

When Elijah was in the cave on Mount Horeb, after he fled from Jezebel, God spoke to him by a still small voice, telling him to go back to the land of Israel, to anoint Elisha, the Jordan farmer, as his own successor; Jehu to be king over Israel; and Hazael to be king over Syria. Now Jehu is captain of the army, prosecuting the war against the Syrians at Ramoth-gilead. He is in his council-chamber surrounded by his staff officers, when the young prophet, commissioned by Elijah to anoint him king, enters the room moving very rapidly as if in great haste. Tapping Jehu on the shoulder, and escorting him into the back room, he takes out of his pocket a vial of oil, pours it on his head, and repeats the words: "By the authority of the God of Israel, through Elijah the prophet, I anoint thee king over Israel." Leaping out of the back door, he runs with all his might, as his action would be considered treason and they would get after him to kill him.

Jehu returns to the room immediately. When his officers asked him: "What did the fool want?" he responded, "He is no fool, but the prophet of the Lord, and has anointed me to be king over Israel." Know-

ing Jehu, that he was quick as lightning, and that with him it was a word and a blow, every officer immediately pulls off his coat and throws it down for him to walk over it; thus signifying perfect submission and readiness for him to walk over them. Then he commands them: "Every man to his chariot." He gave no order to the infantry, as he knew they could not travel the fifty miles to Jezreel in time to help him in his contemplated dethronement of the king and in the revolution of the government, which he purposed to execute too quickly for opposition. Therefore every man instantly takes his horse and his chariot, and they dash off at full speed, Jehu in the lead, to run the fifty miles to Jezreel. Jehu had already gained for himself notoriety, for his wonderful aggressiveness and the celerity of his movements, which utterly disconcerted his enemies. In that way Charles XII of Sweeden and Frederick II of Prussia, both immortalized themselves in history; in each case their government had become so weak before they ascended the throne that their neighbors had actually partitioned their territory, making their calculations to blot the kingdom from the escutcheon of nations. Then, by their celerity of movement, these young kings utterly triumphed over all till they brought their countries to the front of the world.

So Jehu, followed by the long procession of chariots, is dashing along the road to Jezreel; the sentinel standing high on the watch-tower, eventually sees a cloud of dust and shouts, "Troop cometh." The king orders a courier to dash off on the fleetest horse to meet them. Meanwhile the sentinel keeps his eye

on the road, sees the courier meet the troop, and shouts: "He meets them, but comes not again." This was very alarming; the king orders another courier to go at once; the sentinel watches and shouts from the tower, "Behold, he meets them, but comes not again. The driving is furious; he driveth furiously, like Jehu." By this time, the alarm is too great to wait another moment. Then both kings, (Joram and his guest, Azariah) with all the soldiers on hand mount their chariots and set out to meet the coming troop. The reason why the couriers did not return when they met Jehu was because he just ordered them, on pain of death, to fall into rank and come along with him; they were afraid to disobey, knowing that he would kill them on the spot.

Now the kings met Jehu leading his chariot procession. The king of Israel dashing up, Jehu rises in his chariot, shoots him through with an arrow and kills him dead. Azariah, the king of Jerusalem, seeing the awful fate of Joram, the king of Israel, wheels his chariot around and dashes back with all his might. Jehu rushing after him, kills him as he is running around the garden-house.

Now Jehu has reached the royal palace and sees Jezebel up in the third story, her eunuchs around her. She has painted her face and attired her head, hoping to captivate Jehu when speaking to him, and she says, "Had Zimri peace after he slew his master?" That moment Jehu orders the eunuchs to throw her out of the window, and they promptly obeyed. Falling down she is dashed to pieces on the pavement. Rushing into the palace they all sit down to the table

and eat their dinner, when Jehu says to his men, "Go and look after that woman, and bury her, for she is the daughter of a king;" but when they go they find nothing but her bones. The prophecy of Elijah is again fulfilled, "The dogs that ate the flesh of Naboth shall lick the blood of Ahab and eat the flesh of Jezebel."

Now Jehu writes a letter to the royal college at Samaria where the seventy sons of Ahab were prosecuting their education, stating to them, "Your king is dead, therefore select one of his sons to succeed him, rally round him and fight for him." The courier bearing the letter tells them the awful news of Jezebel; how Jehu had killed the two kings and Queen Jezebel. They are terribly affrighted and respond to Jehu by the returning post, "We will be your servants." In deliberation among themselves, they said, "What can we do against the man before whom two kings have already fallen?" Then Jehu answers them, "If you are going to be my servants, send me the heads of Ahab's seventy sons." In due time a big camel arrives loaded with the heads of Ahab's seventy sons divided in either end of the sack, thirty-five in each; another fulfillment of Elijah's prophecy, that Ahab should not have a son left to sit on the throne after him.

Then Jehu writes letters proclaiming an inaugural sacrifice in Baal's temple in Samaria. As he was going to be inaugurated into his kingdom in Baal's temple, the aristocracy of the kingdom, who were all Baal worshippers and staunch supporters of the preceding administrations, feeling assured that Jehu

wanted nothing but the kingdom and had no thought of changing Baal's administration, make grand and pompous preparations for the inaugural sacrifice and all convene in Baal's temple on the day appointed. Meanwhile Jehu, at the head of his army, is on his way to Samaria, where he meets Jehonadab and says to him; "If thy heart is as my heart, give me thy hand." Then the distinguished man reaching forth takes the hand of Jehu, which gripping, Jehu lifts him into his chariot and the two ride on side by side. When they reach the temple, they find it crowded with the aristocracy and all the influential people of the kingdom, who have come hither to witness the inauguration of the new king. Then Jehu and Jehonadab enter side by side, walk down to the altar and, as all things are now ready, they offer the inaugural sacrifice to Baal, the king of day. As the smoke in curling columns ascends up to Heaven from the burning sacrifice; the people shout loud and long, "Long live king Jehu!"

However, Jehu had given orders to his soldiers to keep the doors when he and Jehonadab went in, permitting neither ingress nor egress, (except the soldiers themselves, pursuant to his order). Then the soldiers having come in had the doors so fastened that none could get out to make their escape; and then they enter upon their bloody work of death, cutting the people down with sword, spear and battle axe on all sides, till the temple flowed with blood, and was heaped with the dead on all sides. By this stratagem, Jehu cut off all opposition to his administration; as there was not an influential man left competent to

head a party against him. Therefore Jehu entered upon his administration without opposition and reigned over Israel twenty-eight years.

Jehu was not a true holiness man, as he evidenced in his life, but his eccentric disposition, with his wonderful and even supernapoleonic natural courage, eminently qualified him for the heroic treatment necessary to obliterate Ahab's dynasty from the earth, so Jehu was a man chosen of God to fulfill the prophecies of Ahijah and Elijah in reference to the extermination of those idolatrous dynasties that had settled on the throne of Israel. Thus you see that Israel, during her career of a little more than three hundred years, had three dynasties which were utterly exterminated because they would not obey God: awfully verifying that signal prophecy: "Those who do not reign in righteousness shall perish from the earth." She also changed her capital three times during the short and wonderful period before she was carried into Babylonian captivity. Sychem was first her capital, then Tirzani, and finally Samaria. Because they would not give up idolatry and be true to God, they were carried into captivity by Shalmaneser, B. C. 71, who did not take all the people but thinned them out exceedingly; of the generation subsequent to this Sennacherib carried away nearly all who had survived the deportation of Shalmaneser; leaving only a few of the poorest people. The lions, which have always been in that country and which so abounded in caves that they never could get them all killed off, had become so troublesome it seemed they would kill off all the few people whom Sennacherib had left.

Therefore Esar-haddon, king of Babylon, carried thither people from many other nations to occupy the country; consequently, the Samaritans in the days of Christ were not pure-blooded but a mixed people from the Gentile world, of course having a little Jewish blood, as they miscegenated with those Gentiles carried thither by Esar-haddon.

This chapter concerns things in the territory of Issachar on this side and Reuben on the other side of the Jordan.

CHAPTER XIX.

DOTHAN AND SAMARIA.

Joseph was Jacob's firstborn by his favorite wife, Rachel, whom he married for love; Reuben being really his firstborn, but forfeiting the birthright by his bad conduct in disgracing himself in his domestic relationship; he was naturally kind-hearted and generous, but radically deficient in stability of character. Jacob from the beginning aimed to give Joseph the birthright; this he finally carried out, giving him the two portions in Israel allotted to his two sons, Ephraim and Manasseh. As Joseph was the favorite of his father and heir to the birthright, his father clothed him in royal apparel, giving him the coat of many colors when he was quite a little fellow. This aroused the jealousy of his brethren, who began to hate him.

Besides the enmity aroused by his coat of many colors, God gave the little fellow dreams; he was too little to know anything about their meaning, but they impressed themselves upon his infantile mind so vividly that he could not forbear telling them. His elder brethren having sufficient maturity to somewhat apprehend their meaning, became the more envious when he told his dreams. He dreamed that they were all out in the field harvesting the wheat when all the bundles stood up on end and the sheaves

of the other eleven all fell down before his sheaf. Again he dreamed that he saw the sun, moon, and eleven stars all fall down in obeisance before him. This dream even evoked the criticism of his father, who said, "O my son, surely you do not think that your father, mother, and brothers are all to bow down to and serve you?"

During the two years in which Jacob lived in the valley of Succoth, between Mount Gerizim on the south and Mount Ebal on the north; in the valley where he dug that celebrated well that bears his name and where Jesus preached to the Samaritan woman; his ten sons went out with his herds and flocks. One day he sent Joseph to them to see how they were getting along and to bring him word. Joseph first came to Shechem where he thought they were, but not finding them, was wandering around hunting for them when he meets a man who tells him they have gone to Dothan, which was quite a distance for a child of twelve years to travel alone on foot. However, being very heroic, and anxious to serve his father in visiting them and in bringing him word, he trudges his way onward, traveling at least twenty miles that day and arriving at Dothan late in the afternoon; thus finding his brethren.

They see him coming, and recognizing his coat of many colors at a distance, proceed to say among themselves, "Yonder comes the dreamer; now let us kill him and see what will become of his dreams." Reuben, his eldest brother, naturally tender-hearted, pleads with them earnestly not to kill him, but to put him in a dry cistern which was near by; aiming to wait

till they had gone away and then come and take him up and send him to his father. Before they put him in, they took off his coat of many colors, despite his crying; meanwhile, as they had made up their minds to destroy him, so that he would never come home again, they slaughtered a kid, dipped his coat in the blood and took it with them to their father, showing it to him and telling him they had found it, and asking him if he did not think it was Joseph's coat. He said he knew it was, and giving way to floods of tears, he said, "Some evil beast hath devoured him, therefore I will go down to my grave mourning over my son."

But what about Joseph? Reuben had gone to look after the stock, when a caravan of Ishmaelites from Mesopotamia was seen coming on its way to Egypt. The brothers conceived the idea of selling Joseph for money; so, taking him up out of the pit, they sold him to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver, *i. e.*, ten dollars, the price of a young slave; whereas Jesus was sold for fifteen dollars, the price of a grown slave.

Joseph is the most beautiful type of Christ in all the Bible. Throughout his whole life, we find not a solitary blot; it is really wonderful and exceedingly profitable to study his character, as he is a powerful auxiliary in the understanding and appreciation of our wonderful Christ. At the early age of twelve, Joseph was sold into slavery, thus beginning his life of humiliation. The Ishmaelites carrying him to Egypt sold him to Potiphar, the captain of Pharaoh's guards, who was a great man in the kingdom, and had servants not a few. He finds Joseph so faithful,

humble, obedient, and perfectly reliable, that he soon puts him in command over all of his servants, and it is said that Joseph's wisdom and honesty were such as to relieve Potiphar of every care, so that he was not particular to give his attention to anything during the years that Joseph lived in his house.

But Joseph's beauty, wisdom, and heroic demeanor magnetized Potiphar's wife until she sought to ruin him, making the attempt over and over, but signally failing every time. O what a beautiful type of Christ he here exhibits! She eventually, making a desperate effort and failing, and her disappointed love turning to wrath, resolves to take vengeance; so she reports him to her noble husband as having made an assault on her virtue. Potiphar, having unshaken confidence in the veracity and virtue of his wife, proceeds at once to administer the punishment which the reported misdemeanor deserved; casting Joseph into the imperial prison along with all others guilty of crimes in connection with the royal service.

Joseph languishes in that prison seven long years, excluded from the light of day and suffering privations awfully repellent to his youth and vigor. Meanwhile, the chief butler and chief baker are both cast into that prison for unsatisfactory service in the royal palace. Ere long they both dream dreams. The chief butler dreams that he saw three vines grow up out of the earth by his side, bearing the most luscious fruits; at the same time, he had in his hand Pharaoh's golden cup; taking the grapes, he pressed out the juice in the golden cup, and again with his own hand, carried to Pharaoh the ruby wine, which taking he

drank lusciously. Joseph proceeded to give the interpretation. He observed that the three vines were three days, after which Pharaoh was going to take the butler out of the prison and restore him to his butlership again. Again, as in former days, the butler was to carry the delicious wine to the king; but Joseph added: "When it goes well with you, remember me." But the butler did not. When he got out of the prison into Pharaoh's house, where he was perfectly satisfied, he forgot to intercede for his fellow-prisoner.

The chief baker was encouraged to tell his dream and so proceeded: "I dreamed that I had on my head three baskets and in them all the delicious varieties of sweet cakes which I had been accustomed to prepare for Pharaoh's table, but the birds descended and devoured the bread in the baskets on my head." Joseph says to the chief baker: "The three baskets are three days, after which Pharaoh will take thee out of this prison and will hang thee on a tree, and the fowls of the air will come and eat thy flesh off thy bones." Sure enough; three days take their flight and the chief baker is taken out of the prison and hanged on a tree, and the fowls did eat the flesh from his bones.

But it is reserved for Pharaoh himself to dream dreams, before the problem of Joseph's liberation is solved. Pharaoh dreams that he saw seven stalks of wheat grow up, the most thrifty and stalwart he had ever seen and producing the most copious and thoroughly filled heads he had ever known. Then he saw seven stalks stunted, spindled and dwarfed grow

up and produce seven heads which were so dwarfed and blighted by the east wind that they had no grain at all and were utterly worthless; but the seven blasted heads ate up the seven well filled, plump and solid grained heads, but after they had devoured them there was no change in them. Then he saw seven of the finest fat cattle he had ever laid his eyes on come up out of the Nile and graze on the bank of the river. They actually looked like elephants. Then he saw poor, little, stunted, starved, bony cattle come up out of the Nile and feed on the bank of the river, so lean and light that the wind blew them over, but they turned in on those seven great, fat, elephantine cattle and devoured them, and, as in the case of the wheat, it made no change in them.

These dreams made so vivid an impression on the sensorium of the king that he could not rest day nor night for thinking about them. Therefore he called in all the wise men of Egypt, magicians and astrologers, propounding to them his dreams and begging them to interpret them. They all study, stagger, and give up the quest utterly incompetent to interpret the dreams, when he is going to have them slain under the assertion of false claimance; but then the chief butler speaks out and says, "O I confess my sins, because I did not tell you about that wonderful young Hebrew who was with me in the prison, who is the wisest man I ever knew, and wonderfully shrewd in interpretations of dark sentences of all sorts. I had a dream in the prison, which he interpreted and it came to pass precisely as he said. Though he asked me to remember him before the king when I got out

and all was well, I forgot all about him." Then says Pharaoh: "Go and bring him at once." Therefore taking Joseph out of the prison, they take off and burn up his rags, wash him thoroughly, put on him respectable apparel and bring him before the king. Then he hears Pharaoh tell his dreams, which none of the magicians or astrologers could interpret, and then proceeds:

"O king, live forever. The dream is double because the interpretation of it is true. The copious, and monstrously big seven fat cattle are seven years of bounty, such as the world has never known before, during which wheat, barley, and every species of corn and cereal grains, as well as all other things for sustenance, will abound and superabound till there will be no room to store them. These seven years of plenty will be followed by seven years of famine, when the earth will produce so little sustenance that the people and the animals will all starve to death; unless you now take heed and build graneries and store-houses all about over the country, so that you can store the food during the seven years of plenty, that the people may have sustenance during the seven years of famine. Now, O king, the thing for you to do is to find some wise man, and give him the management of this indispensable work in providing store-houses and gathering in the surplus food and preserving it during the seven years of famine which will come upon the whole earth."

Pharaoh proceeds at once to say, "Who in all the land is so wise as thyself? to whom I perceive that the God of Heaven has veritably given that wisdom which

dwells not with mortals, but which looks into the future and reads the fourteen years which are now before us still wrapped in midnight darkness. Therefore, I now appoint thee to this office and make thee supervisor of my kingdom. I will only out rank thee on the throne. Thou shalt have the full supervision of my kingdom in all its length and breadth." Then he commands them to invest Joseph with royal apparel and place him in a golden chariot and have fifty couriers run before him, crying out, "Bow the knee, the king cometh."

Sure enough, as Joseph had said, the land abounds in plenty for seven years; such crops were never known before. The earth literally groans beneath the burden of the harvest. Joseph goes everywhere and has store-houses erected and all the surplus of cereal grains (which alone would keep) diligently gathered into those store-houses, during the whole sum of the seven years of superabundance. Then set in the seven years of dearth; the crops failed on all sides and so continued during the whole seven years. This phenomenon is very explainable in Egypt where they have no rain and depend on the inundation of the Nile to irrigate their fields and produce their crops. Now they have great dikes extending out from the Nile into all parts of the country, so that they can conveniently pump up the water with their treadmills and irrigate their crops *ad libitum*, but it was not so in that age of the world. Therefore the Lord had nothing to do but to prevent the Nile from rising to the overflow in order to superinduce the famine in all the land; they

would have famine there now all the time if they depended on the rain, but they do not.

The second year of the famine, Joseph sees his ten brothers all coming with their donkeys to buy grain. He recognizes every one of them at a glance, though twenty-two years had rolled away since they sold him to the Ishmaelites. Though he understands their Hebrew speech, he makes as though he did not, speaking to them through an interpreter. His beard had so grown and his body was so covered with the royal robes that they had no idea who he was; they simply understood him to be the king of Egypt and, of course, to them a total stranger, as they had never been there. He alarms them awfully, accusing them of coming to spy out the land. In their trepidation they fall down at his feet, thus unconsciously fulfilling his dreams, and with flowing tears they plead with him not to misjudge them, as they are true men and all the sons of an old man living in Canaan.

He interrogates them especially all about the family; asking them if those eleven sons were all who were ever identified with the family. They tell him no, that one of them is not, *i. e.*, is dead. You see, as they had all these twenty-two years in the family talked about Joseph's being dead, it seems they had gotten to believe their own lie, confirmatory of a sad problem in Satan's didactics, that we may actually tell lies over and over till we get to believe them. Then Joseph arrested Simeon, that he might hold him as a hostage until they returned bringing their little brother, about whom they had told him. Going away they became seriously troubled, because every man finds

the money he had paid for the food, in his sack's mouth. Then they return and tell their father their troubles in Egypt, and how they had to leave Simeon be held a prisoner, and how the ruler had told them they should never see his face again unless they brought their little brother Benjamin. At this the old man breaks down with gushing tears, saying, "Joseph is dead, and now Simeon is gone, and you have to plan to take away Benjamin; thus I am deprived of my children." Then he just tells them that they cannot take Benjamin. But the famine continues sore in the land of Canaan, and the time rolls around when their bread is about gone, and the old man tells them they will have to go and buy more bread; fortunately they have the money. So he tells them not only to take money, but to carry back the money that had been restored to them lest it might be an oversight.

Now they arrive in Egypt the second time to purchase bread, as the famine seems to have been universal. They have been all the time very uneasy about Simeon, dreaming that they would never see him again, but on arrival he came out to meet them, looking better than they had ever seen him. The old man had persisted in refusing to let Benjamin go with them, but when Judah offered to stand surety for him, and as they would get no corn otherwise, he let him go. When they meet Joseph in Egypt he throws his arms around Benjamin, who was his only full brother, and gives him a long, tearful embrace. Then he gives them all a festival and surprises them much by setting them all down according to their ages. When he helps their plates, he gives Benjamin five

times the usual amount. Therefore a Benjamin's mess has long been acclematic in the kingdom of God with a great blessing.

When they have eaten, he reveals to them the wonderful secret which overwhelms them with surprise unutterable, as well as alarm inexpressible. Now they are all in their places, when standing before them he says to them in their own Hebrew tongue, which they did not know he could speak, as he had been speaking to them through an interpreter lest they might suspect something: "I am Joseph whom ye sold to the Ishmaelites." They are appalled, affrighted and dismayed beyond all utterance. Then he proceeds to embrace and kiss every one of them. Oh, what a melting, crying time they have there among themselves, crying out so loudly that Pharaoh in his palace hears them and makes inquiries. "What does it mean?" Some one says, "Joseph's brethren have come." Then Pharaoh makes inquiry of them and is informed that they are shepherds by occupation, and he says, "If they will come and live with me, I will put them over my flocks and herds." Now they fall prostrate before Joseph on the floor, and with flowing tears beg him to forgive them for treating him so badly as to sell him into hopeless bondage. But he entreats them not to weep and not to trouble over it, for it was the hand of God sending him away to procure bread for them and to keep them all from starving. Here you see the striking symbolism of Christ who is the Bread of Life.

Oh, how exceedingly profitable is the study of Joseph in his capacity as a type of Christ; both in his humiliation and in his glorification. In Potiphar's

house as a slave six years, and exposed to the most terrible temptations; then during those seven years in the lonesome prison. Oh, what humiliation! Then followed his sudden exaltation and coronation as a ruler over all the land, so vividly typifying Christ on the throne of His millennial theocracy coming to reign forever.

Now Joseph tells his brethren that he is going to send wagons with them back to Canaan to bring their father and all their family into Egypt, telling them to regard not their stuff but to leave it behind for they will have everything they want in Egypt. Therefore, accompanied by Simeon, they all return to Canaan taking wagons to move them down to Egypt. When they get home and meet their father, and when he sees Simeon and Benjamin and all of them there safe and sound, and they tell him the wonderful news that his son Joseph is still alive and is ruler over all the land of Egypt, he is so appalled that he swoons away, because he had actually mourned Joseph as dead twenty-two years, all that time believing the lie which his sons had told him. When they tell him with assurance that Joseph is still alive and ruler over all the land of Egypt, the news is too good for him to believe, and he refuses to believe their testimony until he sees the wagons Joseph had sent to move them all; then his faith takes hold and he believes their startling report and says: "Thank God, my son is still alive and I will go down to Egypt and see him before I die."

So they all go down into Egypt, (seventy-five souls,) and Pharaoh tells Joseph to give them the best land

he had (and it is really the best land in the world). Therefore they settle in Goshen. Jacob lived seventeen years after he reached the land of Egypt. When he died, they carried his remains back to Canaan and buried them with his father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, and his wife Leah, in the cave of Machpelah which is in Hebron, which Abraham had bought with his money for a family burying-ground. I have been there three times but was never permitted to go in, as a great mosque is built over it and no Christian or Jew is permitted to enter. Many of the Egyptians accompanied the funeral procession which went out of Egypt to carry Jacob to his final resting-place in the land of Canaan. Joseph, as history says, reigned over Egypt sixty-one years.

When Jacob died, the brethren waited on Joseph and again begged him to forgive them for the wrong done him when a child; as they were afraid that he would punish them after their father was dead and gone; having spared them during his lifetime for the love he had for him. Again he begs them not to worry over it, because he does not blame them at all, assuring them that God did it to provide bread for them; and asks them to dismiss it from their minds as far as he was concerned; assuring them that he loved them none the less. Thus Joseph lived and reigned over Egypt forty-four years after his father was dead, and the time came for him also to pass from labor to rest. Then he called the elders of Israel and had them take a solemn oath that they would not bury him in Egypt, but would carry him back to the land of Canaan; therefore when he died they embalmed him, put him

in a stone coffin and kept him one hundred and fifty-four years, or until the Exodus. They lived in Egypt until Moses led them out. History says that when they left Egypt, and during the forty years of their journeyings in the wilderness, the body of Joseph was carried before them on a wagon drawn by twelve oxen, so it really resembled a funeral procession. This funeral procession was the largest numerically (consisting of three million of people), and the longest in duration (occupying forty years) that the world has ever known. You wonder that twelve oxen were needed to pull that stone coffin. I have seen stone coffins there in Egypt weighing one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, so that this was a comparatively light one. They brought Joseph into the land of Canaan and buried him in his own inheritance allotted by Joshua to his eldest son, Manasseh. It is in the Valley of Succoth at the base of Mount Ebal, east of the city Sychem, and in full view of Jacob's well.

I have seen the mummies of multitudes of people in Egypt who lived on the earth long before Joseph's time, and they are still in a state of fine preservation, having been embalmed and preserved through all these ages. They are still exhuming the mummies from their sepulchres and putting them into museums for people to look at. This is done for money by the present generation, who are total strangers to all of them, and therefore they unscrupulously invade the sacred dominions of the dead, take up the corpses and sell them for money. Of course Joseph's brethren would not, for any consideration, open that sarcophagus and

disturb the body of Joseph which awaits the resurrection trump there in the land of Canaan. We have no reason to doubt the presence of Joseph's body in that coffin. As he was king and so much beloved by the people for his wisdom and righteousness, of course the embalmers did their best.

While Dothan has so much notoriety in the history of Joseph, I must give you another story which is superlatively worthy the appreciation of every lover of Bible truth. When the Syrians were troubling Israel exceedingly by their frequent invasions, then Benhadad concluded that he was woefully impeded by spies in his camp, and consequently he made a special effort to ferret them out that he might duly castigate them. Therefore he held a grand war council and implored the magnates of his kingdom to help him hunt the spies which were giving him so much trouble. They say to him, "How do you know, O king, that there are spies in your camp?" "Why," says he, "the very plans we lay and stratagems we concoct in my council chamber at midnight, are found out by the people of Israel before we can possibly carry them into execution. Therefore, I know there must be spies in the camp, who report all of our plans to the king of Israel." A man rising up says, "No, king, you are mistaken, there is not a spy in your council, we are all true men; but there is a prophet in Israel who tells the king all the plans which we devise at midnight; he knows them as soon as we do, and tells the king that very hour." Then Benhadad says, "If that is so, we must make a specialty of that prophet until we kill him, as we never can make any headway while he

is alive." A man speaks out, "King, I can relieve you of this trouble by telling you where he is now. He is at Dothan holding a protracted meeting." Therefore the king dispatches an army in post haste to go directly to Dothan and take him.

Reaching the place in the dead hours of the night, they coil around it like a huge boaconstrictor, absolutely cutting off all egress and ingress till they can get their hands on that troublesome prophet.

At the dawn of the morning the prophet's boy preacher turns back panic-stricken and exclaims, "O father, we die to-day." But, says Elisha, "Why my son?" Then the boy waves his hand and says, "Do you not see the Syrian army all around us and ready to close in and capture us?" "Yes," says the prophet, "that is so; but those who are on our side are more than those who are against us." "Why, there is no one on our side." Then Elisha asked the Lord to open the young man's eyes that he might see; this done, he looks up and sees the whole mountain covered with angels' war chariots. So his fears all evanesce. The prophet asks God to drop an optical illusion on the Syrian army. This done, he walks out and takes command of them; they meanwhile mistaking him for their own captain, as the optical illusion disqualifies them to identify him or the place. Therefore he marches them directly to Samaria and turns them over to the king of Israel; he looking out on them, and recognizing that they are Syrian enemies, asks the prophet what to do with them. "Shall we kill them?" says he. "No," Elisha answers, "do not hurt one of them, but give them all their dinners and send them home."

This done, the Syrians were so ashamed that they abandoned the war and the marauding bands came no more into Israel.

We now reach Samaria, so named from Shemer, of whom king Omri bought the ground. It is a grand and beautifully rich hill, and he named the city which he built on it after the man from whom he purchased it, Shemiron, (Latin, Samaria); it was the third capital of Israel, which in their short career of three centuries actually changed her capital three times, beginning with Sychem, then Tirza, and finally Samaria, which they occupied till carried into Babylonian captivity by Shalmaneser and Sennacherib. Samaria was a great, strong and beautiful city in her day. If she had been true to God, she would have been standing to this day, but she has sadly verified the words of the prophet, "Samaria shall become an heap of ruins." She is now a small, filthy Mohammedan village, with a few people and their dogs living amid the ruins. After they had been carried into Babylonian captivity, because the lions which are hard to kill out of that country, because of the innumerable caves in which they can hide, were about to exterminate the few people Sennacherib had left there to take charge of the country, Esar-haddon sent people from different nations thither to occupy the land. As they were Gentiles, the Jews never did recognize them as members of the Abrahamic covenant nor permit them to take part in building the temple. They were really a mixed people from different nations, with a small per cent of Jewish blood. Philip, the evangelist preached Christ to them, when God used him in a won-

derful revival. The Christian Crusaders during their occupancy of the Holy Land, A. D. 1099 to 1187, eighty-eight years, built a great stone church there, now used as a mosque. In it they show us the tombs of John the Baptist, Elisha the prophet, and Obadiah, Ahab's chamberlain. There are many ruins in different places throughout the city; great and beautiful columns of marble and porcelain abound. Many of the pillars of Baal's great temple erected by King Ahab, and those of the royal college in which his sons were receiving their education when Jehu had them all slain, are still standing; vivid mementoes of former grandeur.

At one time during the days of the prophet Elisha, the Syrians besieged this city two years in succession. As they had it surrounded, preventing all ingress and egress, thus cutting off all supplies, eventually the famine became so sore that the women actually ate their own children, as the Bible records. King Jehu was walking on the wall when a woman shouted to him, "O king, will you not make my neighbor do the right thing? We entered into a contract to kill and eat our sons; casting lots it fell first upon my son; we ate him and are now starving again, and she has hidden hers and will not bring him out. Please make her find him, that we may eat him before we starve to death." The king rent his garments and put on sackcloth, which to a Jew was ominous of the greatest distress conceivable. Therefore, the people shouted to him: "O king, what is the trouble?" He responds "I am going to slay the prophet Elisha and surrender the city to the Syrians to-day. We have been holding

the city all this time because the prophet told us that the Syrians could never take it. But the famine is on us, women are eating their own children, and we will all starve to death, if we do not get out." Then he walks down to the prophet's cottage, accompanied by some of his lords, and tells him he is going to put him to death for so long deceiving them by false prophecy, and for causing so much suffering in the siege; and then he will surrender the city to the Syrians. To this Elisha says, "O king, can you not wait one day?" "Oh, yes," says the king, "but what good will it do? We have already waited two years and the people are starving to death." Then says the prophet, "By this time to-morrow, two measures of barley and a measure of fine flour will be sold for a shekel in the gates of Samaria." That was as cheap as it had ever been when there was no siege. Then one of the king's lords, on whose arm he was leaning, contradicted the prophet, saying: "It could not be so cheap if God were to open the windows in Heaven and pour it down." Then the prophet said, "You shall see it, but not eat it." So the king consented to wait another day, before he would slay the prophet and surrender the city to the Syrians.

. That evening at nightfall four lepers came to the city to the leper gate to enter in. The columns of that leper gate are still standing. It is on the west side of the city and the only gate around the city through which lepers could enter, as they had to keep separate in their quarters lest they infested others. When they reached the city and learned that the famine was prevailing in it, they stopped at the gate, hes-

itating to go in. Meanwhile one of them says, "As the famine is in the city, if we go in we will starve to death: we are already starving out here; I propose that we go to the Syrians, as they can but kill us and it is death anyhow." Then they all acquiesce to his proposition to go and join the Syrians; so they all put off to the Syrian camp. They reach the first tent and find it without an occupant, but as they are starving they look for something to eat and find an abundance. Therefore the first thing they do is to satisfy their voracious appetites. They also find gold and silver, garments, and other valuables (as in that age of the world when there were no factories and garments had to be made by hand, they were so scarce and costly as to rank along with the precious metals in the way of value), consequently they gather up these different valuables. They enter another tent and find nobody, and as they look around generally, they find the premises all utterly deserted, not a human being surviving. But gold and silver vessels and other valuables, the spoils of war, and army supplies in the way of bread and meat and vegetables, everywhere abound. They first proceed to enrich themselves with gold and silver and hide them. Then one observes: "This is a time of signal mercy and blessing to us, and if we act selfishly God will not profit us but castigate us, and send some awful judgment on us. Therefore I suggest that we give word to the king." Then they return to the gate and deliver their thrilling news, which was speedily borne to the king.

The magnates of the city are electrified and astonished when they hear the report that the Syrians have

all left; then the king says, "I know those crafty Syrians, they have gone into ambuscade and they are all hidden in order to draw us out and thus catch us all alive." But the proposition is at once made, "Let us go and hunt them; there are still a few horses in the city that have not starved to death; let us take them and see if we can find the Syrians." To this they all readily acquiesce and set off at once to find the Syrians in case they are in ambuscade. They go and hunt diligently but find not one of them; on the contrary they get on their trail and find they have retreated towards Syria, strewing the road with valuable vessels, even silver and gold, garments, and other spoils of war, which had evidently been thrown away in their precipitative skedaddling; their trail was thus found replete with evidence of the most expeditious flight, assuring the Israelites that they were running for life. They pursued them all the way to the Jordan; but the Syrians having crossed over and left the country, the men of Israel returned with a joyful report to the city.

Now the king proceeds at once to have the food brought it from the Syrian camp and dispensed to the famishing people: it so happened that he appointed that lord (on whose arm he was leaning the preceding day when Elisha said, "By this time to-morrow, a measure of fine flour and two measures of barley will be sold for a shekel in the gate of Samaria," and he contradicted him,) to superintend the selling of the provisions the next day when they brought them in. The people were so hungry that they ran over him and trod him to death; therefore Elisha's

prediction was sadly fulfilled in his case, "You shall see it, but shall not eat of it."

The solution of that sudden, unexpected, and astounding retreat from the field, thus giving up the siege, consisted in the fact that God caused the Syrians to hear a great noise, like the galloping of horses and the rumbling of chariot wheels, which got louder and stronger, till the Syrians were affrighted and said that the king of Israel had hired the kings of Egypt and the Hittites to come against them; therefore they all arose and fled in the twilight. So precipitate and sudden was this flight that they had no time to take their possessions, not even their vessels of gold and silver, neither their extra garments, the road all the way to the Jordan being strewn with garments, vessels, articles of furniture, and different things which they, in their precipitous flight, had thrown away. After the stampede had begun and they were all retreating for life, the roar of the chariot wheels and the galloping of the horses became so loud that, as night had fallen and they could not see, they ran the faster and the affright on them was so intensified, that every one just felt that the hand of the enemy was right on him, and so thought of nothing but of making his escape. Thus this precipitous retreat of the Syrians actually enriched Israel, because they were not only left an abundant supply of food, but vast quantities of clothing and various articles of value which the Syrians had taken in their preceding victories as spoils of war. Thus you see that the triumphant finale abundantly coincided with the prophecy of Elisha, who had all the time assured them that

the Syrians would never be able to take the city. You learn from this that Samaria was powerfully fortified, for even in a two years siege it proved impregnable by a great Syrian army. If the men of Samaria had only remained true to God, they would have survived and prospered to this day; but they were really overshadowed by Baalbek, the great cosmopolitan center of idolatry of the whole world, and besides, Jeroboam, and Ahab and Jezebel had given so great an impetus to Baal worship, that it just seemed they never could survive it. Therefore God permitted the kings of Babylon to carry them into captivity. This chapter concerns things which took place in the tribe of Issachar on this side the Jordan and Reuben on the other side.

CHAPTER XX.

SYCHEM AND SHILOH.

Sychem, often called Shechem, and in John fourth chapter, Sychar, is now a prosperous city of twenty-four thousand inhabitants, and is called Nablous. It is situated in the valley of Succoth, between Mount Gerizim on the south and Mount Ebal on the north. In this valley Jacob pitched his tent when on his way from Mesopotamia to Beer-sheba and abode two years; meanwhile he dug the celebrated well which bears his name. That country is very well watered, a creek flowing through the valley down to the sea; but as Jacob's herds and flocks were so numerous, he dug this well ninety feet deep, as a fortification against extraordinary drought, which is of course liable in any country, and as he had so many animals and they needed much water, an excessive drought might have proved fatal to a lot of them. They still show us here the memorial heap of stones which Jacob and his father-in-law Laban erected, as a witness to their final settlement and reconciliation, as they claim that this is the place where Laban overtook Jacob when he pursued after him.

The old Samaritans are still holding their own in this city. As they are looking for Christ to descend from them, in order to keep their race pure, they forbear intermarriage with the Gentiles. I visited their

synagogue and saw the oldest book in the world, the Samaritan Pentateuch, written by Moses thirty-five hundred and seventy-three years ago. To avoid wearing out this book, they frequently played off on travelers by showing them one which was written twenty-five hundred years ago in the days of the Macabees. I mentioned the matter; therefore, in order to convince me that they had shown me the correct one, they showed me both.

You remember that away back in the wilderness, Moses told them when they reached the land of Canaan to come to this place and let six tribes stand on Mount Gerizim and read aloud the blessings, which you find enunciated by Moses in the Pentateuch; also the curses which would supervene in case of disobedience were to be proclaimed aloud by the other six tribes standing on Mount Ebal. You read of their faithful fulfillment of this commandment, as recorded in the book of Joshua. I used to wonder how all the people could hear, as the multitude was so great and they would be separated so far from each other, six tribes standing on Gerizim, and the other six on Ebal, and the great valley of Succoth intervening. But during my visits I have enjoyed the opportunity of testing the possibility of the transaction, and was really much surprised to find the audibility of the voice in that locality very great, even paradoxically so; resulting from the amphitheatrical conformation of these mountains with the intervening valley. Such was the construction of the Coliseum at Rome, having the form of an ellipse with two foci. The same is now true of the **Mormon** Tabernacle at Salt Lake

City; which seats eighteen thousand people, who easily and intelligently hear the voice of the preacher addressing the entire multitude. I have been in it and can certify to the extraordinary audibility of the voice.

When Ezra, Zerubbabel and Nehemiah were building the temple and the walls at Jerusalem, Sanballat, the governor of Samaria, and his people were very anxious to take part; but were abnegated on the question of racehood. They were not pure Hebrews, but a mixed people with a little Jewish blood, but preponderately Gentile. Esar-haddon had sent in a multitude from different nationalities throughout the Babylonian Empire to occupy the land, after Sennacherib had carried away the people who survived the deportation of Shalmaneser a generation preceding, leaving too few to protect themselves against the lions which were multiplying in that country and devouring the people.

Then Sanballat not only did his best to intimidate the Jews and to prevent them from building the wall and the temple; but he did his best to stir up the surrounding nations to help him and his people in the diabolical work of intimidation and impediment. Thus having been abnegated by the Jews, Sanballat and his people proceeded at once to build a temple of their own on Mount Gerizim, to rival the temple on Mount Moriah at Jerusalem. The temple was very large and magnificent, as the traveler visiting it in ruins perceives even at this day. They took up all of the usual temple services, holding their annual pass-overs like the Jews at Jerusalem. A survival of their claim to the pure Hebrew blood, and of being suc-

cessors of Moses and Aaron, we have this day in the one hundred and eighty-five souls constituting the Samaritan synagogue and abnegating all intermarriage with other people. Their numbers are diminishing; they are much fewer now than a few centuries ago, thus, as a normal consequence, they are running out. They are somewhat alarmed lest they shall run out before the Messiah, for whom they are looking, shall appear. Their present trouble is a deficiency of women; therefore every girl born among them is immediately engaged for wedlock so soon as she shall reach maturity.

The valley of Succoth is very rich and entirely devoted to gardens, which are splendid. As they still have leprosy in that country, as in the days of our Savior, there is a leper home at Sychem. Remember we are now in the tribe of Manasseh; Shiloh, which is also included in this chapter, being in the great tribe of Ephraim. When Joseph died in Egypt, they embalmed his body, put it in a stone coffin, and kept it the one hundred and fifty-four years of their subsequent sojourn in Egypt. When they set out for Canaan, history says that they put this sarcophagus on a wagon, drawn by twelve oxen, which headed the procession going out of Egypt, through the sea, and during the forty years in the wilderness. Finally, crossing the Jordan and coming to this very spot, Sychem, they buried Joseph in the valley of Succoth at the base of Mount Ebal, in the tribe of Manasseh, that of his elder son, one hundred and ninety-four years after he had died—a long time to keep a corpse for interment. While all of the sepulchres in Egypt,

which they have found, have been robbed of their inmates, and the mummies taken and deposited in the different museums throughout the world; thus being sold to the highest bidder; you see this one exception to the universal spoliation of Egyptian antiquities: When I again stood by Joseph's tomb in 1905, I thought about his mummyized body in that stone coffin which they had hauled from Egypt; but nobody has ever been permitted to look into the face of Joseph since they enclosed him in that stone coffin. You see here the blessing of Christianity, the only guaranty of security from invasion and spoliation in this world and that which is to come. Therefore, among all the kings and magnates who reigned over Egypt and received embalmment, Joseph is the only exception to the disinterment and spoliation which have proven the common lot of all. The solution is easy: *they* worshipped gods who could neither protect them living or dead; *Joseph* served a God who is omnipotent to save in time and eternity. If he had been one of the Pharaohs, his body would now be on exhibition in the museum in Cairo.

We now turn our faces again toward Jerusalem. Bidding adieu to Joseph's tomb, Jacob's well and Mount Ebal, with Mount Gerizim on our right, we proceed along the old caravan road from Damascus to Jerusalem, used since the days of Abraham. The armies of Assyria, Egypt, Greece and Rome have often trodden this venerable road; in many places the rocks have been worn out by the hoofs of horses, donkeys, and camels till now it is above your head on either side as you ride along. Again we pass by the tombs

of Eleazar and Phineas, the sons of Aaron who succeeded him in the high priesthood; that of Aaron being on Mount Horeb, far away in Arabia.

We now leave the caravan road for a time, bearing away toward the east that we may visit Shiloh. Among the celebrated ancient cities, this is one that has never been rebuilt. It is in utter desolation, and without a solitary inhabitant; there is nothing there but the stone in a state of ruin, as the walls have fallen down. A solitary oak tree is the only living thing marking the spot which was so celebrated in the days of the fathers. Here Joshua convened all the tribes of Israel, that he might distribute to them their inheritance in the promised land. The celebrated portable tabernacle, which they had made at Mount Sinai pursuant to God's own direction, and carried with them in all their peregrinations for forty years through the wilderness, and over which the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night settled down when they had put it up, had been first set up at Gibeon after they entered the land, but was finally erected at Shiloh and never taken down. It stood there until it rotted down; being the honored custodian of God's Ark of the Covenant till the Ark was taken away to the army at Mizpah, and never brought back.

Pursuant to the awful problem of little Samuel, relative to the terrible judgments coming on the house of Eli for the sins of his sons, Phineas and Hophni, God permitted the Philistines, the formidable and irreconcilable old enemy of Israel, to invade the country again, pitching their tents at Aphek;

while the army of Israel encamped at Mizpah. The war waxes hot, and the conflict terrible; becoming more and more intense as the days go by. Eventually the Philistines defeat them so sorely, and press them so hard, that they send to Shiloh for the Ark of the Covenant, that they may bring it to the battle-field to give them victory. When it arrives the host of Israel raises a great shout, which roars and reverberates, and is heard afar off. The Philistines say, "What means this great shout which we hear in the camp of Israel?" One says it is because they have brought their God to them and they are all shouting over Him. Then they become terribly alarmed, saying, "Alas for us, we are ruined, because the God of Israel has come among them and will give them the victory over us."

Then the five lords of the Philistines, representing Ashdod, Gaza, Askelon, Ekron, and Gath, the five representative cities of this quintuplicate principality, all take the matter in hand and set out to counteract the influence which is now striking panic throughout the army. Therefore they proceed each to his own division, and lay under contribution all their powers of eloquence to arouse the despondent energies of their people; telling them that the encouraging environments of Israel should only prove an incentive to them to fight the harder. They exhort them all to be courageous, to take discouragement at nothing, but to quit themselves like heroes; reminding them of signal victories already won, notwithstanding the presence of Israel's God. The result was the general arousal throughout the five grand divisions of the Philistine army. Soon they put the

battle in array; both armies fighting to desperation, for each is determined to conquer.

Meanwhile Eli, now very old, is sitting in the gate at Shiloh and looking away toward the scene of war, fifty miles distant, expecting news from the battle. Eventually he sees a courier coming with all possible expedition. He knows important tidings are at hand and he is electrified with anxiety to hear the news. Oh, how sad when the courier says, "Both Phinehas and Hophni your sons are dead"; but the old man endures and survives the awful tidings. But when the courier goes on and tells him that the Ark of God is taken, he falls back and breaks his neck, as he was corpulent and heavy; he then expires, having proved unable to survive the awful news, "the Ark of God is taken." The death of both of his sons was terrible in the extreme; but he survived the news and would have lived, but when the terrific tidings, "the Ark of God is taken," rang in his ears, the brittle thread of life was snapped in twain and he died of a broken heart; thus winding up the priesthood of Shiloh forever.

At this same time the wife of Hophni, being seized with the pains of parturition, gives birth to a son and calls his name "Ichabod," a Hebrew word which means "the glory is departed"; how thrillingly significant was that of the winding up of the priesthood and Tabernacle services at Shiloh, after a career of three hundred years. During all this time all the tribes of Israel had annually come hither to their great camp-meetings, which had been inaugurated amid the splendors and glories of the Divine

presence, with thunder, lightning and earthquakes, awfully demonstrative of the Divine presence. These were perpetuated for the forty years in the wilderness by the cloudy pillar by day and the fire by night, by the miraculous falling of the manna, the dividing of the Jordan, shaking down of Jericho, the wonderful victories of Joshua in the conquest of the land, the dispossession of the seven great nations, and the final distribution of the land among the twelve tribes of Israel; the last of which took place on the hallowed ground of Shiloh. But after Moses and Joshua and their heroic compeers who had witnessed the mighty works of God had passed from the battle-field to the Mount of Victory, and a new generation grew up who had not seen the lightnings of Sinai, the fiery pillar of the wilderness, nor God's mighty works in splitting the swelling Jordan, knocking down the walls of Jericho, halting the sun over Gibeon and the moon over the valley Ajalon, to prolong the day of battle at Bethhoron where Joshua defeated the thirty-one kings; then the downward trend of the people of Israel supervened, lapsing from bad to worse, and finally culminating in the appalling iniquity, with which Eli's sons had horrifically debauched the Tabernacle at Shiloh. Therefore the judgments of the Almighty came in the awful finale; slaying those ungodly priests, Phineas and Hophni, on the battle-field, and permitting the Philistines to capture the Ark of the Covenant which Eli had only permitted them to take out for a little while in order to give them the victory; but it never did get back to Shiloh. Therefore the Tabernacle was left without

an inhabitant, to rot down; like the human body which, evacuated by the soul, hastens into swift decay. A similar awful doom awaits every church from which the Holy Ghost has departed.

The Ark thus captured by the Philistines at Mizpah, was carried to Ashdod and set up in the temple by the side of Dagon, the god of the Philistines. The next morning when the keepers opened the door, they saw Dagon fallen down prostrate before the Ark. They proceed to lift him up and put him in place. Next morning they go in and behold! Dagon is not only fallen down prostrate before the Ark but his hands are cut off. Besides these troubles in the temple, an awful and exceedingly loathsome disease, the emerods, has come on the people, and the suffering is terrible; meanwhile the land is awfully infested with rats and mice, as never known before. Such is the trouble at Ashdod that they conclude to move the Ark to Gath. But there they have the same troubles with the emerods and the mice. Then they conclude to move it to Ekron, when the troubles are worse than ever, till the people become clamorous for the removal of the Ark out of their country. Consequently they hold a convention and resolve to take the Ark back to the land of Israel. But the wise men of the convention suggest that they send along with it a trespass offering, lest perchance they may have offended the God of Israel by carrying away the Ark. Therefore they resolved to make five golden mice, *i. e.*, one for each capital city in the Philistine principality, *i. e.*, Ashdod, Gaza, Askelon, Gath and Ekron. They make a new cart and put the Ark on it, then take two cows

which had never been worked, both having calves, yoke them up and hitch them to the cart and turn them loose without a driver; as they were not certain whether they ought to take the Ark back or not, they were agreed to let the cows settle the problem. If the cows turned off toward Bethshemesh of Judah, which was the nearest city of the Israelites, and went directly to it, they would understand that the God of the Israelites was with them, and that they were doing His will in sending the Ark back to Israel.

When they hitched up the cows and took their hands off, the animals of their own accord, put out directly for Bethshemesh, at the same time lowing as they went. When they arrived at Bethshemesh, it was harvest time and the people were all out reaping. Seeing the Ark of God they all rejoiced and bade it welcome. While the Ark stays at Bethshemesh, within six months fifty thousand and seventy people are smitten, *i. e.*, either killed or hurt for looking at it. Therefore they are anxious to get rid of it; so they move it to Kirjath-jearim in Benjamin, where it remained twenty years in the house of Abinadab, on the hill, he having consecrated one of his sons to serve as priest in taking care of it. It remained there till after David became king, when he went down with his mighty men in military parade to bring it to Jerusalem and to put it in the Tabernacle which he had built on Mount Zion. While they were going along with the Ark on a cart, because the oxen stumbled and jostled it, Uzzah, whom David had appointed to take care of it, laid hold of it with his hands to keep it from falling off, and he dropped dead. God thus

teaches us all the lesson that we are to let Him manage His own business and never meddle with it. When Uzzah dropped dead David took alarm and committed the Ark to Obed-edom living at that place, telling him to keep it till he called for it. It stayed there three months; meanwhile God so wonderfully blessed the house of Obed-edom that the matter became a notoriety in Israel. Then David went down, accompanied by his army, took the Ark and carried it to Jerusalem; himself leaping for joy before it as it came through the city, much to the disgust of Michal his wife, Saul's daughter, who looked out through the window and saw him thus leaping and skipping like a dramedian in the theatre, and despised him in her heart. She thought it very derogatory to his royal dignity, to be thus shouting publicly on the street, disgracing himself and his whole family. But God was displeased with her, so He castigated her with perpetual sterility, which by every Jewish woman was regarded the greatest calamity. Therefore learn a lesson, and be sure you never depreciate a person shouting the praises of God and leaping for joy, but regard them with due reverence, for the sake of the God whom they are praising.

David deposited the Ark in the Tabernacle he had built for the ownership of God on Mount Zion; there it remained till Solomon built the temple on Mount Moriah, where he of course put it in the sanctum sanctorum which was built for its perpetual occupancy. There it remained till Nebuchadnezzar captured Jerusalem and destroyed the temple, B. C. 587; then with all the sacred utensils it was carried to

Babylon. There it remained till the emancipation of Cyrus the Medo-Persian, who sent back all the Jews who desired to return and all the sacred utensils, vessels, implements, and furniture of the temple which they had carried away, taking money out of the royal treasury to defray the vast expenses, not only of the transportation but of the rebuilding of the temple at Jerusalem. Having thus gotten back to its place in the sanctum sanctorum, it remained undisturbed till the destruction of the city by the Romans, A. D. 73, when with all the gold and silver vessels, it was carried to Rome.

If you ever visit Rome, as many who read this will very likely do, taking it in with the other historical places when you go to the Holy Land, look on the triumphal arch of Titus, which they erected at Rome for his laudatory reception and triumphal ingress into the city when he returned from the conquest of Palestine, after which he had wound up the seven years' war which ended in the utter extermination of the Jewish nationality. He was followed by a long captive train, as he led thither all of the Jews who survived the sword, pestilence, and famine, and sold them into bondage to other nations, who came thither from the ends of the earth and bought slaves till they utterly glutted the market so that Rome could sell no more.

We know not what the Romans did with the Ark. It is most likely that they kept it intact as a trophy of the victory. If they dismembered it, of course they kept the gold with which it was overlaid; as they had conquered all nations, they had gathered the gold and silver from the ends of the earth and used it in vast

quantities, not only for coinage but for ornamentation. At that very time the emperor lived in a golden house surrounded by five thousand senators, living in silver houses. The Goths, Huns, Vandals, and Heruli fought three hundred years, really actuated more by plunder than by conquest. They knew the wealth of the world was there in Rome. When they took the city, A. D. 476, they spent a whole week spoliating Cæsar's palace which actually occupied the whole Palatine Hill. Thus Attalas' army returned to its northern haunts loaded with gold and silver; common soldiers not worth a dollar before had become millionaires. On the triumphal arch of Titus, if you ever look down at it, you will see sculptured the golden candlestick with the seven branches, and the other sacred furniture of the temple borne in triumph to Rome. There is no doubt but that the Ark of the Covenant was among the spoils; therefore its final destination was deportation by the barbarians to their distant northern haunts. They were the ancestors of the Russians, this day one of the greatest powers in the world, with a population of three hundred million Russianized subjects.

Shiloh is the capital of the theocracy which stood till the anointing of King Saul, or, four hundred and fifteen years. When I was on the spot in 1905, I saw nothing but stone ruins, as the wood had all utterly perished, and not a solitary living creature but a lone oak tree, notorious in his pedigree as monarch of the forest. This tree in his capacity forcibly symbolizes God, who is monarch of the universe; just as real when worlds have perished, as while they wheel in

their stately majesty around His effulgent throne. For more than four hundred years Israel knew no king but Jehovah, from the memorable hour when the law went forth from Sinai's flaming summit, enunciated in thunder-claps and emphasized with lightning bolts: along the sweep of these four hundred and fifteen years, whether in the wilderness or convened at Shiloh, annually and periodically to hear the voice of God, Israel had no other king. The utter desolation of Shiloh vividly symbolizes the fall of the theocracy, superseded by the human government. Meanwhile, that solitary oak tree, in perfect health and vigor, standing there alone, all his comrades having long ago disappeared, profoundly impresses me with the presence of God, as real when, to our shame, superseded by human government, as when in His august majesty He reigns without a rival. The present condition of Shiloh is a vivid proclamation of destitution, as there is nothing there but the naked rocks, except that lonely oak tree. As the Jews are returning from all parts of the world with great rapidity and making it a specialty to rebuild the important and ancient cities, I wondered that none of them have dropped down on Shiloh. I feel sure it will not be long until some of them do this very thing. Her rebuilding will be a significant portrayal of the Lord's near approach, as He will bring His kingdom with Him and re-establish it in all the earth, on the ruins of all the human kingdoms throughout the world.

CHAPTER XXI.

BETHEL AND PENIEL

The Bible recognizes the rival races inaugurated into the world by Jacob and Esau, even in their extreme natal state. Esau was a hairy brunette with a rugged physique; while Jacob was a smooth blonde with a fine looking feminine physique, domestic in his predilections and industrious and enterprising. He stayed at home cultivating the earth, making a good living, and was always ready to help his mother; hence he won her affections and became her favorite of the twain. Esau was a wild man, fell in with the chase in his early boyhood, became enamored of the desert, and delighted in pursuing the deer, the buffalo and the bear, tenting out on Mount Seir with his rude comrades; at home but little. This probably constituted the reason why his father was always glad to see him; besides he invariably brought him nice venison and other meats, of which the old man was very fond. Thus early in life a species of rivalry supervened in the home; the father leaning toward his firstborn, Esau, and fully expecting, pursuant to the patriarchal law then prevalent throughout the Orient, to give him a double portion of his estate, *i. e.*, twice as much as Jacob; while the mother leaned toward Jacob, feeling that since he was the **one** who stayed at home and did the work he deserved

the double patrimony, which despite law and prestige, she hoped and prayed he might receive.

Go to the Holy Land this day and you will see all around the rival brotherhood. All the time the Jews occupied that goodly land flowing with milk and honey and abounding in corn and wine, the children of Esau, in the land of Edom, abounding in rugged mountains and sandy deserts, longed to possess the land of Canaan. During all of these centuries they contemplated the seniority of their progenitors in that royal family, and consequently their pre-eminence in the Abrahamic covenant, in which God positively assured Abraham that he would give all the land of Canaan to him and his seed forever. Ishmael was Abraham's firstborn son and Esau his firstborn grandson; but there were the Ishmaelites and Edomites rejected from their inheritance, while the younger brothers, Isaac and Jacob, had it all. Therefore after the centuries had rolled away and the Romans got into an irreconcilable quarrel with the Jews, culminating in the imperial edict for their national extermination, which they so rigidly enforced, A. D. 66-73, leaving not a son of Jacob in all the land of Canaan; then the children of Esau poured in, took possession and have held it ever since.

Meanwhile the Mohammedan religion rising B. C. 606, stalwartly vindicated the claims of Ishmael and Esau to the birthright, which included the land of Canaan. The Mohammedans ever claim that instead of Abraham offering up Isaac on Mount Moriah, as our Bible tells us, Ishmael was the one he offered. While Esau has held the land of Canaan now for more

than eighteen hundred years, Jacob is all this time a homeless wanderer on the face of the earth. The Jews have had neither nationality nor country since the day the Romans blotted them from the world's escutcheon, taking their country out of their hands; but within the last twenty years there has been a wonderful gathering of the Jews into the Holy Land. While Esau this day rules Jerusalem, he only has eight thousand people in the city, which administer the government because it belongs to the Moslem Empire; meanwhile, the Jews number seventy-five thousand, but they still bear the yoke of bondage on their necks. They will evidently soon throw it off, however, and thus Jacob will again drive Esau to the wall, and will come to the front once more. While the children of Abraham, through Ishmael and Esau, number countless millions, especially throughout the great Orient, the children of Jacob are only identifiable in a small minority, including two tribes, Judah and Benjamin. Yet you must remember that these are only one-sixth of Jacob's family, the other ten tribes having lost their tribeship when carried into Babylonian captivity. They still exist as veritably as ever, but in an occult state, as far as progenitorship is concerned.

When God led out Abraham, complimenting him with an evening walk beneath the beautiful Oriental skies bestudded with millions of glittering stars, and challenged him to look up and enumerate them, (an utter impossibility) then He assured him, "So shall thy seed be." As Noah was veritably the second father of mankind, we would not make a great mistake in denominating Abraham the third father of man-

kind. Of his innumerable posterity populating the globe to-day, I doubt not there are hundreds of millions. We universally find these two diametrically opposite characteristics, vividly portrayed in the Holy Land where we have them both in contrastive juxtaposition; the Jews are the most enterprising and aggressive people in the world, and the Bedouin Arabs the very opposite, refusing to live in houses, but transporting their tents on the camel's back from place to place. They pitch them for a time, then raising them go on to another region with their herds and flocks; in this they stoutly vindicate their lineage from Abraham, who never lived in a house, but spent his life in tents.

During the boyhood of Jacob and Esau in the patriarchal home at Beer-sheba, this same rivalry ran high, culminating in Jacob's trickery by which he cheated Esau out of his birthright, and in the other climacteric stratagem by which he cheated him out of his blessing. Hebrew words are peculiar for having a practical signification. In that respect they are unlike words in other languages. Jacob is a Hebrew name which means rascal, and was given to him anticipatory of his character; *i. e.*, when Esau had for some reason encountered a series of failures in his hunting excursions, till he was about to famish, and coming home asked his brother for food, instead of spreading it out before him in superabundant effusion as he should have done, and Jacob knew the stalwart youth, faint with hunger was almost beside himself (for perfect health and youthful vigor had conspired along with his protracted fast to culmi-

nate in an incorrigibly ferocious appetite), then he, shamefully and horribly taking advantage of the situation, proposes to give Esau all that he could eat by way of barter and exchange for his birthright. Persisting obstinately he will not relent. Delay with Esau seems inevitable death. Then he soliloquizes: "What good will this birthright do me when I am dead? I would better get something to eat and live, if I die my brother will not only get his portion but mine too. If I sell him my birthright I will still have something left, because I have two portions and he one; in that case we will simply change places."

Having thus soliloquized, he acquiesces in his brother's proposal to buy his birthright and give him plenty to eat. "O," you say, "I am astounded at Esau for selling his birthright!" You need not be, because you are surrounded by millions whom you daily see doing the very same thing; you need not go back to Esau, but only look at your own house and your next door neighbor's. This birthright not only included a double portion of his father's estate, which made the recipient very rich, as the old man was a millionaire, but it included the progenitorship of our Savior, the most glorious honor and richest privilege in all the world. Esau had no conception of the major part of his patrimony; the minor part, *i. e.*, the temporal, which alone he saw, really left him one-third of the estate, which would be all that he needed in this life. Therefore Esau in selling his birthright did not impoverish himself in temporal things, but utterly despiritualized his inheritance. This is precisely what we see the rank of people are doing around

us to-day; they are simply living for this world and letting spiritual things go.

Isaac is now old and feeble; he knows that his end is nigh, as his step is tottering and his sight growing dim. He says to Esau: "My son, go to the field and catch me some venison, tender and good; cook it done and make for me some savory meat such as you know I love; then bring it to me that I may eat and my soul revive that I may bless you before I die." Esau responds with great delight: "I will do you this and every other conceivable favor in my power." So he bounds away to Mount Seir where he has an abundance of game ready to fall responsive to his bowshot. The journey is long and weary, and his arrival in the evening is just a little tardy. Rebecca had overheard the mandate of her venerable husband to her firstborn son, and was fully apprised of the former transaction in which Esau had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. (This pottage was not greens, as some people often think, but a beautiful little red lentil of the leguminous genus, not only very nutritious but exceedingly delicious. I have seen it in Palestine and in India.) As the patriarchal blessing was within the normal hemisphere of the birthright, as soon as the mother heard Isaac's words to Esau, since she really felt that Jacob deserved it and ought to have it for staying home and taking care of things, she proceeds at once to manœuvre for Jacob to get the blessing. As Esau was in the habit of arriving after nightfall, and the eyes of the old man were already fading, Rebecca knew there would be at least a probability of his resorting to the sense of feeling rather than sight, in

case that the voice was not perfectly satisfactory; then he would yield unhesitatingly.

Already the sun is going down, the night is falling, and it is time Esau had arrived. But as he has not done so, after Rebecca has put on Jacob some of Esau's goat skin apparel which had the hair on, as Esau was a hairy man, and has diligently prepared a tender kid, delicious, savory and good, she gives it to Jacob. He, going in to his father, says, "Arise, eat of thy son's venison and bless me." Isaac is surprised that he should have arrived so soon; but Jacob says, "The Lord brought the prey into my hand;" doing his best all the while to actually use Esau's speech. Failing, however, to fully satisfy the old man, he has him draw nigh that he may put his hand on him and feel him; then he says, "You feel like Esau, but the voice is like Jacob's." Though slightly bewildered, he proceeds to pronounce the patriarchal blessing after eating the meat. Jacob thanking him devoutly bids him a loving good-night, all the time talking like Esau.

Scarcely had Jacob's footfalls ceased to echo, when Esau arrives in haste with all things ready, and says, "Arise, father, and partake of thy son's venison, and bless me before you die." The old man is astounded beyond measure and discovers the stratagem; he knows that Jacob has played off on him and so tells Esau. Esau lifts up his voice in a loud and bitter cry, observing, "Well is he called Jacob, because he has supplanted me these two times; several years ago he cheated me out of my birthright, and just now robbed me of my blessing." Weeping aloud he pleads with his father to revoke the blessing, which he had

conferred upon Jacob, and give it to him. Hence, in Hebrews twelfth chapter, it says that Esau sought repentance and found it not; some people erroneously conclude from that statement that he was irretrievably lost. That does not follow as a legitimate sequence. Repentance means a change of mind. It was not repentance in his own heart that he sought, but in his father's entreating him to change his mind, and to revoke the blessing from Jacob and confer it upon him. This Isaac could not do, because it was a Divine appointment.

There are two lines of election running throughout the Bible; the one, the election of grace, is free for all because God wants all to be saved. Hence the non-elect, from a gracious standpoint, means simply that man who will not let Christ save him. In the letter to the Romans, chapters eight and nine, we have the doctrine of election clearly set forth, exhibitory of both of these lines. Take the case of Pharaoh: "For this cause have I raised thee up, that I might shew forth my power in thee and that my name might be declared in all the earth." Pharaoh was a universal monarch, having the world at his command (although it was quite small at that time). If he had received the Gospel at the hands of Moses and Aaron, he was the very man to proclaim it in all the world. He had the men and the money and all nations at his bidding; but Pharaoh, like millions of other sinners, rejected the Gospel and sealed his own doom. Look up verse eleven, chapter nine, "But the children not having yet been born, neither done anything good or bad, that the purpose of God might stand according

to election, not of works, but of Him that calleth." This verse alludes directly to Esau and Jacob, showing plainly that Jacob was elected to the Divine progenitorship before he was born. This progenitorship of Christ, the privilege of standing in the line of our Savior's ancestry, on which the hand of God rested especially, from Adam down, was the greatest blessing this side of Heaven: election to the glorious privilege was unconditional, *e. g.*, Abraham was elected and all the world reprobated; Isaac was elected and Ishmael reprobated; the Jews elected and the Gentiles reprobated. While this election makes you of the consanguinity of Christ, the custodian of the Divine oracles, and an heir to the land of Canaan, it does not, within itself, give you Heaven, as that is a matter strictly involved in your own will. Reprobation from this progenitorship did not exclude you from the kingdom of grace and glory, as our Savior redeemed the whole world by His blood; so salvation is free for all.

Here both Jacob and his mother made the greatest mistake in resorting to stratagem, both in case of the birthright and the blessing. It was already a matter of fixture that Jacob should have it; God had settled that, as you see in Romans ix, 11, before Jacob was born; therefore Jacob committed a heap of sin quite gratuitously, in resorting to those tricks and stratagems to get the birthright and the blessing which God had for him even before he was born. That is the reason why Isaac could not yield to the flowing tears of Esau and revoke the blessing from Jacob and confer it on him. God, not Isaac, had settled the question, before Esau was born.

Now the fat is all in the fire. Esau having signally failed to prevail on his father to recind his action in case of Jacob and confer the blessing on him, in desperation gives way to the vile temper which is characteristic of him, and resolves to settle all controversy forever by killing his brother outright. Rebecca is in an awful dilemma, for she was as much to blame as Jacob, and now has the prospect of dropping back into the horrific dilemma of mother Eve when she had but the two sons in the world; the one a murderer and the other his victim. So his mother precipitately hurries Jacob to at once make his escape, and to run far away to her native land, Mesopotamia, before his brother can get to kill him. Therefore, in the same hour in which he has supplanted his brother and triumphed in the domestic controversy, receiving the progenitorship of Christ, he is constrained to take to his heels and run for his life. He has no time to get anything, but only to snatch up one of his father's old staffs to assist him a little in rough places, and to use as his only weapon with which to fight wild beasts and savages; all the country through which he had to travel from his father's home to Mesopotamia abounded in lions, the most dangerous animal. Therefore, dashing away like he was shot out of a cannon, for dear life he runs all night and the ensuing day till the sun has gone down. Seventy miles of terribly rough country he has left behind him. So affrighted is he that he imagines that the thundering tread of Esau is hot on his track, thirsting for his blood; it ever and anon echoes and reverberates in

his ears. He is completely exhausted, ready to die of weariness, and awfully penitent; and his conscience is incessantly thundering at him: "You brought all this trouble on yourself by your own meanness; you deserve no pity if your brother does overtake and kill you, for you will have caused your death by your own folly and rascality." Therefore, his spirit crushed under the heavy tread of a guilty conscience, heart-broken, and ready to die, he falls down on the earth, warmed by the burning sun of that semi-tropical climate during the preceding day. Three times I have followed my guide through Westminster Abbey, and among the many interesting sights there, have always seen the stone on which the kings and queens of England have always sat to receive the crown of the British monarchy; they tell us it is the identical stone on which Jacob pillowed his head that memorable night of his flight from Esau. However beautiful this legend is, it is deficient in its most important point, *i. e.*, truth, because it is a sandstone which mineralogists identify with that of Scotland (whence it doubtless came instead of from Palestine); and there is nothing but limestone on Mount Bethel.

Now Somnus, nature's sweet restorer comes to the relief of the exhausted youth. Though the lions are roaring, the wolves howling and the jackals barking, the time is come when he is bound to rest; meanwhile the Holy Spirit is doing His mighty work in his heart, heaving and upheaving, forming and transforming, turning and overturning, acting and counter-acting, killing and making alive, burying and resurrecting, tearing down and building up. Lethean

slumber throws her soothing mantle around the weary traveler. Oblivious of peril, heavenly visions and dreams in earthly form, move about him in thrilling panorama. He sees a ladder drop down from Heaven, and resting upon the earth within three paces of the spot where he lies, bright pinioned angels, in shining platoons, descend it and salute him with heavenly benedictions; meanwhile glorified human spirits join in with those angels, and ascend back to God. He awakens from delicious slumber and heavenly visions, and identifies himself and his whereabouts, in the clear light of a silvery moon as she moves in her queenly majesty amid the glittering constellations. He testifies to the angels and redeemed spirits, "Surely God is in this place; this is none other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven. If Thou wilt spare my life again to return to my father's house, of all Thou shalt give me, I will give Thee one-tenth." This tithe was the law of God's kingdom, which Jacob's grandfather Abraham had recognized and obeyed during the ministry of Melchizedek. Bethel means the house of God, *i. e.*, the family of God; therefore we see that Jacob was a member of God's family, which always involves the new birth of the Holy Spirit. Therefore, this was the memorable epoch of his regeneration, when he entered the family of God, and entered into covenant with the God of his parents and grandparents, ever afterward keeping that covenant in loving obedience and giving God the tenth of his income, which in all ages has been the law of the visible Church.

At day-dawn, descending Mount Bethel Jacob

trudges on his way, with still four hundred miles before him. Oh, what a journey for a lonely footman; through mountains and deserts, crossing rivers broad and deep and crags and precipices steep and high! Having reached his destination, he gives twenty years, day and night, to hard toil; God wonderfully blessing his industry and actually symbolizing His superabounding grace by making him a millionaire. A score of years have flown; then God speaks to Jacob to arise and return to his native land. He came thither with nothing but a staff; he goes away with fine cattle and sheep and goats teeming on all sides. The earth was then young, and land was so plentiful that it was not worth appropriating; every man had all he could use; grass superabounded, so that by slowly driving the herds and flocks, they could do their own grazing and get their living on the road.

Finally, decending the Jordan valley and passing through the tribe of Dan, upon reaching the border of Naphthali, which is the river Jabbok, a band meets Jacob and his company. The English Bible says it was a messenger, the Hebrew says angels; they bring him the startling news that Esau is coming to meet him, with four hundred men. Jacob thinks that of course this means his doom. For twenty years his vindictive brother, enraged and outraged by his maltreatment, has rendezvoused an army to settle the matter forever. Worst of all, Jacob is condemned by his own conscience for the maltreatment he had given him. So, dividing up his herds and flocks and his servants into three bands, and leaving the women and children behind that they might be the more secure, Jacob se-

lects twenty thousand dollar's worth of beautiful stock, as a present for his brother Esau. Then he sends the others over the Jabbok, himself abiding on this side alone; God is their only refuge and strength, human help and comfort are simply futile. Now, having sent all the others over the stream, Jacob goes aside to pray, as the evening shades are rapidly falling. Prayer is our citadel of refuge in every time of trouble, a hiding-place from every storm. He begins to pray God to deliver him from his brother Esau. As the light shines into his heart, he soon forgets about Esau in his concern for his own soul; he is surprised to find that Jacob is a more formidable enemy than Esau. If he can get rid of himself, he sees that God will take care of Esau and everything else; therefore he rushes away into the illuminations of the Divine Spirit, losing sight of all transitory things in his effort to consecrate all to God forever. So he spends a night in agonizing prayer, his song climbing the skies:

"Come, O Thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see.
My company before me is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee.

"With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day;
In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold.

"Art Thou the man who died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name and nature know."

We find the salient point in this night of agonizing prayer was his compassion for his name, which the

Lord asked him several times. No wonder he was ashamed to confess it because it was Jacob, which means rascal, and it involved a serious matter to confess it face to face with God. Finally he makes the riddle and swings off, confessing outright, "My name is Jacob," *i. e.*, rascal, *i. e.*, "I am a rascal by nature and always was, and was consequently so named, as things are pertinently called what they are." When he makes the confession, that moment God knocks his thigh out of joint, *i. e.*, slays old Adam, as the thigh is the symbol of human power; hence, its dislocation symbolizes crucifixion itself. But at the same moment, God gives him the blessing, for, as you read, "God blessed him there."

The night has flown and the morning dawned; the bright, rising sun climbing the Palestinian skies deluges the world with his gorgeous glory. Jacob goes limping on his way, leaning on his staff, now crippled for life, but fearing neither men nor devils. He is glad to meet his dear brother Esau, whom he has not seen in twenty years, and his men, that he may have a chance to tell them about his Savior. Sure enough, here comes Esau; Jacob was so delighted to see him once more, that he hails him with a brotherly salutation and kiss of love. Esau is equally delighted to meet him. O, I wish I had his experience the preceding night which he spent with God, as well as Jacob; you see the following morning the two brothers are alike in inundating love. O, how they mutually embrace. kiss. thank God, and take courage for mercies conferred during the twenty years of their separation.

God has permitted me three times to visit the Holy Land, somewhat varying my routes in order to more thoroughly explore. In 1899, I entered the land on horseback from Damascus, which put me directly on the old route from Mesopotamia to Egypt, leading directly to the Holy Land. Therefore we traveled the identical road in this part of the country over which Jacob came with his herds and flocks. It is wonderful how the Jews are not only rebuilding all of the ancient cities, in order to memorialize the history of their nation in by-gone ages, but where no ancient city marked an important event in their history there, too, they are also building memorial cities. If any city had ever marked the spot where Jacob and Esau met, I know not the name of it. But I saw a beautiful city of sixteen nice houses, though not quite a year old, which they had erected, as they claim, on the identical spot where the brothers met (Synadelphia by name.)

After the meeting Esau says: "My brother, in this country you are in peril of robbers who might slay you. You see these men; they shall serve you as an escort whithersoever you wish to go." Perfect love is not afraid of robbers; therefore Jacob thanks him kindly but declines the proffered service. Then says Esau, "What mean these herds and flocks which I have met?" (which Jacob's wives and servants had offered him before Jacob met him). "Oh," says Jacob, "they are an humble present for my dear brother Esau from his unworthy brother." Esau says, "You keep them; I have enough of my own and do not need them, but I thank you devoutly for your kindness."

Then says Jacob, "Please take it, please take it as a slight memento of the love with which your unworthy brother loves you." So Esau takes the gift and the brothers mutually bid a loving adieu; they have become firm friends and so continue to the eve of life. We afterward see them unite fraternally in the interment of their father.

Jacob called the place on the bank of the Jabbok where God blessed him, Peniel, which means the face of God. You see by his history that Jacob had two distinct and separate experiences, twenty years apart, *i. e.*, at Bethel, from *Beth*, meaning house, and *ell* meaning God. House in the Bible generally means family; house of Abraham means family of Abraham. Therefore the Bethel experience, by the regeneration of the Holy Spirit puts you into the family of God; and the Peniel experience reveals to you the face of God. In regeneration the Holy Spirit inducts you into the kingdom of God; in sanctification He brings you into holy wedlock with the Son, makes you a member of the Bridehood, and thus brings you into the council chamber where, as an officer in his militant army, and pushing the war to the end of the earth, you live continually in the light of His countenance, which, having dissipated all the fogs of depravity, floods your life with heavenly sunshine. Thus in the wonderful experience of Jacob, you have beautifully elucidated the two separate works of grace. I know the idea frequently prevails that Jacob cheated his father-in-law, which would involve him in known sin after his Bethel experience. If you will carefully read the Bible, which relates everything pertinent to their transac-

tions, your condemnation will evanesce, as you will see his wonderful prosperity in accumulating the flocks and herds with such paradoxical rapidity was nothing more nor less than the good providence of God, accompanied by Jacob's solid intelligence and untiring industry. The Peniel experience crucifying self, sanctifying him wholly, and bringing him out into the clear light of God's countenance without an intervening shadow, is beautiful in the extreme.

As a rule, there is a woful misunderstanding about Esau. People rush pell mell to the conclusion that he was hopelessly doomed and lost because he did not get that blessing, though, as you read in the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, "he sought it earnestly with tears." The above conclusion in reference to his destiny, simply supervenes from not understanding the plan of salvation. The literal meaning of repentance, "*mita*," changed, and "*noia*," the mind, is a change of mind. In this case Esau was not seeking repentance in his own heart, but in that of his father's, doing his best to get Isaac to change his mind, and to revoke the blessing from Jacob and confer it on him; this his father could not do because God had given it to Jacob before he was born, Romans ix, 11. The great confusion of the popular mind eventuates from the erroneous apprehension that this was the blessing of salvation, which was not true. The blessing had two hemispheres, *i. e.*, the birthright, which gave the first-born a double portion of the father's estate, and this was the grand desideratum which actuated both of the boys and, of course, had nothing to do with personal salvation. The other hemisphere is the progeni-

torship of Christ, *i. e.*, the glorious and inestimable privilege of consanguinity with the Lord, *i. e.*, of being one of His fathers or mothers according to the flesh, *i. e.*, of standing in the line of His ancestry, over whom God always kept His providential hand in an especial manner, committing unto them His living oracles, making them His chosen people, and His elect according to His foreknowledge. In reference to the hemisphere of the patriarchal blessing which Isaac pronounced on his son, neither of them had any clear apprehension. It was a blessing too glorious for their comprehension in their unregenerate state. Esau did miss it, and so did you and I and the whole Gentile world, none of whom were in the line of our Lord's progenitorship.

I believe Esau got gloriously converted the very night Jacob got sanctified, because you see such a wonderful change in him; having come with an army to take vengeance on his brother, instead of fighting him, he hugs him and kisses him, and instead of using his army against him he turns it over to him as a bodyguard to protect his herds and flocks, so that he can reach his destination and locate them amidst secure environments. "But," you say, "it was Jacob's twenty thousand dollar present which cooled his wrath and revoked his lot." Your argument will not bear analysis, from the simple fact that Esau utterly declined to accept the present, telling him he had enough. The truth of the matter is, both of the young men were at that time millionaires, Esau having become a great Arabian Emir. But when Jacob insisted hard that he should take his present as a mere love

token, then, of course, he could no longer refuse. I really see a line of conduct on the part of Esau when he met Jacob utterly inexplicable, unless you admit the hypothesis that God's love was poured out in his heart by the Holy Ghost, who alone can do it. Though Esau forfeited the double portion in his father's estate, getting but one dollar for every two which Jacob received, and also forfeited a place in the consanguinity of our Savior, yet neither of these themes had anything to do with his soul's salvation. Christ died for Esau as well as for Jacob, and salvation was as free for him and the teeming millions of his posterity, as for Jacob and the countless millions who emanated from his loins to populate the globe.

A careful study of election and reprobation in the Word of God is indispensable to an intelligent apprehension of the glorious plan of salvation. You must learn from the precious Word the two distinct lines of election revealed in the Bible. The election of grace, which is free for all, gives you full benefit of the glorious redemptive scheme. Therefore, if you are not elected, it is simply because you reject the Holy Ghost in the capacity of your Sanctifier; as the Word says, "elect through sanctification of the Spirit." In regeneration you are nominated for Heaven; in sanctification you are elected; while in glorification you are crowned eternally an heir of Heaven. The non-elect are none but the people who grieve the Holy Ghost and will not let Him elect them. The other line of election which is revealed in the Bible is that of our Savior's progenitorship, which has nothing to do with our personal salvation, as He was actually for all,

unconditionally redeeming all by His vicarious, substitutionary atonement. Therefore people who go to Hell must take the bit in their teeth and run away with their probation, plunging into Hell for but the one reason that they will not let Him save them. He is in the world to do that work and is omnipotent, consequently nothing can prevent Him from doing it, but the stubborn rejection of a sinner who will not let Jesus save him. After this, if the Christian will not let the Holy Ghost sanctify him, *i. e.*, elect him, he thus commits condemnatory sin; he becomes a backslider and goes to Hell with all other sinners.

So, while the election of grace is free for all and covers all the ground of experimental religion and personal salvation, the election of the Divine progenitorship, which runs throughout the Bible, is unconditional. Here you run into all of your troubles, and get bamboozled, and believe the devil's sophistry which tells you you are not one of the elect, and so, blues you to death. In the sense of this line of progenitorship, none of the Gentiles are elected, but they do not need it in order to be saved in Heaven. If you want to understand the Bible, learn once for all to leave the Scriptures right where God put them. False prophets on all sides ruin millions, by wresting the Scriptures from the place in which God put them.

CHAPTER XXII.

RAM-ALLAH, RAMAH, AND NOB.

Again we turn our faces toward Jerusalem, and now reach Beeroth, within one dozen miles of the Holy City. Here we actually have a distinct and magnificent view of the Russian tower on the summit of Mount Olivet, two hundred and fifty feet high, from whose pinnacle we have a splendid view of not only the land of Canaan but Moab, Ammon and Syria. This is the place where Joseph and Mary missed Jesus at the end of the first day's journey, starting in the afternoon and traveling on foot; having missed Him, they have to go all the way back to Jerusalem to find Him. After three day's earnest search, they find Him sitting with the theologians in the temple, and astounding all by the questions He propounded and the answers He gave to all their inquiries. So if we lose Jesus out of our heart, we must get down before God and cry to Him for the light of the Holy Ghost, who alone can lead us back to the very place we left Him, as there only can we find Him. In this city, Beeroth, lived those two young men who went and cut off the head of Ishbosheth, the son of Saul and king of Israel, and carrying it to Hebron delivered it to King David, thinking he would give them a great reward. But in this they were sadly disappointed, for he had them slain for the foul murder they had committed, and their hands cut

off and hung up over the pool at Hebron as a terror to all evil doers.

We now reach Ramallah where the Friends' Church of America has two colleges: the Female College, built about twelve years ago, is doing a great work, not only in Christianizing, but in educating those ignorant Moslems. The Lord let me visit them in 1899, and preach to the students. This year on arrival I found them hard at work on a very beautiful piece of ground, five hundred yards from the Female College, where they are heroically going at the noble enterprise of building a Male College. These two colleges in this Christian city of four thousand people, here in the midst of this Mohammedan country, where the light shines so dimly, are destined to prove a glorious sunburst used of God to light up this dark land on which the Light Himself did shine with celestial splendor, for the three years of His wonderful ministry on the earth. It is only ten miles from these colleges to Jerusalem, whose towers are constantly in sight, especially the Russian tower on Mount Olivet.

When I was there in 1899 I had to ride a horse; but this time I was delighted to find a splendid carriage road which had been built to Jerusalem during my absence. When I first came to the Holy Land in 1895, there was but one carriage road in all that country; that was from Jerusalem to Hebron, twenty-five miles. On all other routes I had to ride a horse or walk. When I got back in 1899, I was delighted to find they had built a carriage road to Jericho. This time I also found a carriage road from Haiffa, where our ship landed, all the way to the sea of Galilee, and found

them also building a railroad from Haiffa to Mecca in Arabia, the celebrated Jerusalem of the Moslems. In the days of Israel and Judah, when they prospered in that country, they had carriage roads all over it, as we see from the universal use of their war chariots; but after the days of desolation came on the whole country fell into neglect, being occupied by the Arabs, a people of no enterprise, mostly living in tents and nomadic in their habits, roaming from place to place. May you resolve to remember these two colleges at Ramallah in your prayers, at the same time asking the Lord if He does not want you to help financially, as these institutions are purely philanthropic, built by the Friends' Church in America. I was delighted with their students; though they have brown faces, they are beautiful, bright and promising. These two colleges, with the blessing of God, will turn out hundreds of preachers, which are so much needed to preach Jesus there in His own country where He was born and reared. Satan has managed to throw the dark shadows of the False Prophet from Dan to Beer-sheba, and from the Great Sea to the eastern border; enveloping the land of corn and wine, and milk and honey, in a midnight of error and superstition, ever since its devastators rolled their conquest over it, A. D. 634.

We now travel along the beautiful carriage road to Jerusalem, passing by the city of Ramah, now but a Mohammedan village. It is celebrated in sacred history as the birth-place of the prophet Samuel, where now he lies awaiting the resurrection trump. Elkanah and Hannah regularly went to the great camp-meet-

ing at Shiloh, about sixty miles north of Ramah, carrying an offering to the Lord. As the years rolled by, Eli, the priest, became acquainted with them; so, seeing Hannah in an apparently morose and pensive mood, frequently separate from the crowd, and her lips moving in the utterance of prayer, he, concluding that she has taken too much wine, ventures to reprimand her. Then she avails herself of the opportunity to notify him that he is mistaken, and that her isolated and curious deportment is superinduced by her prayerful solicitude that God may take away the reproach of her sterility and brighten her life with a son. Then the old priest joined her in this prayer, and the spirit of prophecy resting on him, he encourages her with his prediction that God will give her a son and that he shall be His prophet. Thus Samuel is born in special answer to prayer, and not simply by natural generation, but by a supernatural intervention of the Holy Ghost. When he is weaned she brings him to Shiloh and presents him to Eli, and then he serves in the temple while a little child, girded with a linen ephod. His mother and father coming annually to the camp-meeting, each year bring him a coat which his mother has made with her own hands. Therefore Samuel was reared in the temple, ministering in the house of the Lord from his infancy.

At the early age of six years the spirit of prophecy rests upon him and he accordingly begins to preach. As he always slept on a pallet in the house of the Lord, one night while enjoying soothing slumber he hears a voice and, thinking Eli has called him, rises and says, "What do you want?" The priest says,

"You are mistaken, my child, I did not call you; go lie down again and take your rest." So having lain down he goes to sleep again, but it is not long till he hears again the voice calling the second time; thinking it is the priest, he goes to him and asks what he wants. The priest again tells him he has not called him, and to go back and lie down and take his rest; therefore he goes to sleep again. Soon, however, he is awakened once more by the voice again calling him. Now rising the third time, responsive to the voice, he goes to Eli and says, "You certainly did call me; so here I am at your service." Then Eli says, "Now, my child, go back to your bed, lie down again and take your rest; but if you hear that voice any more know that it is the Lord speaking to you. Therefore say to him, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.'"

Lord, help us all to adopt the maxim of little Samuel when called to the prophetic office at the early age of six years. His, "speak Lord," became his current maxim for his long and useful life, while filling the double office of prophet and judge. His brilliant career is characteristic of humility, firmness, meekness and unfaltering fidelity to God under all circumstances, proving a glorious sunburst on Israel never to be forgotten, and leaving the fragrance of his holy example and inspiration to all his successors in the kingdom of God. The Lord sent repeated interventions in behalf of Israel, time and again raising up brilliant heroes, to deliver her, *e. g.*, Othniel, Ehud, Shamgar, mother Deborah and Barak; the wonderful victory of the last two over Sisera, consummated by the young woman, Jael, actually gave Israel rest from all their

enemies forty years, till the new generation grew up that knew not the mighty works of God in by-gone years, so sinned again. Then He raised up Gideon with his three hundred braves so wonderfully to deliver them. Finally came Sampson, the greatest of all, because he defeated whole armies of those Philistine giants single-handed and alone. If Israel had only seen her opportunity in having such a leader, and co-operated with him, how easily she might have conquered all her enemies and established her independence in the land, so she would have enjoyed abiding rest and victory; but instead of thus utilizing him, all they ever did with him was to deliver him to his enemies. Finally, at the winding up of the theocracy, God gave them Samuel to exercise the office of prophet as well as civil administrator. How strange that they were not perfectly delighted; he was really the best they had received since the days of Joshua, but it was in his day that they clamored so for a king that he was constrained to ask God to gratify them, and it actually devolved upon him to anoint Saul, the first king over Israel.

When Samuel, pursuant to the directions of Eli, responded to the Divine voice, "Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth," then God gives him his first prophecy, which he goes and delivers to Eli; testifying that the sins of Eli's house are so horrific that they never can be atoned for by sacrifices and burnt offerings, but alone by terrible retribution which will exterminate his family from the face of the earth. Poor old Eli, submissively accepting the situation, meekly responds, "The Lord's will be done." Eli was a good man, walk-

ing with God, living in His fear, and delighting in obedience to Him, but, like millions of others, was radically deficient in stamina or firmness. Knowing the wickedness of his sons, he reprimanded them and pled with them, but in vain; they would not obey him. Here he made the mistake of his life; he needed them to help in the Tabernacle services, especially as he was getting old. I suppose he did not feel free to bring in other help, as he was in the regular succession from Aaron and the priesthood was hereditary, therefore he recognized and utilized the office of Phineas and Hophni; simply as a matter of sacerdotal heredity. Here is where he made the fatal mistake, ruined his family, and actually discontinued the office with his own untimely death, when he fell backward and broke his neck, under the effect of the fatal news that the Philistines had taken the Ark of God at Mizpah; the Ark, in the providence of God, had been committed to him for safekeeping, and this was his life work. Therefore, when the awful news of the capture of the Ark reached him, although he had already survived the tidings that both of his sons were killed, the shock was too great for him to survive. So falling backward, his heavy body broke his neck. Thus wound up the priesthood of that venerable Tabernacle which had been built in the wilderness according to the pattern which God had given, as Eli could have no successor because his sons were already dead. The mistake of his life was in using his wicked sons in the Tabernacle services. When his efforts to correct them failed, he should have put them out of office at once, hunting up godly people to give him the help he so

much needed. We should all learn a lesson from his sad failure at the point of rigid integrity in enforcing discipline, and so hold up the standard of "Holiness to the Lord" at every cost.

Samuel in his ministry traveled around the country on a circuit, administering judgment as well as preaching the Gospel of his dispensation. He established the first Bible School with which we are acquainted. It was at Naioth in Ramah. It really proved a glorious prelude of Pentecost, so characteristic of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. I have wondered why none of the Bible Schools in our day is named for it, as it certainly is a profitable model for us all. From the inspired history we find the spiritual power of this prophetic school wonderful in the extreme, therefore we conclude that Samuel must have walked so closely with God as always to have the power to pull down the Holy Ghost on all the pupils who came to his school..

We see this thrillingly illustrated in the case of King Saul and his servants. When Saul fell out with David, his son-in-law, and hurled his javelin at him while sitting at the royal table, eating with them all, thus doing his best to kill him, the javelin slightly missed him and stuck fast in the wall; then David fled away to Samuel's prophetic school in Ramah. On arrival he found all the students prophesying with all their might, *i. e.*, they were so filled with the Holy Spirit that they could not wait for one another, but simultaneously all mouths were open and they were all preaching with all their might, giving efficacy to their messages by *ad libitum* shouts of victory. Then

the Spirit fell on David and he too, began to preach with all his might, and so continued there. When Saul heard that David was in the Bible School in Ramah, he sent thither a posse of soldiers to arrest David and bring him to the king that he might kill him. But when the men arrived and walked in among all those Spirit-filled prophets, who were preaching with all their might, and David among them, behold the Spirit fell on them so that, forgetting all about arresting David, they began to prophesy, too, and stayed there prophesying day after day.

Saul waited for them to return, bringing David, till he gave up in despair, having no idea what had become of them; then he sent another posse to arrest David. But they on arrival, walking in among all of those prophets, so wonderfully filled with the Spirit that they were prophesying all the time, found their predecessors whom the king had sent before them, all prophesying with all their might and David with them, preaching with a boom; then, behold, the Spirit fell on them, and they all opened their mouths and began to prophesy like the rest, forgetting all about the special business on which they had come for Saul. Then Saul having waited until they had had ample time to return, and seeing nothing of them, determined to have David at any cost. So he sends another cohort and, to make sure this time, he himself goes along with them. But, arriving at the prophetic school and entering forthwith to find David and arrest him, sees there both the bands he had sent, and all of them flooded with the Spirit and prophesying with all their might. While he is telling those who had come with

him to hunt up David, immediately the Spirit falls on them and they go to prophesying with all their might; and meanwhile, lo the Spirit falls on Saul himself and he gets a wonderful preaching spell on him. Forgetting all about his business to arrest David, who is there prophesying with all the balance, he gets such an inundation of prophetic messages that he goes ahead and never stops all day long, and at night lying down he continues to prophesy, and the ensuing day keeps on; meanwhile David goes away and makes his escape. Hence, you see Samuel's Bible School was most wonderfully characteristic of the outpouring of the Holy Ghost; really a beautiful and thrilling illustration of the Pentecostal dispensation, at that time a thousand years in the future.

When Samuel was conducting a camp-meeting at Mizpah, and the Philistine army came against them, a great host with bugles roaring and banners flying, all the people took panic and fled away. Samuel remained alone; a little old man overlooked by the Philistine giants, who have their eyes on the fugitive host. He sacrifices a sucking lamb, symbolic of the innocent Savior, and burns it on the altar that the incense may ascend to God; meanwhile he is kneeling by it and praying with all his heart that God shall put forth His hand. Behold, He responds by a hail-storm which drops down great stones as large as a man's fist, thick and fast, on the Philistine army, actually killing so many that the slain blockade the progress of the living, when sudden panic seizes them, and they wheel and run for life. Now the people of Israel, seeing them running, press after them, chase them into their

own country, and slay many in the skedaddle, actually chasing them as far away as Ekron and Gath.

When Samuel went to Gilgal and heard the lowing of herds and bleating of flocks, and saw King Agag of the Amalekites, whom Saul had spared, he was mortified with Saul's open disobedience, as God had commanded Saul to go and exterminate all of the Amalekites, all they had and everything they possessed; because they had fought against Israel forty years in the wilderness to keep Israel from entering the land of Canaan. This lesson simply teaches us that everything antagonistic to entire sanctification must be unconditionally exterminated. Then Samuel lifted up his sword and hewed Agag to pieces before the Lord; thus symbolizing our glorious Adam the second, who must hew to pieces Adam the first, if we would go to Heaven, as we cannot take him with us. Then, taking Saul's outer garment, he tore it, saying, "Thus God has rent the kingdom from thee and given it to thy neighbors." That consummated the ruin of Saul; equally pertinent in case of you and myself. Good Lord, help us courageously to destroy our Agag and everything he possessed.

Saul has been clearly converted, for it plainly says, "God gave him another heart;" but self-will and stubbornness were exceedingly prominent phases of his hereditary depravity. He *would* have his own way. Unless our self-will is exterminated so that we no longer have it nor want it, but sink utterly and eternally into God's will, we are sure never to live with Him in Heaven. This overt act of disobedience consummated the ruin of Saul. From this time, God de-

parted from him, answering him no more, neither by dreams or visions, nor by Urim or Thummim. Then Samuel gave up Saul forever and visited him no more to the day of his death.

Pursuant to the leadership of the Holy Ghost resting upon him in the interest of the kingdom, Samuel went to Bethlehem to anoint David to be king over Israel, taking along with him a heifer to offer a sacrifice, lest Saul should find out and suspicion something. Having arrived and offered the sacrifice, he tells Jesse that he has come to anoint one of his sons to be king over Israel. Jesse feels sure that Eliab, the eldest, a fine looking young man, is the one. Therefore he had him pass before the prophet. But the Spirit says, "Touch him not, for I have not chosen him." Then Jesse had Abinidab, his second son, pass before him, thinking he must be the one. Again the Spirit says to Samuel, "Touch him not, for I have not chosen him." Then the third one comes and goes with a similar verdict, followed by the fourth, also the fifth, and finally the sixth; but the Spirit does not choose any of them. Then Jesse says, "Prophet, you must be mistaken in reference to a king in my family, as these are all I have except one other, a little fellow who is absent with his sheep, but of course he is not the one." Then says Samuel, "Send away to the field and bring him." When he comes, the prophet looks upon a little, girlish-looking blonde, with rosy cheeks, very fresh and ruddy in his physique. Then the Spirit says, "Arise, and anoint him, for he is the one." Therefore at that early date, Samuel actually anoints David to be king over Israel. Therefore David and his family

always knew his royal destination: however, he made no change in his life, but continued in caring for his father's flocks.

We now arrive at Nob, about four miles north of Jerusalem, in full view. It was the home of Melchizedek, that wonderful contemporary of Abraham, in reference to whom there has been such a puzzle in all ages. In the seventh chapter of Hebrews, we read that he was without father, without mother, without beginning of days, or end of time. The Bible is its own dictionary. It is a plain book and easily understood, if you keep yourself and all of the smart Alecs out of it, and let it explain itself. Apollos is here elucidating the priesthood of Christ, *i. e.*, the Christian ministry, by a contrast with the Aaronic priesthood, which was hereditary. Therefore, in order to officiate in the Aaronic ministry, a man must show from the genealogical tables his direct descension from Aaron. So many Aaronic priests accumulated in Israel that Abiah divided them up, giving each one his time to officiate in the temple. You remember Zacharias was officiating in the temple when the archangel Gabriel announced to him the coming of John the Baptist. You also read that when his time had expired, he departed from the temple and went to his own house.

Melchizedek was not an Aaronic priest, as he lived four hundred years antecedently, far back in the patriarchal dispensation, contemporary with Abraham, whose pastor he was, as you see evinced in his paying him tithes, which has always been the law of God's kingdom. The patriarchal dispensation was like the Christian in which we now live, in the fact

that it was not hereditary, but purely administered by the sovereign discriminating office of the Holy Ghost, calling whom He would to exercise the office of prophet, priest, or preacher. In that respect the Gospel dispensation is like the patriarchal, and not the Aaronic; it has no restrictions whatever. If a man's father has been a drunkard or infidel, he has none the less the right and privilege to preach the everlasting Gospel, responsive to the call of the Holy Ghost. Neither is there any time limitation. I have been preaching fifty-three years and my time is not yet expired. Apollos is not speaking of Melchizedek as a man, but as a priest. As a natural man, of course, he had father and mother like all others; but as a priest he had no priestly father, nor priestly mother; neither was his ministry restricted by any time limitation.

Abraham lived in that country four hundred years, before Joshua led the conquering army of Israel into it. Saul's reign was four hundred years after Israel came into Canaan, hence, you see about eight hundred years had elapsed since the days of Melchizedek, and still that sacerdotal college is in operation there at Nob, and contains eighty-six priests. When David fled from Saul for his life, he came to Nob and asked Ahimelech the high priest if he had any arms; he said he had none but the sword of Goliath which he (David) had taken from Goliath when he slew him at the battle of Elah, when but a stripling. David said he would take it, with many thanks; then the priest gave it to him and he and his men, having eaten heartily of the shew-bread, went on their way. There happened to be an Edomite, by the name of Doeg pres-

ent, who saw it all. He went and told Saul, who sent and brought all the priests from Nob into his presence and condemned them for encouraging David; he ordered his soldiers to kill them, but the soldiers would not do it. Then Saul tells Doeg to do it, and the cruel Edomite proceeds with the awful tragedy and slays the eighty-five priests; Abiather, the son of Ahimelech the high priest, alone escaped. Thus Saul destroyed that college of priests, whose history we have for eight hundred years on that hallowed spot. This chapter is all in the tribe of Benjamin.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MIZPAH AND GIBEA OF SAUL.

Both of these cities are in full sight of Jerusalem, though about six miles distant; the former to the northwest and the latter due north. Both of them were celebrated cities in the days of Israel. They are now, like Ramah and Nob, only Mohammedan villages.

Mizpah means watch-tower, because it is a high mountain, and on it they had a watch-tower from whose height the sentinel could see an approaching enemy a long way off. As it was central in Israel it was much used for other great national councils. It is memorable as the place where Samuel anointed Saul to be king over Israel. He was a physical giant, head and shoulders taller than the men of Israel. His personal magnitude was calculated to augment his magnetism among the people. When the people clamored so for a king, and the prophet Samuel, though he did his best, signally failed to quiet them, God not only acquiesced, but in great mercy selected their king. God knew that Saul's gigantic stature would, with his great natural intellect and courage, make him influential among the people, thus qualifying him to rule over them. When God revealed to them, through the casting of lots, that Saul was to be their king, such was Saul's modesty, as he saw the lots

were approaching him, having reached his tribe and then his family, that he slipped away and hid himself among the stuff, so that when Samuel called for him he could not be found. Upon searching diligently, however, they overhauled him. Then Samuel pours the anointing oil upon his head in the name of the God of Israel; thus inaugurating him into the kingdom. Then the people all shout long and loudly, "God save the king!"

Saul was a good and able king, wise in counsel and brave on the battle-field. He reigned over Israel forty years, during which the nation was very prosperous. There was but one discount on him in his whole life and that was, that having been truly converted, which no one can call in question because the Bible says, "God gave him another heart," that he did not go on and get sanctified wholly; we know he did not for, as you see, he spared Agag, who symbolizes inbred sin. Reader, if you have not slain your Agag, *i. e.*, crucified old Adam, hurry up; it is absolutely certain that you cannot take him with you through the pearly gates. No man ever had more brilliant prospects than King Saul; yet his sun set in the darkness of midnight.

There at Mizpah, where Samuel had crowned Saul king, he also washed the blood of responsibility from his hands, telling the people they had sinned a great sin in asking for a king, because in so doing they had rejected God from reigning over them, as He was their king and they needed no other. In that country it never rains in time of harvest, May and June; the former that of barley and the latter, wheat. Then Samuel tells them that though it is now harvest, the

time of year when they never had rain, "I will call upon God and He will send the thunder and rain, that ye may know that He is grieved over your sins in rejecting Him from being king over you." Then he prays to God to send thunder and lightning, that the people may know that He is so utterly displeased with their asking for a king. When Samuel prays they see the cloud coming up from the western horizon, over-spreading the firmament. From it the lightnings flash, the thunders roar and the rain falls upon the earth. Meanwhile all the people tremble and quake and ask Samuel to pray for them and plead with God to forgive their sins.

A Levite in the tribe of Ephraim, took a wife at Bethlehem-judah. Having lived with him awhile and getting homesick, she went back to her father. After several months, leaving his farm on Mount Ephraim, the Levite goes to her father's house in Bethlehem, to pay her a visit. His father-in-law is delighted to see him and begs him to stay, at the same time, feasting him at the top of creation. After the first day, he wants to return home with his wife, but the father-in-law will not hear to it and holds him day after day. Finally, the fifth day has been ushered in, so, rising early in the morning, the man insists, "We must be off." His father-in-law and the family pull on them so hard that they constrain them to stay until after dinner; then, taking his wife and two servants and their donkeys, they set out for home. Passing by Jebus, which afterward became Jerusalem, and was at that time inhabited by the Jebusites, they press slowly on their way, owing to the slow tread of the donkeys;

when they reach Gibeah, which is in the tribe of Benjamin, night has fallen. The man does his best to get a lodging, but fails; having concluded to lodge on the public square, they have stopped for the night and kindled their fire. An old man from Mount Ephraim, who is sojourning there, comes along and, finding them camping in the open air, invites them to come into his house. The man asks to be excused, observing that he has plenty of food for themselves and their donkeys. But the old man so insists that he acquiesces and they all go in.

Before they retire a mob assaults the house. They have heard that strangers have stopped there and, though they are the young men of Benjamin and citizens of that city and vicinity, they are determined to commit the awful sin of the Sodomites against them. Therefore, taking out the woman they brutalize her all night, even transcending the endurance of physical life. At day-dawn those Sodomitish sons of Belial disperse. Then the poor woman gropes her way to the house, falling down with her hands on the threshold, where her husband on coming out finds her dead; she had thus been brutally and diabolically murdered by those reckless Sodomites. The man puts her body on a donkey and carries it home with him, then he immediately cuts her into twelve pieces, severing the bones each from the other, and sends the twelve pieces to the tribes of Israel: thus, in this awful manner, he appeals to all Israel for redress. When they see it, a shock of unutterable horror everywhere falls on the people, who unanimously say, "We never saw anything of this kind before." Therefore, respon-

sive to this shocking appeal, they all meet in Mizpah to consider the matter.

N. B. That was only forty-five years after they had come into the country and when the theocracy was in full force, as it had been since God gave the law on Sinai. Therefore they think of nothing but to consult God about it; who of course responds outright that they must take every one who was guilty of that brutal and devilish crime, and slay him forthwith. But when they send messengers throughout the city of Gibeah, demanding the surrender of those sons of Belial, that they may destroy them, they are positively refused. Then when they go there to hunt them up, that they may exterminate them as they deserve, and thus may put away evil from Israel, instead of surrendering them, the people of Gibeah come out in battle array to fight for them. Then all the tribes fall down in the house of the Lord at Mizpah and enquire: "What shall we do unto those who will not deliver into our hands those sons of Belial, that we may slay them?" The Lord gives the answer: "You shall go up against them." Then they ask Him, "Who shall lead us when we go up against Benjamin?" The answer comes, "Judah shall lead the way." Now among the men of Benjamin were seven hundred, all left-handed, who could throw stones to a hair's breadth and not miss. So they went up against Benjamin and put the battle in array, and on that day there fell in Israel twenty-two thousand men. Then they asked God again, "Shall we go up against Benjamin?" The answer comes promptly, "You shall go up." Therefore they go again and meet Benjamin

in battle array, and eighteen thousand men of Israel are slain. Now you see the war has turned terribly against Israel. Forty thousand men have been slain in these two battles; whereas the Benjamites had lost but a few. Then the people wait again before the Lord and cry unto Him, "Shall we again go up against Benjamin?" This time He tells them to make an ambuscade, putting liers in wait to rise up and smite the men of Benjamin when they shall have drawn them into the ambuscade. This succeeds to a charm, and moving along on this line they almost exterminate the tribe; only six hundred men of Benjamin make their escape into the rock Rimmon, in the wilderness of Judea.

Now all the sons of Israel go to the house of the Lord, fall down before Him, lift up their voices and cry all day, weeping and mourning because a tribe has been blotted out of Israel. They had all obligated themselves by an oath, that they would not give their daughters to a Benjamite in marriage. Now there is no hope for the survival of Benjamin, unless wives can be given to the six hundred who alone remained of the tribe. They had obligated themselves by an oath to destroy all who would not come to the war against Benjamin. Upon investigation they find the people of Jabesh-gilead did not come to the war. Therefore they must go and exterminate them. Then the Lord tells them to reserve all the maidens they find among the people of Jabesh-gilead and deliver them to those six hundred men of Benjamin who abode in the rock Rimmon. They go against Jabesh-gilead and find four hundred maidens; but these are not enough, they need

two hundred more; how shall they procure them when all Israel has obligated itself by an oath not to give its daughters to a Benjamite. Then the Lord tells them to go to those annual festivities at Shiloh, where the maidens rejoice before the Lord near Lebonah once a year, and there to let those two hundred surviving men capture each one his own wife. Then let them return to their inheritance and rebuild their cities which have been destroyed in this war of extermination.

This seems to me a very strange providence. I used to read it and get very much puzzled over it; the solution is plain and simple. This took place only forty-five years after Israel came into Canaan, hence it was during the theocracy when God was their only king. We must remember that He cannot compromise with sin. There we have a vivid illustration, setting forth the awful justice of the Divine government. These sons of Belial in Gibeah had committed the vilest crime ever invented by Satan. They had perpetrated the very same sin for which God had destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah; the law positively certifies that a Sodomite shall not live in the land. These sons of Belial were not only Sodomites but murderers in the very strongest sense; actually having murdered that woman, in addition to the vilest outrageous sodomy. If the Benjamites had given them up, to stand in their own shoes and expiate their own sins, there would have been no war. But when they not only refused to deliver them to the officers of justice, but actually came out in battle array to defend them, then they became *criminiis participes*, i. e., parties to the same

crime. N. B. That was really the worst crime that could possibly be committed. Therefore the awful punishment was simply the moral retribution due their crimes. It looked as though the destruction of the women and children was hard; but we must remember that the irresponsible children all went to Heaven, whereas if they had lived, they would probably have been lost. God is the author of life and has a perfect right to take it away, pursuant to His own sovereign, discriminating wisdom.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JERUSALEM.

We have now reached the Holy City once more, this being the third time God has permitted me to visit it. If you ever enjoy this privilege, as you very likely will, let me advise you to go on arrival to the German Latin Church of Saint John. It is in the very center of the city and has a very lofty tower, from whose pinnacle you will enjoy a bird's-eye view of the whole city, while your guide will tell you everything. After you take ample time to survey the city from this tower your peregrinations will be the more convenient and profitable.

You see the great Church of the Holy Sepulchre at your feet occupying a whole square, as you look down from the balcony of the tower. In that church, you will be edified by a vast amount of interesting history. You will have a chance to take into your hand the sword of Godfrey, the commanding general of the Crusaders, who captured the city, A. D. 1099. He must have been a giant, judging from the size and weight of his sword. You will also there see his tomb and that of Baldwin, King of Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is significantly called the Holy City, so you will never get done visiting the places celebrated in the Bible and in the history of the Christian Crusaders, who occupied that city eighty-eight years af-

ter they conquered it; till signally defeated by the Moslems in the battle of Hatton on the west coast of the sea of Galilee, A. D. 1187. This battle resulted in the final expulsion of the Christians from the Holy Land. You will be interested in the great convent of the Armenian Christians; it is said to have lodging for eight thousand pilgrims. With them the Apostle James is the paragon saint, as Peter is with the Latins.

Jerusalem is built on four mountains: Zion, in the southwest; Moriah, in the southeast; Bezetha, in the northeast; Akra, in the northwest. Bezetha and Moriah are separated from Zion and Akra by the Tyropæon valley, which was deep in the olden times when these different mountains were marked and separate; but during the long roll of ages, these valleys have been largely filled with debris. In the days of King Solomon, he had an elevated walk from the temple on Mount Moriah to his palace on Mount Zion, crossing the Tyropæon valley. In the days of Abraham and Joshua, the city was restricted to the stronghold which the Jebusites had built on the summit of Zion, which was impregnably fortified by nature on the west by the gorge of Hinnom and on the southeast by the valley of Jehoshaphat. This mountain peak had the shape of a smoothing iron running to a point, either side formed by the great chasms which were impassable by an army, while on the north the people had built a wall so high and strong as to render the citadel actually impregnable.

Joshua was never able to take this citadel, which the Jebusites at that time had held since the days of

Abraham, or four hundred years, and we know not how long previously. When David was crowned king of the tribes at Jerusalem, after he had reigned over Judah, his own tribe, seven and a half years at Hebron. his first enterprise was to capture the stronghold of Jebus, which the Jebusites had held eight hundred years, and perhaps longer. They, having no idea that it could be taken, made all manner of fun of David when he talked about it; saying that he never could take it till he took away the lame and the blind, meaning by this that they were competent to hold it without any other help. But when David got ready to enter upon the siege, he offered the chief captaincy of his army to the man who, as the Bible says, "Would get up to the gutter," *i. e.*, scale the wall. Then Joab, nimble as a catamount and stout as an alligator, took the offer and ran up the wall like a squirrel. He carried a rope with him whose nether end he dropped back to his comrades; the result was, they soon took the city's citadel, which was ever afterwards called the city of David, and is to this day. Thus Joab got the captaincy of David's host which he held to the end of his life. I trow, he was the greatest military man in the world in his day; under the leadership of David, conquering all the enemies of Israel and giving her the pre-eminence among all nations of the earth. While Joab was a great and brave man, exceedingly useful in his day and generation, he suffered serious damage from a quick and apparently incorrigible temper; accompanied by an unforgiving spirit. He slew Abner, the captain of the host of Israel, and Manasseh, the captain of the host of Judah, in cold blood; as David

said, shedding the blood of war in the time of peace. Though David let him live till after he himself had passed away, still, he left orders with Solomon, his successor, to have him executed in order to take away the guilt of the innocent blood he had shed, that it might not pollute the land.

Mount Moriah is celebrated as the site of the temple. On its pinnacle Abraham offered up Isaac. While David was on the throne, when his kingdom was at the acme of its prosperity, he seems to have followed the influence of an evil spirit who stirred him up to number Israel. Joab had better light on the subject and did his utmost to dissuade David, but in vain. David was strong-headed and would have his way, forcing Joab to go out and have all Israel numbered. Scarcely was the work completed when God, through His prophet, called David to account for it; giving him choice of three punishments: the first was seven years famine; the second, three months defeat by his enemies, retreating before them; and the third, a three days pestilence. As David had conquered all the enemies of Israel round about, who for centuries had been fighting against the Israelites, he knew that if they should whip him for three months in succession they would literally sweep the whole country and take everything out of his hands; therefore he said, "Let me fall into the hands of the Lord," preferring to risk God to show him mercy rather than man. Therefore he chose the pestilence. Consequently the pestilence set in immediately and the people began to fall on all sides. It swept on till seventy-two thousand had died of the plague. Then David falls

down before God and cries, "O spare these sheep, let me die and pay the penalty of my own sins in numbering Israel." Then God was moved with compassion, heard his prayer and stayed the pestilence, opening the eyes of David to see the destroying angel up in the firmament with uplifted sword, and hewing down the people on all sides.

The destroying angel was directly over the summit of Mount Moriah, where Araunah had a threshing-floor and they were at that time treading out the wheat. When David saw the destroying angel move away to Heaven, being assured that the plague is stayed, since God tells him that it is, with adoring gratitude he runs over to Moriah and begs Araunah to sell him the threshing-floor, that he may erect an altar to the Lord and offer sacrifices to Him. Araunah nobly responds that he will donate it to him with great pleasure, and besides give him the oxen for sacrifice, and the material for fuel. To this David responds that he cannot afford to offer unto the Lord a sacrifice that costs him nothing. Then Araunah sells it to him, and he proceeds to erect the altar and offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving to God for His signal mercy in removing the pestilence.

David aimed to build the temple on that spot, but God had him desist and leave the enterprise for his son, Solomon, who proceeded in due time to build the temple, which stood till destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, B. C. 587. It remained desolate during the Babylonian captivity and was rebuilt by Ezra, Zerubbabel, and Nehemiah, 440 B. C. This, the second temple, was destroyed by the Romans, A. D. 73, and remained

utterly desolate fifty years, till Adrian, the emperor, going thither had a heathen temple built to Jupiter, the chief Roman god, on that same hallowed spot; so the Romans worshiped idols on that holy mountain. This temple stood till A. D. 325, when the Emperor Constantine, having been converted to Christianity, came thither accompanied by his royal mother, Queen Helena. He took down the temple of Jupiter and erected a Christian church on this sacred spot. This stood till Jerusalem was taken by the Mohammedans under the leadership of Caliph Omar, A. D. 637; when the Mohammedans in turn took down the Christian church and erected a Mohammedan mosque. This stood on that same hallowed spot till the Crusaders, under the leadership of Godfrey, took the city in A. D. 1099. They took down the Moslem mosque and restored the Christian church; which stood till the Christians were finally defeated by the Moslems under the leadership of Saladin, at the battle of Hatton, on the west coast of the sea of Galilee. They again took down the Christian church and restored the Mosque of Omar which stands to this day, and is one of the most beautiful buildings in the world; octagonal in form. Doubtless this mosque will stand till the Jews take possession of Jerusalem, which I believe to be very nigh; they already number three-fourths of the city's population. It is reported that the Jews are now building the temple in different parts of the world, *i. e.*, Petersburg, Moscow, Berlin, Vienna, London, Paris, Rome, and Naples; ready to transport it all to Jerusalem and set it up in place of the grand original of the days of King Solomon, when they erected it without the sound of

a hammer or the clangor of a saw; every piece having been made to order so perfectly that it precisely filled the place of its destination.

Around the temple on the beautiful plateau of Mount Moriah, lies the holy campus, containing thirty-five acres. In the Bible this is all called *toheiron*, *i. e.*, the holy place. Formerly when I read the Bible and it said temple, I always thought it meant the building, which is utterly untrue. It means the holy campus, including the temple and many other buildings which were used in connection with the temple. When our Savior cleansed the temple, driving out the herds and flocks, I thought it was the building; it was only that holy campus which those animals polluted, and hence ought not to have been on it. When it says so much about our Savior preaching in the temple, there is a misunderstanding. The priests had charge of the temple, and as they fell out with Him in His early ministry and sought to kill Him, they would not let Him into the temple building. But every Jew in all the world had a perfect right to the holy campus, to pitch his tent and stay as long as he pleased. Pilate's judgment hall was in the tower of Antonia, on the northeast corner of the holy campus. There, when Judas saw Jesus condemned before Pilate to be crucified, he threw down the money; not in the temple building, as is generally concluded, but within the boundary of the holy campus, which is denominated the temple. That is also the place where the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, *i. e.*, the Roman battle flag, was set up when Jerusalem was taken by the Romans (Daniel ix, 26).

In the subsidence between Mounts Moriah and Beze-
tha, you will find the tomb of Joseph and Mary, the
foster father and the mother of Jesus. Near the center
of the city on Mount Zion, you will find the prison
where Peter was incarcerated when the angel came
and released him, loosing his chains, opening the doors
and leading him out into the open street. Then you
will find the house of Mary, the mother of John Mark,
whither he went and surprised the saints who were
praying for his release.

Your guide will escort you out through the Damas-
cus Gate in the north wall, and lead you eastward a
short distance to a place where the wall is built over a
spur of Mount Bezetha; then opening a door he will
lead you down under the mountain on which the city
is built, and you will find by the light of your burning
candles quite a world down there under the great
strata of the earth where the sun has never shed one
cheering ray and darkness reigns forever. A world
which was excavated by King Solomon when he had
the stones quarried and taken out to erect the tem-
ple and many other valuable buildings. There the
stone is soft and easily cut into any shape you wish;
but when taken out and exposed to the air it becomes
hard as flint and solid as marble. The Bible speaks
of Solomon's putting men under saws: this was the
work. They sawed these valuable stones, preparatory
for the erection of those splendid edifices. This vast
region is denominated "Solomon's Quarries," because
here he had vast quantities of stones of im-
mense size quarried for the building of the city.
When you are going around over the holy campus, look-

ing at everything, your guide will escort you down a stone stairway into a vast subterranean region in Mount Moriah, supported by native columns purposely left by the excavators. These are Solomon's stables; the Bible says he had many fine horses. In this vast region down under the holy campus of the temple he kept his horses and chariots.

Solomon, the wisest man in the world, was also the most enterprising. All generations going to Jerusalem will see his mighty works so long as the world continues. We read that the Queen of Sheba came from the uttermost part of the world to see his mighty works, to behold the splendor of the court, and to learn wisdom sitting at his feet. When she had made her visit, delivering to him a million of dollars in gold, which she had brought as a present for his majesty, she said that she could not believe the report which had reached her in her far away home, therefore she came to see for herself. Overwhelmed with astonishment, she said that all she had heard by report was true, and the half had not been told. Solomon symbolizes the sanctified experience which will bring people from afar to learn wisdom at your feet. When I went around the world, we sailed the whole length of the Red Sea, passing through the Strait of Babel-mandeb into the Persian Gulf. It is said that Sheba was a rich country bordering on that strait. Therefore the Queen must have ridden on a camel about five thousand miles to see the glory and hear the wisdom of Solomon.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE ENVIRONMENTS OF JERUSALEM.

Passing through the Joppa Gate at the northeast corner, we will soon come to the prophetic tree, a venerable oak, doubtless a thousand or more years old, and yet alive, banded with iron and propped up to keep it from falling. Why are they trying so hard to keep it from falling? Because the Moslem prophets have predicted that their kingdom will fall with the fall of the tree. I hope it will prove true, for Mohammedan rule is the wither and blight of Satan.

We strike the upper pool of Gihon, which was filled with water in Solomon's time and which was carried in an aqueduct from his pools twelve miles distant in the mountains; but now it is destitute of water and is cultivated as a garden. Turning south we reach the lower pool of Gihon, where Solomon was anointed king by order of his dying father David, who commanded Abiathar and Zadok the priest, and others, to mount him on his mule, take him to the pool and anoint him, and blow the trumpet and say, "Solomon is king." As David was on his death-bed and expected to depart, Adonijah, his eldest son, was running a protracted barbecue down at Enrogel, the juncture of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat; in order to gather the people so that they would be ready, as soon as they heard David was dead, to crown him king. When they anoint Solomon

at Gihon, blow the trumpet and raise the uproarious shout, Adonijah asks what it means; they tell him that they have anointed Solomon king, and the people are all shouting over it. Then he takes fright, runs to the temple and lays hold on the horns of the altar. When they tell Solomon that Adonijah is holding to the horns of the altar, he says to them, "Go and take him away," assuring him that he shall not be hurt if he behaves alright, but it seemed that his ambition for the kingdom just would not down. Therefore, after some time, he sent a petition to Solomon to give him Abishag, the young woman whom the physicians selected to warm David when he became so chilly near the end of his life. By that Solomon knew that he aimed at mischief, and would become his rival for the throne and perhaps deluge the country in a civil war. Therefore he had him executed.

Now we are descending into the valley of Hinnom, which is really a continuation of Gihon, which becomes Hinnom below the causeway which supports the lower pool of Gihon. In this valley they worshiped Moloch, the evil deity of the Amorites, who was brought to Jerusalem in the days of Solomon, after his apostasy, and remained till Josiah made his great reformation, destroying idolatry on all sides. The image of Moloch was in the shape of a man that had the head of an ox; the body was hollow so they could heat it with an internal fire like a stove. The children which they offered him were laid in his arms which were in a semi-folded position suitable to hold them, while the intense heat of the internal fire consumed them; meanwhile they played on musical instruments to drown

the screams and cries of the dying infants. This is also called the "valley of dead bodies," because dying animals were cast into it.

As we descend the valley, we come to the "potter's field," which was purchased with the money which Judas received for our Savior, and which he threw down in the temple when he saw that he was condemned at Pilate's bar to be crucified. The English Version says, "he repented." It is a wrong translation. It should read, "was seized with remorse," which is too awful for endurance and precipitated him, as millions besides, into suicide. The Greek is not the word for repent. Throwing down the money, he fled away westwardly, passing through the Joppa Gate and over the causeway between Gihon and Hinnom; then turning southwardly he ran on to the summit of the mountain overhanging the valley of Hinnom; there tying a rope around his neck and to an olive tree, or a stone, on the summit, he hung himself. The rope either breaking or coming loose, let his heavy, corpulent body fall one hundred feet and dash into smithereens on the rocks beneath. The Greek word means that he burst to pieces with a noise, when he fell. When I was there in 1895, nobody knew where the "potter's field" was. When I got back in 1899, the Greek Christians had found it and built a big convent over it. Therefore I was in it then and again in 1905, and saw the great rooms full of bones.

Jerusalem stood one-third of a century after the suicide of Judas and had one hundred great festivals; she had the Passover in the spring, the Pentecost in the summer, the Feast of Tabernacles in the fall, and

the Feast of Dedication in the winter. The Jews who came from afar to attend these festivals, and who died meanwhile, were buried in the "potter's field." The people in that day used caves and sepulchres excavated in the sides of the mountains for interment. The tombs of the kings, which you can visit under Mount Bezetha, entering from his northern slopes, are excavated out of the rock with great labor. It was intended for a single person to occupy each sepulchre in those vast subterranean rooms where you will find many sepulchres in each tomb. But the occupants of the "potter's field" were all poor people; therefore they deposit many in each room. A short distance below the "potter's field" we reach the termini of Hinnom, where it intercepts Jehoshaphat. There we find the place where the tower of Siloam stood, which fell on the eighteen people and killed them, Luke 13th ch. At the same place, we see the pool of Siloam flowing out from beneath Mount Zion, where the man who was born blind washed and received his sight. Just across the valley of Jehoshaphat you will see the village of Siloam, containing one thousands inhabitants; there are their little stone houses, excavated and built in the side of the steep mountain, which is a favorite location of the poor people throughout all that country. They do not live on the highway but down in the ravines and crags, sheltered from the storms. Now, we ascend the valley of Jehoshaphat, which is all occupied by gardens; the finest I ever saw, as the debris from the mountains keeps it always rich. Down in that deep valley there is no winter, consequently, the Jerusalemites have

plenty of fresh vegetables in all seasons. As we now ascend, we reach St. Mary's Fountain, into which the people descend by a flight of stone steps about forty feet, and find an abundant supply of excellent water. Every time I have been there it has been literally thronged with men, women, and children descending and ascending with their earthen water-pots, which they place on their heads; and their great goat skin bottles consisting of the whole hide of the goat, out of which the animal is ingeniously slipped and eaten, after which the entire skin is nicely constructed into a water-bottle, which is filled at the fountain and carried on the shoulder. Just across the valley we find Jacob's well, which is a never failing fountain.

As we ascend this valley, the church of Mary Magdalene on the slope of Mount Olivet, with its five brazen spires, all reflecting the bright light of the afternoon sun, will almost lead you to conclude that you are in India where the sun is so brilliant that without a special protection it will knock you down before you are aware. We reach the tomb of Zacharias, sixteen feet square, ample room for him and Elizabeth and all their family, down near the base of Mount Olivet, which is the greatest Jewish cemetery in the world; tombs cover it from base to summit. The Jews bury on Mount Olivet; the Mohammedans, on Mount Moriah and Calvary; the Christians on Mount Zion.

We now reach the tomb of the Apostle James, whom Herod Agrippa beheaded. Then we come to Absalom's pillar, a circular building exhibiting a cylindrical shape within a conical spire. Absalom, because he

had no family, built this pillar, as the Bible says, in the King's Vale, to perpetuate his memory. It was a success, because the forty thousand pilgrims who annually visit that land, see that pillar and remember Absalom. His body was never put in it, but left under the great heap of stones which they piled on it in the woods of Ephraim, east of the Jordan, when, amid the storm of battle, his mule ran under the densely bushy oak tree, caught his head in a crooked limb and passed out, leaving him hanging. Then Joab and others shot him with their arrows and built a great heap of stones on him. Afterwards they blew his trumpet, calling the retreat of all the army on the battle-field, as the unfortunate young man who rebelled against his father and sought to take his throne was dead, and buried beneath the rugged pile of rocks.

Now we enter the tomb of Jehoiakim and Anna, the father and mother of the Virgin Mary. It is a great sepulchre containing a number of tombs, excavated out of Mount Olivet near his base, in the valley of Jehoshaphat. Now we begin to ascend Mount Olivet, facing the rising sun; half way up the slope we enter "The Church of Jesus Weeping;" so named because it is built on the spot where Jesus wept over Jerusalem as He descended the mountain on the donkey colt the Monday morning preceding His crucifixion. From this point we have a splendid view of the city. As we ascend three hundred yards farther up, we reach the Tombs of the Prophets; descending into them under the earth, we find ample space for the sepulchres of many.

We now ascend Mount Olivet; pursuing the old road which went over it (whereas the carriage now runs around it on the southern slope), to the table-land on the summit, and reach a beautiful, snowy white stone church edifice, the enterprse of Aurelia De Rossa, a French princess, who with her own money erected this house to commemorate the spot where the Lord delivered His prayer to His disciples, Luke xi, 13. You enter a beautiful quadrangular veranda in front, surrounded by nice marble walls on which you will find the Lord's prayer engraven in every language under Heaven (except barbaric dialects); so that the forty thousand Christian pilgrims coming annually from the ends of the earth to visit the Holy Land can all read the Lord's prayer in their own language, when they come to this church. On the south side of this veranda you will see the tomb of this noble princess, and her statue lying on it, showing her person as very handsome. Thus this woman is preaching the Gospel to all the people who visit the Holy Land, and will so continue to the end of time. God, in His providence, gave her plenty of money, and she certainly made a wise disposition of it, giving it back to Him for the propagation of the Gospel in all the earth.

We now pass on, pursuing the old road over the mountain, and come to Bethphage, whither our Savior sent His disciples to find the donkey on which He rode into Jerusalem on the Monday preceding His crucifixion. We now descend the mountain and walk out on a spur projecting over the village of Bethany. Luke says our Lord led out His disciples to Bethany and, having blessed them, ascended up to Heaven. My

good old guide, Shukrey Hishmeh, who has served me during my three tours in the Holy Land, believes that our Savior ascended from this spur of Mount Olivet. In Bethany you will visit the home of Mary, Martha and Lazarus with great interest, and the house of Simon the leper (doubtless the man whom Jesus had healed of leprosy), where Mary poured the alabaster box of valuable myrrh on the head of our Lord, and Judas criticised her for her prodigality, observing that it could have been sold for forty-five dollars and given to the poor. John says it was not because he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief and, serving as apostolic treasurer, was carrying the contributions which they received in their peregrinations. Judas was a thief because he was then negotiating the sale of Jesus for money, whereas he had no idea that they could get hold of Him, as he had seen them after Him for three years, and always failing. His contract was simply to clearly identify Him, so that they would not make a mistake at midnight and take the wrong man, which would have been a very serious matter.

We now return to Jerusalem, still pursuing the old route, always traveled by the patriarchs, the prophets, the Savior and His apostles. On the summit of Olivet you find the great Russian tower, two hundred and fifty feet high, erected especially for the accommodation of Christian pilgrims, who are anxious to pursue our Lord as far as possible in His upward flight. Three times in the last eleven years have I climbed that tower to its pinnacle, and gazed up into the azure skies along the track of my Lord's ascension, longing to see His glorious appearing, as Zechariah

tells us "*His feet shall stand again on Mount Olivet.*" This statement of our Lord's return to the identical mountain whence He left the world is clear and explicit. From this tower we enjoyed an exceedingly profitable view. When you ascend it, do not descend too quickly; take plenty of time to look at everything in Jerusalem and all the surrounding country. There you will have a good view of the whole country clear to the Dead Sea, which is very conspicuous, the land of Moab, and the summit of Mount Pisgah where Moses stood looks very nigh, though it would take you several days to reach it. You can see far out across the Jordan, all over the country which Joshua gave to Reuben, Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh. Far up north in Syria, you will see Hermon, the highest mountain in all the country, in whose snowy summit the Jordan rises. While they were crucifying our Savior, the panic-stricken, heart-broken disciples were over on Mount Olivet enjoying a conspicuous view of everything transpiring on Calvary, as they looked through the perfectly unobstructed firmament across the valley of Jehoshaphat.

We now descend Mount Olivet and cross over to Calvary, which is immediately north of the city, only separated from it by the Jericho road running through the valley between the mountains, Bezetha within the city and Calvary without. During my abiding in the city in 1895 and 1899, I spent much time on Mount Calvary, as I boarded in the East Hotel which is near. When I had a leisure hour, I ran away to Calvary and spent the time in prayer on the most hallowed spot beneath the sky, forever sanctified by the blood which

flowed from His wounded hands, feet, and side. When we returned in 1905, we found Calvary all surrounded by a great stone wall, so high that you cannot look over it unless you get on an eminence. Olivet is the best place, but it is quite a distance across the valley of Jehoshaphat. When the Mohammedans took Jerusalem, A. D. 637, Mount Calvary was bare; but they, knowing nothing about Christ and not believing in Him, made it a burying ground, and as such it is used this day. As the years go by the number of Christian pilgrims visiting the Holy Land is rapidly increasing. The Mohammedans spend much time praying at the graves of their ancestors. When I used to spend hours praying on Mount Calvary, I always saw groups of them round about praying at the tombs of their ancestors. Since I was there in 1899, they have built this great wall, apologizing that the presence of the Christian pilgrims praying there disturbs them. This wall is a very serious obstruction to the privileges of pilgrims visiting the Holy Land, as Calvary is the dearest spot beneath the skies to every true Christian's heart. During our late visit it so happened that the gate was open, and no one keeping it, we, on two different occasions, walked in and went to the summit where we believe the crucifixion took place; but the Moslems utterly refuse to let the Christians come in for love or money. I hope they will change, and for a reasonable fee permit Christians to visit Calvary to their satisfaction, as the best views we can get from a distance are not satisfactory. We want to tread the identical spot where walked the bleeding feet of Him who came from Heaven to die for us.

The reason why these obstructions impede the privileges of Christians on Calvary is because it is a Moslem cemetery.

We now proceed to the sepulchre at the base of the mountain on the west side. That is all open and convenient; it is kept by an old Christian man who will gladly receive you and tell you all about it. Of course, your guide will be with you, and you can go into the sepulchres and stay as long as you desire; it is in a garden as the Scripture says. - When our risen Lord appeared to the woman, they thought He was the gardener. From the sepulchre we proceed north to the beautiful and magnificent Memorial Church, which the Russian Christians have built on the spot where they stoned Stephen; thy also show us a tomb near by, which they believe to be Stephen's. N. B. Jerusalem and environments are in the territory of Judah and Benjamin, the tribal line running through the city.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JERICHO, JORDAN, AND THE DEAD SEA.

We now set off east-bound for the memorable historic places. We pass over the ground trodden by David when he fled from his rebellious son Absalom; David having heard that Absalom was crowned king at Hebron by the multitude, whose hearts he had stolen through flattery during the years he had spent in Jerusalem after his return from exilement in Syria, which exile his father had inflicted on him for slaying his brother Ammon. Having left the palace and everything, occupied only by ten women, without a solitary soldier to defend it, so Absalom would have nothing to do but to come and take possession, as he knew that he was on his way with a vast multitude who had already crowned him king to reign over the country instead of his father, David takes his flight eastwardly. David's old soldiers, so fast as they hear of the trouble, rally to him; at the start they are numerically an insignificant band, but constantly increase as the news travels abroad, slowly in that day, without steam or electricity, only *viva voce*, with telephones never dreamed of. In his flight Hushai meets him, purposely to help him. He tells him to go on into the city and do everything the Lord may put in his hand, and it may devolve on him to defeat the counsel of Ahithophel, David's celebrated old counsellor,

who had stood by him all his life, but who, along with thousands of others, has been captured by the flatteries of Absalom.

David also meets Abiathar and Zadok the priests, and tells them to go on and when they learn their plans to come and tell him. Therefore, coming on into Jerusalem they find Absalom and his host have already arrived close on the track of his fugitive father. With great pomp and pageantry the fine looking young man (for he was the best looking man in the world), has taken possession of his father's palace and throne. There is nothing for him now to do but to meet the opposition which may arise on the part of the people who still prefer that David shall be king. So immediately Absalom calls Ahithophel, reputed the wisest man in the kingdom, to give counsel what to do. He proceeds to tell him to pursue his father with all possible expedition and overtake him before he has time to rendezvous an army; thus to cut the matter short, and sweep away the rising opposition, that he may reign in peace and prosperity.

Absalom has already saluted Hushai with joyous welcome, taking it for granted that he had espoused his cause like Ahithophel, and joyous to think that the two great counsellors of his father have both fallen in with him; he now invites Hushai also to give counsel. Hushai proceeds to differ with Ahithophel, and advises Absalom not to rush on his father as those with him are all valiant men and will fight like a bear robbed of her whelps; they in all probability will whip the unorganized multitudes with him, thus producing a reaction ruinous to his cause; but he advises Absalom

to hold on and rendezvous all Israel from Dan to Beer-sheba to march with him and just settle the matter forever, and if a malcontent is found, put ropes around his house and draw it into the sea. Then the people say, "The counsel of Hushai is better than that of Ahithophel." The result was that Ahithophel is grieved, so mounting his donkey, he goes home and hangs himself. He is broken-hearted over his signal defeat by Hushai.

The moment the verdict is given, Abiathar and Zadok send their sons who run to tell David. The people miss them and send messengers on their track to find them; but looking back the men espy their pursuers before they are discovered, and stopping at a farm-house get the woman to hide them. She immediately moves the windlass from the well, lets them down, lays a plank over it and spreads fruit to dry. Therefore, when the pursuers following on their track arrive at the house making inquiry for them, the woman merely plays ignorant; looking all around they go on their way still making inquiry, but fail to get any more information and turn back. After they have passed, the woman opens the well and they get out and run on their way and give David the information.

They proceed at once and move over the Jordan. This delay gave time for David's old comrades and true friends to rally to him; so when Absalom gets ready and comes with a great host, David's army is well organized in three divisions, under command of Joab, Barzillai and Ittai who gave Absalom and his host a hot reception, resulting in the signal defeat and death of Absalom, whom they buried beneath a great

heap of stones, and thus in defeat and dishonor retreat away from the young man who had the finest prospect in all the world. O, what a warning to all young people! Pride, vanity, and ambition conspired for the ruin of Absalom for time and eternity.

We now reach the Inn of the Good Samaritan, a substantial stone building surrounded by a great wall for the protection of the wagons, camels, horses, and donkeys, which travelers stopping there may be using. We are now in the wilderness of Judea, which was so infested with robbers in Bible times, Luke 10th ch. The traveler journeying from Jerusalem down to Jericho is assaulted by robbers, spoliated, almost killed, and left to die. Then a Levite looks on him and gives him no help; a priest following does the same; but the good Samaritan comes to him, binds up his wounds, pours in the oil and the wine, and putting him on his own donkey, brings him to the tavern, where he stays over night, waiting on him. Next morning he pays the landlord some money and says, "Take good care of him till I come again and I will pay thee all." This beautifully takes in all the human race. By the wonderful redemption of Christ we are all born in Jerusalem, *i. e.*, the kingdom of grace; but, pursuant to hereditary depravity, we start down to Jericho. This road is down the mountain all the way, vividly symbolizing the downward trend of fallen humanity; while Jericho, the ancient capital of the wicked Amorites, symbolizes Hell. The robbers are the evil habits which overtake travelers from Jerusalem to Jericho. The Levite and the priest represent the visible Church which has no power to save

souls. The good Samaritan is none other than Jesus Himself, who saves the sinner, whom evil has cudgelled to the very brink of Hell; He pours in the oil of regeneration and gives him the wine, which symbolizes the Holy Ghost in His sanctifying and abiding presence. Six times have I traveled this road, and always with an armed escort to protect me, as the robbers still are there; it is an unbroken bed of mountains all the way, so abounding in caves that they never get rid of the robbers who infest this uninhabited region.

We now reach the convent of Elijah, built over the cave in which he lived during those memorable three years while the famine wasted Israel; it is where God used the ravens to feed him. If you would look at the place you would not be surprised that they did not find him. It is not in sight of the carriage road we now travel, but pilgrims all go to see it. As you travel through this wilderness you will see the little house of the hermit in the side of the mountain. In all ages hermits, saints, and prophets have had their abode in this wilderness. John the Baptist was a hermit prophet. When Herod was killing the boy babies in Bethlehem, though there was no such an order for Jutta, only a dozen miles distant, Zacharias and Elizabeth, fearing for the safety of their son, migrated away to the wilderness of Judea and never returned; thus felicitously rearing up their son absent from the world with all its vices and follies. The Essenes, the holiness people of the Jewish Church, generally lived in the wilderness because they were unable to own valuable land. Oh, how happy the lot of John the Baptist, filled with the Holy Ghost from

his infancy and reared in a hermitage among the holiness people of his dispensation!

We have now traveled all the way down the mountains through the wilderness of Judea, and have reached the Jordan valley which here is about fifteen miles wide, and all on this side the river, as he flows along the base of the mountains of Moab. We now reach Herod's Jericho. You remember old Jericho which they shouted down in the days of Joshua was never rebuilt. Herod's Jericho was two miles south, at the foot of the great mountains which constitute the wilderness of Judea. Herod built it for a winter palace, as it is ten thousand feet below Jerusalem. where the sun has such power that there is no winter. We still see the ruins of Herod's palace, and of his pool, which he much enjoyed for ablutions. He believed in the water cure and died there, while Jesus was a fugitive infant in Egypt; he had gotten sick in Jerusalem and gone down to Jericho for his healing, to enjoy the baths in this pool, large and deep, which was supplied with water from Elisha's fountain at old Jericho. In this pool, history says Herod had Hircanus and Aristobulus, his sons by his wife Mariamne, drowned; he had them to go to swim with others whom he had bribed to hold them under the water till they expired. He also had their only surviving brother Antipater, slain, only five days before his own death; he was not willing for any of the sons of Mariamne to inherit the throne, but left it to Archelaus, his eldest son by his second wife. Oh, what a monster of iniquity he was and at the same time the head of the visible Church! God found it necessary to send away His

own son to Egypt to keep Herod from killing Him. Thus you see when Satan gets into the Church it is worse than the world. Throughout the Bible Egypt represents the world power; but you see God sent His own Son thither for protection from the cruelty of the fallen Church.

We now hasten on a mile and a half to the Jericho of the Crusaders, which they built during their occupancy of the Holy Land in the eighty-eight years from A. D. 1099 to 1187. There are three splendid hotels in this Jericho, built especially for the accommodation of the pilgrims who travel in that country, of whom there are about forty thousand per annum. Here we halt but a moment, engage our hotel for lodging the ensuing night, and then hasten away in a northwesterly direction to the site of the old Jericho which stood in the days of Joshua. When Israel passed through the Jordan, Joshua halted them at Gilgal midway on the road to Jericho, twelve miles. There they hold a camp-meeting two weeks, meanwhile he circumcises them, calling the place Gilgal from that transaction, as the word means "rolling;" saying to them, "Thus I have rolled away your reproach from you."

During these two weeks, Joshua chances to take a moonlit peregrination in the direction of Jericho, which was the great stronghold of the Amorites, the greatest nation in all the land. A weak general would have begun the war in an easy place, but a great general like Joshua will always seek the strongest citadel of the enemy to begin; as its fall would send a panic throughout the land. While he is thus gazing upon the towering walls of Jericho in the clear moon-

light of that oriental sky, dropping down his eyes he sees a great man clothed in shining panoply standing near by. He takes it for granted that he is one of the mighty men of Jericho come out to meet him in a hand-to-hand combat. Joshua has promised the Lord, as you read in the book that bears his name, never to turn back from any man, and God had given him this wonderful promise, "Only be thou very courageous and no man shall be able to stand against thee all the days of thy life." Therefore he courageously salutes the man, "Who art thou? give an account of thyself." Then the man replies, "I am the Captain of the host of Israel." Then Joshua knows He is the Lord and falls down before Him, taking off his shoes, as he knows the ground is holy. There He gives him the order for the capture of Jericho; to march around it once per day for six successive days, and on the seventh day, going out very early, to march around it seven times and then to all shout aloud. The Bible does not tell what they say but history informs us that their utterance was: "Our God is mighty in battle," repeated over and over.

At Jericho winter never comes but summer lasts forever; flowers never fade, and fruits never fail. Therefore the gardens abound in fruits the encircling year, as they are abundantly irrigated by Elisha's fountain at old Jericho, two miles distant. So now we move along the carriage road to the city of old Jericho. When I traveled that route in 1895 for the first time, there was but a bridle-path through the thickets. Old Jericho is still without an inhabitant. That spring is so large that it has power to turn a

mill which you will see a very short distance below it. It affords plenty of water for a great city. Its waters are divided up and directed about through the gardens for irrigation. The Bible tells us that when the prophet Elisha came to Jericho he found the land splendid but the water worthless, plenty of it, but it was bitter, so they could not use it. Then he told them to bring him a cruse of salt; this he threw into the waters and healed them so they became sweet, delicious, and all right. During my three visits at this place I have always drunk at this spring.

We still see the ruin of Rahab's house, which as you read in the Bible, God spared when He knocked down the walls of the city, saving all the inmates of the house. The English Version of the Bible calls her a harlot. The primary meaning of *zonah*, here translated a harlot, is a female tavern-keeper. The word means a woman keeping a public house, whether good or bad. The facts related show that Rahab was a good woman keeping such a house as good people seek for lodging. This conclusion is confirmed in the fact that Joshua's spies, who were godly men, sought that house for lodging. Rahab became the wife of an Israelitish man by the name of Salmon, and God gave them a son whom they called Boaz; he wedded Ruth the Moabitess, and God gave them a son whom they called Obed; he was the father of Jesse, the father of King David, of whose lineage our Savior was born. So you see these two Gentile mothers of our Lord. Rahab and Ruth, standing in the illustrious line of His progenitorship, show the fact that He was a king

to the Gentiles as well as the Jews and so, pre-eminently qualified to represent all.

We now cross the Jordan valley, between the sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea, it contains four hundred thousand acres. It ought to be one of the finest regions in the world. Elisha, the prophet, was a farmer here until Elijah called him to be his successor. This valuable farming land is now producing but very little for the want of irrigation; but Jordan has so much of a fall that it would be very little trouble to turn out the waters and irrigate all of this region copiously and thoroughly. When the Jews get possession of this country, O, how they will make the Jordan valley teem with life and prosperity! But all Palestine, through the long ages of oppression and misrule, has been suffering greatly for the want of enterprise which is choked and paralyzed by the awful tyranny of the Turkish Government. They tax everything excessively and exorbitantly. If you plant fruit-trees, they make you pay tax on them whether they bear any fruit or not. Though that whole country so abounds in stone that it is a benefit to the land to quarry it and take it off, yet if you open a stone quarry they make you pay tax on it. We know not how to appreciate good government until we go away and see the nations of the old world which are all crushed beneath the iron wheel of despotism.

I now find myself once more standing on "Jordan's stormy banks." Pilgrims always visit the ford where Israel crossed, and it is celebrated in history by that name; but it is a mistake, for there is no ford at that place. When the water is lowest, it is about fifteen

feet deep; hard to tell definitely because it is so muddy that you cannot see an inch below its surface. Israel crossed in time of harvest when the Jordan is always flooded by the melting snow on Mount Hermon. Therefore at that time it was truly a "swelling flood." The crossing of the great eastern road, over which we traveled from Jerusalem, is on a bridge five miles up the river. When we reached the Jordan, the very place where God split it in twain for Israel to pass through, and where Elijah smote it with a mantle and severed it again for himself and Elisha to pass through, just before his translation; pursuant to their request, I proceeded to baptize the "Texas boys," John and Ed Roberts and Allie Irick, my traveling companions, by immersion in the holy river, where John the Baptist baptized our Savior. Thus He was inaugurated into His official Messiahship, when God sent down the Holy Ghost, symbolized by a dove, to rest upon Him, filling and thus qualifying Him for His glorious ministry of preaching the Word, and of corroborating the truth by His mighty works.

The baptism took place in the presence of Brother Shukrey, our noble guide, and the Bedouin Arab, who served as an armed escort. I had to use both of them to help me; not to help in the immersion, but to hold me, lest I go down into the water fifteen feet deep; the river is so deep, the bank so steep and the current so very swift and strong, that it is really dangerous for those who are not good swimmers to go into it. Our guide was much alarmed lest some of us might get drowned, as he has been serving in that office for many years and has seen numbers of persons drowned

there in that stream. I found it really very difficult to stand in it. But these men went in with me and took hold of my apparel, so they were ready, in case my precarious foothold against the bank should give way, to administer immediate relief. While the guide was very uneasy about the "Texas boys," I had not much concern for them, knowing that they were active as catemounts and could swim like ducks. So I just plunged them in over their heads and let them go; feeling that I was doing my duty as they had requested, though they had been baptized before. I did it like Paul circumcised Timothy, after the ordinance was effected and done away, simply to gratify the Jews in that country who knew that his father was a Greek. So nobody can ever quibble about the Texas boys, since they have been actually baptized in the river Jordan. While it is absolutely certain that water baptism has nothing to do with the soul's salvation, and never did have, yet the better plan is to satisfy everybody on this subject lest Satan make it a stumbling-block. God has made plenty of water; if He is not stingy about it, I am sure we ought not to be.

We now descend the Jordan ten miles to the mouth; ten miles to his influx into the Dead Sea. Though this river abounds in fish and many of them float down into the Dead Sea, they all die so soon as they reach it. This sea is significantly named, because the waters, though clear, bright and beautiful, and with nice gravel shore and bottom, are so highly impregnated with poisonous minerals that nothing can live in them. You will never see a lizzard or a snake or any living creature in that sea. The vast amount of

mineral matter held in solution in those waters so increases the specific gravity that no living creature can survive in them. It is the very place to learn to swim, as the waters are perfectly clear, bright, and beautiful, and you cannot sink if you try; therefore you are in no danger of drowning. This sea is forty-seven miles long, nine miles wide, and said to be a thousand feet deep. When Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed, the very site on which they stood, which was combustible bituminous strata, was utterly consumed, so the sea poured in filling the region occupied by those iniquitous cities. Travelers always visit that sea on the northern coast, from which your guide will point out a region some distance south as the site of those cities; but I think it is a mistake. I believe their locality to have been far down toward the southern terminus of the sea, entirely out of sight from the northern coast. This inference I draw simply from the Bible record about Abraham and Lot, when they separated and the former remained on the plain of Mamre near Hebron, twenty-two miles south of Jerusalem, and the latter took the coast country moving his residence to Sodom. We also have a corroboration of this when those two angels, accompanied by our Lord, all in human form, visited Abraham in his tent in Mamre, the day preceding the awful night of destruction. You find in the afternoon they all walked away toward Sodom, arriving thither about sunset; except Abraham, who after the conclusion of his prayer to the Lord to spare the city for the sake of the righteous, returned to Mamre; the Lord leaving the two angels to perform His ministry in the rescue

of Lot. These Scriptures certainly favor the conclusion that the southern part of that sea, which is much nearer Mamre, was the site of those cities.

Ezekiel xlvii, 1-12 gives you that wonderful history of the holy waters flowing out from the right hand side of the altar in the temple where all the blood was poured; trending eastwardly, deepening and broadening as onward they move. A dozen miles from Jerusalem they enter the bleak, sandy desert, crowded with rugged mountains and naked rocks, denominated in the Bible, "the wilderness of Judea;" flowing on down they plunge into the Dead Sea. But the prophet says when those holy waters reach the desert, the sand and rocks disappear and the whole country is transformed into smiling gardens and fruitful fields. Likewise when they enter the Dead Sea, they heal those waters, making them limpid, sweet and salubrious; filling them with fishes of every kind; large, fat, and all right for food and the markets of the world. Then we see flourishing cities and villages all around on the bank, and the fishermen ploughing that sea with their boats and seining out those valuable fishes, eating them and carrying them to market. This Dead Sea is five thousand feet below the watery world. Therefore it is the lowest place on the earth, and vividly symbolizes Shemdom in its worst form, which is spiritual death. These holy waters symbolize the Holy Ghost. So the lesson we learn from Ezekiel, involves the conclusion that, if we would save the Hell dens of our cities, we must get filled with the Holy Ghost. Here we see these holy waters gloriously save the desert and the Dead Sea, the most vivid

symbols of spiritual death.

We now turn back toward Jerusalem. We pass by the house of Zachæus, pointed out by our guide, who climbed the Egyptian fig-tree, (not sycamore), because his low stature would disqualify him to see Jesus if he stayed in the crowd. He had heard so much about Him during the last three years that he was filled with enthusiasm to see Him. He has reached the point of anxiety which prepares people to get converted anywhere, therefore he got saved up in the fig-tree; coming down with a glad heart, he meets the Savior and tells Him. He begins by giving half of his possessions to the poor and restoring all fraudulent gains fourfold, which swept away his princely fortune and made him poor enough to be a good preacher; so he starts out with victory and falls in with Jesus who spends that day preaching in Jericho. The next morning, which is our Sabbath but had not yet become hallowed by the resurrection, He walks with His disciples to Bethany, where they lodge the ensuing night; and the next following morning, our Monday, He rides into Jerusalem on the donkey's colt, hailed by the shouting multitude as the King of Israel; they are enthused with the assurance that they are to crown Him King during the coming passover.

When we pass Jericho and reach the mountain road to Jerusalem, our three ponies stalled with us; so we had to get out of the carriage and walk up the mountain. I trow in the run of thirty miles we must have walked at least ten, including all the steep places in the road. It suited me well, because during my three tours in that country in the last eleven years,

I always wanted to walk everywhere, because Jesus always walked, and I did not feel right, riding over the ground, hither and thither, which His feet had trodden. I wanted to be down on the ground treading in His footsteps. "Then why did you not always walk?" some one may ask. Because I could not get my company to walk with me. "Why did you not walk alone?" A stranger dare not do such a thing in that country. The robbers in that country do not content themselves with taking your money, but they actually take everything you own; even your clothing.

Midway between Jericho and Jerusalem, we find the Apostles' Fountain, so named because it is said that our Savior and His apostles always stopped there, took a rest, and drank the water, which is splendid, and the only water on the road.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BETHEL AND HEBRON.

Our journey is now due south from Jerusalem along a splendid carriage road high and dry, as it runs on the great intervening ridge between the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea. We reach the Well of the Star, about two miles on our journey, so named because there the "Star of Bethlehem," which the wise men had seen in the east and had followed in their journey westwardly hunting Him who was born King of the Jews, and had lost sight of when they deflected their course in order to go to Jerusalem, reappeared to them. They stop at the well to drink water and see the star in the bottom and identify it. With this guide they then recognize it up in the heavens and follow it to Bethlehem, where it halts over the manger hallowed to contain the infant Messiah. You see those wise men made a mistake when they deflected from their route in order to go to Jerusalem, thinking the great city was the important place. Among the results, they got into trouble with Herod and narrowly escaped with their lives. Such is always the result when we deflect from Divine guidance.

Midway between Jerusalem and Bethlehem, we arrive at Elijah's convent where the Greek Christians have a Bible School in honor of that great prophet, located at that place because it is said that he slept

there on a rock by the roadside, in which they show us the imprint of his body; this was on the night after he fled from Jezebel at Jezreel; after he had arrived at Mount Carmel on the evening following that memorable day of signal victory over the prophets of Baal, when in the exercise of his office as prophet-judge. Elijah had slain all the prophets of Baal at the river Kishon, amid the approving acclamations and co-operation of the people; thus the people returned to their loyalty to Jehovah. But that night, having heard the threats of Jezebel to kill him the ensuing morning, rising, he travels the balance of the night and all the ensuing day; arriving at this spot after nightfall, faint with weariness, he lies down and sleeps. Rising at daydawn, accompanied by his boy preacher, he goes on fifty miles farther to Beer-sheba. There the prophet leaves his boy preacher, because he is worn out and broken down; while he, himself, leaving Israel in utter despair of her restoration, and disappointed over his failure at Mount Carmel, which at the time he regarded as so brilliant a success, takes a bee line for Mount Horeb, where the law was given to Moses, far away in Arabia.

Thus trudging on a long and wearisome journey, faint with fatigue and crushed with despondency, he falls beneath the juniper tree and asks God to let him die, as his life work, the restoration of Israel to theocratic loyalty, had proved a failure. To his testimony, "They have forsaken the Lord, dug down His altars, and I am left alone, and they seek my life," the Lord responded: "I reserved to myself seven thousand men who have not bowed their knee to Baal." Here we

see how this great prophet was mistaken in thinking he was the only faithful one; there were really seven thousand beside him, but he did not know them. We should profit by this experience of Elijah, and never take too gloomy a view of our environments; especially on the consideration that God is in everything so far as His true people are concerned, and really makes all things a blessing to them. Under the juniper tree he falls asleep, by reason of weariness; after awhile an angel touches him, wakes him up and gives him his dinner. He goes to sleep again and enjoys another good nap. The angel comes again and feeds him. Encouraged by the answer of God to him, he walks on forty days in the strength of that food; arriving at Mount Horeb in the distant east. We find that when Moses was on the mountain receiving the law, he also fasted forty days; so did Jesus in the wilderness. The explanation of this is that the spiritual rapture on them fortified them against the sensation of hunger; otherwise, endurance would have been impossible, but this spiritual rhapsody held their vital functions in suspension, till the normal appetites returned. Elijah takes up his abode in a cave on Mount Horeb: while there an awful earthquake shakes everything; a fiery cyclone comes rolling along and a terrible tempest scours the mountain; but Elijah gets no answer in these, which are the manifestations of the god of nature, whereas he is dealing with the God of grace. But finally, standing in the mouth of the cave, his head covered with his mantle, God speaks to him in a still, small voice and tells him to return again to the land of Israel and anoint Elisha, the Jordan farm-

er, as his prophetic successor; also Jehu to be king over Israel, and Hazael to be king over Syria.

Now we arrive at Rachel's tomb, which is by the road in full view of Bethlehem. Jacob buried her on this spot where she died in parturition, Benjamin, or Benoni, being born, as he was journeying to Ephrata. When I visited here in former years, the tomb was in the hands of the Mohammedans and they would not let us into it. I was glad to find it this time in the hands of Jews; who welcomed us to come in and stay as long as we pleased. Matthew, 2nd chap. quotes the old prophet, in reference to the slaughter by Herod, of the infants in Bethlehem, "In Ramah there was a voice heard, lamentation, weeping and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted, because they are not," *i. e.*, Herod has killed them. At Rachel's tomb Samuel told Saul, when he was out hunting his father's donkeys, that he would meet two prophets who would inform him that the donkeys had been found and that his father was afflicting himself hunting him instead of the animals.

We now reach Bethlehem, the patrimony of Boaz, Obed, Jesse, and David; here, pursuant to the prophecies, Jesus was born in the manger, as His parents were actually too poor to get a lodging. In that day when there were no factories, clothing was so scarce and costly that there was the necessity of depending on the old rags they might casually find and carefully save, to clothe the expected babe. The magnificent edifice which stands over the manger was built by Queen Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine,

in the fourth century. You see in it a number of beautiful porphyry columns. These she had carried from Jerusalem, where they had been used in Solomon's temple. When Constantine got to Jerusalem and found that heathen temple dedicated to Jupiter, standing on the spot formerly occupied by Solomon's temple, he had it taken down and a Christian church built in its place. As he did not restore the temple in all its gigantic proportions, he brought away some of those valuable columns to adorn the Church of the Nativity, which they built over the manger, the spot which had been hallowed to receive the infant Redeemer.

We see the house of Saint Jerome there in Bethlehem, where he translated the whole Bible into Latin which had already superseded the Greek language, which was spoken universally in the days of Christ. This translation is known as Jerome's Vulgate; it was almost the only one read in the world for a thousand years. The Christian world is much indebted to Jerome for this great work. In the Bible we read about the well of Bethlehem at the gate, whose water David so much longed for when suffering with thirst on the battle-field; so expressing himself, two of his valiant men broke through the Philistine army, ran to it and got it for him, but he would not drink it, saying that it was their blood, as they had imperiled their lives to get it. Therefore he poured it out for an offering to the Lord. I have several times drunk of the water of this well. Again we went out and saw the shepherds' field, where the shepherds were tenting out all night watching their flocks, when the an-

gel appeared to them with the glorious tidings that the Savior was born in Bethlehem; telling them how they might identify Him by finding an infant lying in a manger wrapped in swaddling clothes. Therefore, rising, they haste away to Bethlehem, make investigation, and realize the perfect veracity of the angel.

Hark a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
 Prepare the way, a God, a God appears;
 A God, a God, the vocal hills reply.

The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity,
 Lo, earth received Him from the bending skies;
 Sink down ye mountains, ye valleys rise.

With heads declined, ye cedars homage pay;
 Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way.
 The Savior comes, by ancient bards foretold;
 Hear Him ye dead, and all ye blind behold.

The inspired history of this notable event proves a mistake in our English Bible in locating it on December 25th,—mid winter. It is a well known fact that sheep lie in the fold during the winter nights and do their grazing in the day time; whereas in the hot weather they reverse this order, lying up during the heat of the day and grazing in the night. You see then, that this was the warm season of the year when our Savior was born, as the sheep were grazing in the night, and the shepherds were out protecting them from wild beasts and robbers, as well as directing their peregrinations. I believe the critics are correct who locate this great event on April 5th. When you are looking over the shepherds' field east of Bethlehem, turning your eye toward the south your guide will show you the locality of the great cave Adullum, in

which the armies of both David and Saul spent a night, with plenty of room and so far apart that the latter did not discover the presence of the former. Among all the sacred places which we visit in the Holy Land, there has never been any dispute about the spot of the Nativity. Now, entering the carriage, we proceed on our way, passing through Zelzah, a Christian city of four thousand inhabitants, on our right. It was the home of Kish and the birth-place of his son Saul, the first king of Israel; and also Saul's burial-place, as the men of Jabesh-gilead, when the Philistines nailed him and his sons to the walls of Beth-shan, after the awful battle of Gilboa in which they all perished, got up and traveled all night, took them down and carried them all the way to Zelzah, Saul's home; giving them a royal interment among the people of their consanguinity.

We now move on toward the noonday sun and find ourselves twelve miles from Jerusalem, at Solomon's pools; the three of them are one hundred yards long, one hundred feet wide and sixty feet deep. They are now in a state of ruin and do not contain much water, as in the olden time; then everything was kept in good repair and the water from all the surrounding mountains helped in keeping an inexhaustible supply on hand, flowing incessantly through the aqueducts to Jerusalem. This was to supply the brazen sea of the temple and for all other important uses in the city. As Jerusalem is above the water line, it is too high to dig wells; if you did you would get no water. When you travel in this country do not forget Solomon's sealed fountain. On the hill above the pools, you will

descend a stone stairway of forty or fifty steps; you will go down into the earth and find an open room with a beautiful, sparkling fountain flowing through, filling a tank there and going on its way down to the pools. This subterranean fountain is mentioned in the Song of Solomon, where it is denominated a fountain sealed. The Scripture also applies this fountain as a symbol to the bride of Christ, who is hidden away from all the world and known only to Himself. Solomon was the most enterprising man the world ever saw; his wisdom actually eclipsed that of all other people on the earth, as the Bible assures us that he was the wisest man.

Now the carriage wheels roll again, and we find ourselves in the "Valley of Blessing." You read in the books of Kings and Chronicles about Jehoshaphat, the sanctified king of Jersualem. He was a radical holiness man, putting holiness at the top as well as at the bottom. There you will also read about an awful war, in which his territory was invaded by three nations, all greater than his own. The Moabites, the Ammonites and the Edomites. When they came against him in battle array, instead of going out to fight them, he had all of his people go out and stand in solid columns, so that they might see the beauty of holiness; *i. e.*, he gave them an entertainment with holiness songs and testimonies. While the Jews were singing, God dropped down on their enemies an optical illusion, so affecting their vision that they mistook each for the other and, thinking they had met the Jews, the Moabites turned to fighting the Ammonites as hard as they could, and the Edomites turned

loose against both the Moabites and the Ammonites. They just moved ahead thinking they were whipping and slaying the Jews, till they utterly ruined each other; heaping the battle-field with mountains of the dead and deluging the earth with rivers of blood. They actually destroy one another till panic falls on them and despair settles down like a nightmare; the surviving few think of nothing but to escape with their lives; promiscuously skedaddling from the field, they think only of getting to their homes once more, and leave the whole earth groaning under the weight of spoils, which the Jews have nothing to do but to go and gather. The Jews spend three days gathering the spoils, gold, silver, apparel, and all sorts of valuables, besides herds and flocks without number. Now Jehoshaphat commands them to go to the "Valley of Blessing" and spend three days rejoicing before the Lord. In this lesson let us all learn wisdom and praise the Lord more, since you see that in this way the glorious victory came.

We are now getting far down toward Hebron, and our guide halts us to go out a few hundred yards and see Abraham's citadel. When we get there the great stones of the high walls actualiy remind me of the Cyclopean walls of Baalbek. The larger and heavier the stone, the more difficult it is to move it when once placed on a wall; therefore the security of a fortification depends on the magnitude and weight of the stones which constitute the wall.

In Genesis 14th chap., we find that when the ancient kings came from Assyria to Palestine on an excursion of conquest, as Sodom and Gomorrah were

then the greatest cities down in the vale of Siddim, they attacked and defeated them, carrying away the spoils and the captives. Among the latter were Lot and his family, Abraham's consanguinity who had emigrated with him from Mesopotamia. When Abraham hears of the raid into the valley of Siddim, of their defeat, and of the capture of much spoil and a number of the people; he blows his war bugle and gathers round him his one hundred and eighteen servants, *i. e.*, students in his prophetic school; and a thousand men of Mamre serving as allies, he pursues the retreating host. He overtakes them a short distance this side of Cæsarea Philippi in the Jordan valley, attacks and signally defeats them, recovering all the spoils and the captives and bringing them back with him. When the king of Sodom comes out to meet him and says, "Take you the spoils and give me the persons," to him Abraham responds, "I will not take so much as a shoe latchet, lest thou shalt say, thou hast made Abraham rich." He thus utterly refuses any remuneration, because he had not fought for spoils but for the glory of God. Therefore, from this record we find that Abraham was not only a patriarch and prophet of the Lord, but a great military man in his day. His citadel is so old that it is hard to tell anything about it. Among the conjectures, it is generally imputed to Abraham and so denominated.

We now return to the carriage, mount, and proceed on our way; passing by a road on the right we see a site which I have seen several times; it is said to have been a Christian city which was destroyed by the Mo-

hammedans and Jews one hundred and seventy years ago. It is in utter ruin and without an inhabitant. We arrive now in the valley of Eshcol, from which those wonderful grapes were taken by the spies and carried on a pole between two persons back with them to Kadesh-barnea, as a specimen of the fruits of the land. That whole valley is still devoted to the growth of these grapes which you find in great quantities in the market at Hebron. This is the city of Caleb, which he received for his inheritance at the time of his visit among the spies to explore the land of Canaan. It was inhabited by the Anakim, a race of huge giants, whose magnitude so terrified the twelve spies that ten out of the twelve forfeited their faith and turned cowards, reporting their utter incompetency to subjugate the land. They injudiciously misapprehended the problem involved, thinking they would have to subdue it by their own power, which was an egregious mistake, as God had told them that He would take it for them. Those people at Hebron must have been very large, because the Israelites reported that in their presence they were comparatively but grasshoppers.

When the spies all returned to the host of Israel awaiting their arrival at Kadesh-barnea, they actually bring in a triple report: The unanimity, the majority, and the minority. The unanimous report was "We found the land not only equal to the report that we heard, flowing with milk and honey and abounding in corn and wine, but actually better." Then comes the majority report in which the ten certify that it is inhabited by a race of warrior giants and impregably fortified against all invaders, so they say they are ac-

tually incompetent to cope with them and drive them out. Last of all we have the minority report by Joshua and Caleb. It is short and simple, "We are fully able to go up and possess the land." That is really the language of faith; it sounds as if they were claiming to perform impossibilities, but it was because they were depending on God, there being no implication on their part that they expected to do it themselves; but the multitude believe the ten rather than the two and raise a rebellious howl, "Back to Egypt." This lifted the flood-gate for all their troubles.

After this signal manifestation of unbelief and consequent rebellion, they are forsaken of God, visited by fiery serpents, the destroying angel, earthquake, and pestilence; and are actually exposed to forty years of wandering in the wilderness, where all who had reached their majority when they crossed the sea bleached their bones in the burning sand; except Joshua and Caleb, who had faith, and who lived to possess the goodly land. The reason why we suffer a thousand signal defeats gratuitously is because we drift into the conclusion that we have to conquer the devil and the hosts of Hell with our own power, but this is utterly untrue. We have nothing to do but to be loyal to God, and shout the victory; and He will give it to us every time.

In Hebron we are happy in having a Christian mission, established by Brother Simpson and the Christian Alliance. I found Brother and Sister Murray there in 1895, also in 1899, and still in 1905; only, at the time of my visit, absent on furlough. They are noble people, and are doing a great work in that land

of darkness where the light first did shine on the patriarchs and prophets, and where the glorious sunburst came in our incarnate God, who there in person preached His own Gospel; unfortunately Satan has spread his black wing over the land ever since the cruel tread of the Moslem came down upon it. Be sure you pray for that mission, as well as for Brother and Sister Thompson who are holding the fort in Jerusalem. These are both holy cities, and it is very important that we have in them the light of truth and holiness, clear and bright. In our prayer, while we hold them up before the Lord, I trow He will lead us out to help them financially as well as otherwise; all His providence puts into our hands is His for the establishment of His kingdom in all the earth. Again we visit the tombs of the holy family, sepulchred long ago in the cave of Machpelah in the center of this city. Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and Leah lie here. A great mosque encloses the cave; it is guarded by soldiers and no one is permitted to enter. The resurrection trump will soon knock down these soldiers, when those venerable saints will leap from the dust with shouts of victory. Coming away from this sepulchre I saw a great bottle factory, where they very ingeniously manufacture bottles out of goat skins; having slipped out the animal and used him for food without marring the skin anywhere, they diligently dress it and sew it up water-tight, so that when you meet the carrier it looks like he has a whole goat on his shoulder. In this country the goat is the most numerous animal, abounding and superabounding everywhere; it is also the animal most prominently

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identified with the regular living of the people, who eat its flesh and drink its milk.

There is a great opening in the deserts of America, those deserts through which one travels every time in crossing the continent to the Pacific coast, for raising multiplied millions of goats. We have the land there unutilized, and believed to be too sterile, rough, steep and rocky for any use. This is a mistake; goats climb the precipices and find what little verdure there is anywhere and everywhere, and they live well on mosses, ferns, and such vegetables as you would think utterly worthless. Of course, we would have to have herders to take care of them and keep the wolves and the Indians from devouring them, but we have plenty of people without profitable calling who would be delighted to do the office of goatherd.

Now we start up the plain of Mamre, once more to visit the hallowed spot where Abraham's tent stood for so many successive years; that patriarch was an influential prince in all of that country, honored and revered by the people who gathered round him and obeyed his prophetic precepts, because they saw that God was with him, and it was to them a matter of decisive interest to avail themselves of his wisdom. As we pass along, we see the tomb of Abner, the captain of the hosts of Israel, whom Joab slew in cold blood because he had killed his brother Asahel, the fleetest young man in Israel, who pressed on him in a tournament, and when asked to desist would not, Abner slew him in self defense. Joab held it against him, so that when he came to Hebron to certify his loyalty to David and had gone away with David's

blessing, Joab sent and had him brought back and taking him aside slew him. David wept much over him and so did all Israel. David held it against Joab, not only for slaying Abner the captain of the hosts of Israel, but also Amasa, the captain of the hosts of Judah; so that when he died, he left orders for Solomon to execute Joab, in order to avenge the land for the innocent blood he had shed.

Again we sat down under Abraham's oak tree, where our Lord and the two angels ate with him; so we ate on that hallowed spot. The oak is an exceeding long-lived tree in that country, therefore there is no doubt as to the identity of the tree, though we know not how often it has been renewed by germination from the acorn, or reproduction from the root. This spot is memorialized by a beautiful Greek convent, near which, on an overhanging summit, we again climbed a stone tower erected for the benefit of pilgrims exploring that country. From this tower we have a splendid view of the Mount on which the city of Ashdod, one of the Philistine capitals, so prominent in the Bible, stood; but it is now a ruin. Far away on the sea coast we have a view of Askelon, another of the Philistine capitals. Gaza, another capital, is out of sight toward the south. We also have a view of the beautiful valley of Sorek where dwelt the charming maiden, Delilah, who proved the ruin of Sampson by finding out the secret of his strength, lulling him to sleep on her lap, and clipping his magic locks. In the midst of his slumber she turned loose the Philistines on him, who put out his eyes, bound him and led him away, enslaving him to grind in the

mills of Dagon. All you readers, take heed and beware of the world's charming Delilahs! They will give you opiates, lull you to sleep on the lap of carnal security, and clip the locks which tell the secret of your power and availability with God.

We look toward the north and see the battle-ground of Ramathlehi where Sampson, single-handed and alone, slew a thousand Philistine giants with the jaw-bone of a donkey, a most significant instrument, and still having such wonderful availability. Ashdod, which is in full view from this tower, was the first place to which the Philistines carried the ark of the covenant after they captured it in the war at Mizpah. and where the people were so awfully plagued with emerods afflicting their bodies, and the rats and mice destroying the substance of the earth. Gath, one of the Philistine capitals, is also located in the northern view which we enjoy from this tower. This city was the second to receive the ark and to incur the same awful troubles which came on the people at Ashdod. Among the ancient cities which the Jews have colonized and are now rebuilding is this city of Gath; they report a population of five hundred, though the colony is only two or three years old.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JERUSALEM TO JOPPA.

When we start out from Jerusalem to Joppa on the train, we run through the plain of Rephaimon, where David fought his first battle with the Philistines after he was elected king of all the tribes at Jerusalem. That plain was covered with mulberry trees. The Lord had told him that when he heard the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, that should be the signal for him to go forth to battle, knowing that the Lord had already anticipated him on the field. Therefore he diligently obeyed directions, the result being the entire discomfiture of the enemy and signal and decisive victory for Israel.

As we run along we pass by the city of Ramlah, the ancient Arimathea, the home of Joseph and Nicodemus, the friends of our Savior, who, though not overtly proclamatory of their discipleship during His life, came out boldly at His death, showing the most appreciative philanthropy in His burial, not only furnishing the sepulchre, but the shroud and the costly materials for His embalmment, and not in stinted measure, for Nicodemus brought one hundred pounds of myrrh and aloes. This city, like all others in the land, went down contemporaneously with Jerusalem in the Roman desolations, and remained in ruins during the long centuries of spoliation; but it was

colonized a few years ago and rebuilt by the Jews, and is now in a flourishing condition with a population of ten thousand.

As we run along, the rock Etam, in which Sampson hid from the Philistines, is in full view, and the cave is exceedingly difficult of access. We also see Zorah, the birth-place of Sampson, very conspicuously from the train. On the same side, looking away toward the north, we see Beth-horon, Joshua's battle-field, where he fought the thirty-one kings, representing all south Canaan. Seeing that the day would prove too short for him to wind up his battle, he calls on God to halt the sun in his course, and to say to the moon to stand still; therefore the sun stops his burning chariot over Gibeon, and the moon halts her silvery vehicle over the valley of Ajalon, thus prolonging the day and giving Joshua time to wind up the battle.

Off to the left, as we run westward toward Joppa, we pass by the valley of Elah, where Saul was waging war with the Philistines when Jesse said to David to go to the army, carrying some love-tokens to his brothers, Abinadab and Shannon, and to take their pledge, *i. e.*, hold a little class-meeting with them and ascertain how they were progressing spiritually. David has arrived and the armies are drawn up facing each other in the valley of Elah, anticipatory of setting the battle in array. At that juncture the attention of all is arrested by a great giant, clothed in shining steel, whose reflection of the morning sunbeams dazzles the eyes of all as they look upon it, walking out into the space between the two armies, bearing his great spear, which was like a weaver's beam, and his huge sword.

hanging by a chain at his side. Then lifting up his stentorian voice, he shouts aloud, "Why continue this effusion of blood when you have a chance to wind up this war to-day by a hand-to-hand combat? Why do you not send me a man to represent you, as my people are sending me to represent them, and are willing to abide the issue of this hand-to-hand battle?" To that question those around responded, "That question is easily answered. To meet that man is certain death; he is covered with steel so you cannot hurt him, but his awful muscular power will cut you to pieces with the sword and pierce you through with the spear before you have a chance to do anything." But David says, "How can you bear this reproach?" "O, we have gotten used to it; this is the fortieth day that he has been throwing this challenge in our teeth." Then David responds, "We can stand this no longer. We must take away the reproach of Israel. If no one else will fight this giant, I will." Then his brothers begin to scold him: "You little fool, go back to the few sheep among the hills of Bethlehem; you have come out through vanity to see the battle."

But while his brothers are berating him and trying to drive him home, a soldier runs and tells Saul, "There is a fellow on the ground who says he will fight the giant for you." Then the king says, "Bring him to me at once." So the man runs back and taking David by the arm leads him to the king, who says to him, "They tell me you are willing to fight this giant, who has been tormenting us these forty days." David says, "Yes, if you can do no better, I will fight him for you." "O," says Saul, "we have already waited

forty days to find some one willing to fight him, and it is not worth while to wait any longer; but it looks to me like a poor chance of victory, for you are but a lad while he is a mature man of war, impreguably fortified by the armor and thoroughly equipped in every respect." Then Saul, willing to give David the best possible chance for his life, puts his own armor on him; but it so big there is no fit anywhere; so, though it is the best in Israel, David just comes to the conclusion that he cannot wear it and will have to take chances without it; then he assures the king that the God of Israel who enabled him to slay a huge lion when he came and got one of his sheep, also a monstrous bear which had invaded his flock, will help him now. He says, "The God who delivered into my hands the lion and the bear, will surely give me the victory over this uncircumcised Philistine."

Therefore David accepts the challenge unconditionally, and the news leaps along both embattled lines, electrifying all with the prospect of seeing the hand-to-hand battle which shall settle the fate of the nations, as both had obligated themselves to abide the issue. David was a sharp-shooter, having practiced with his sling until he could throw a rock with it to a great distance and with unerring precision; like those seven hundred left-handed men of Benjamin who could throw to a "hair's breadth" and not miss. David has practiced this sling exercise in order to protect his flock against the carnivorous animals seeking to devour him and them.

When David laid aside Saul's armor and walked out with nothing that the giant could see, the latter

thought he was running a hoax on him and burlesquing him; so he berated David and anathematized him in the name of his god, saying, "I will give you to the dogs for their dinner to-day." Crossing the brook, David picked up some smooth stones and dropped them in his haversack, in which he always carried his food when attending his flock. Then, fitting a stone in his sling and taking aim at the giant's eye-brow just below his helmet, which protected his head, but where the brain is very nigh, he hurled away before the giant was nigh enough to him to touch him with sword or spear. Whizz goes the rock, striking Goliath on the eye-brow and darting up into his brain; therefore he pitches headlong on his face with a terrible clangor of his resounding arms. When the Philistine army sees that he is dead, regardless of their promise to surrender, they all turn and run with all their might. Meanwhile David rushes up, takes the giant's sword and cuts his head off, puts it on his spear, lifts it up, and carrying it back with him to the army of Israel, is saluted by the loud shouts of all the soldiers and by all the women and children who were anywhere in sight and had had a chance to hear of the wonderful victory achieved. The truth of the matter is that the giant made a mistake in accepting David when he saw that he was not going to fight him with sword and spear. He did not know he had a sling, therefore David killed him before he ever got within fighting distance. If David had missed him with the sling, he would have been in a wonderful fix, as the giant would certainly have killed him had he gotten within reach of his sword and spear. The plain issue

and legitimate conclusion is, that God was in it, and that the giant had gotten into an awful dilemma by undertaking to fight the Lord's anointed.

As we run along we pass Hazer-Shuah, where Sampson caught the three hundred foxes, tied firebrands to their tails and turned them loose to bankrupt the Philistines by burning down their harvest-fields. The Philistine country, that rich land down on the Mediterranean Sea, with a soil twenty to forty feet deep, was so productive of wheat and barley that if you would throw your hat out on the heads it would lie there. In that country they always let their harvests get dead ripe, because they never have rain during May, the time of barley harvest, nor June, the time of wheat harvest, and so never stack their grain; they simply load it on the camel's back as fast as they reap it, carry it to the threshing-floor, throw it off and go ahead with the threshing, contemporaneously with the harvest. Therefore when fire caught in a harvest-field, it just spread like an ocean of flame. Of course, these foxes when let loose would run in all directions, darting everywhere through the harvest-fields, and so setting them all on fire; therefore, in this way, Sampson signally bankrupted the Philistines. The Palestinian fox is a much larger animal than the American and more properly called the jackal. As that country superabounds in caves, it is impossible to exterminate these animals. I have often seen them running in the daytime near houses just anywhere and everywhere. I do not believe they are as hard to catch as the American fox; but you must remember the Holy Ghost gave Sampson his supernatural

strength, so that he actually conquered whole armies single-handed and alone; and likewise he received his corresponding activity. Therefore his catching the three hundred foxes is just as plausible as carrying away the great iron gates of Gaza up to the top of the mountain, though they weighed one hundred thousand pounds. When we deal with the Holy Ghost we are in contact with the supernatural, whether on the line of strength or activity.

We now reach the house of Dagon, where Sampson was enslaved after Delilah had clipped his locks and they had put out his eyes, and where they forced him to work hard, grinding in the mills of Dagon. He goes ahead serving in that terrible bondage till they have a great festival, when all the lords and magnates and nobles of the land are gathered in the house of Dagon for worship and festivity; Sampson is also there but serving in his hard bondage. Eventually, when they all get merry with wine and festivity, they send for Sampson to come up to the banquet-hall, that they may augment their jollification by poking fun at the poor blind man; but as they bring him along he manages to get his hands on the center pillar upon which the superstructure rested. Then breathing out a fervent prayer to God to give him back his strength just once more, Heaven bends in mercy and he lifts up the great edifice till it totters and falls, slaying three thousand revelers and himself along with them; thus in his death he is signally triumphant over the nation, as their prominent leaders were all swept away; buried, amid cursings, in the ruins and the debris of Dagon's fallen temple. Sampson was thus

reclaimed from his sad apostasy on the lap of Delilah, when he received the Holy Ghost, who empowered him to overturn Dagon's temple; and of course he was saved. Of this we have clear confirmation in the appearance of his name in the faith roll of Hebrews, 11th ch. Oh, that all would profit by the sad fall of Sampson and beware of the world's Delilahs! The contemplation of the fallen Sampsons, who once slew their thousands and were more than a match for solid platoons of devils, but are now shorn of their locks and toiling in the mills of Dagon, enslaved by the world over which they once had the victory; is a spectacle over which the angels weep. Yet, let all whom Satan has caught in this awful dilemma come, and once more renewing their consecration, cry to God to give them back the sanctification which they once enjoyed; let them ask Him to restore to them the Holy Ghost, that they may get back the victory; even though it may come at the end of the battle, may it be in time to restore them to the place which they once enjoyed amid the triumphant host of the redeemed, before the roll is called.

We pass by Ekron, one of the capitals of Philistia in her palmy days, which, with all the cities in Palestine went to ruin during the ages of desolation, but has been revived by the Jews who established a colony there about ten years ago; this colony has been constantly growing, and now reports a population of twelve thousand. The Jews have also recently colonized Gath which is growing rapidly. The Israelites fought the Philistines all their lives; but now in their return to their native land they find them no more in

their way, therefore they are rapidly settling in their territory, which they always claimed, as it was included in God's gift to Abraham and his seed forever. The Philistines never appeared in history again after the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity. The most obvious solution of this is the simple conclusion that Nebuchadnezzar carried them away about the time he transported the Jews. They were the most formidable and invincible of all the nations in the land of Canaan; whereas the Canaanites were the descendents of Ham, authorities claim the Philistines among the Japhethites, *i. e.*, white people. It is certain that they were eminent not only for their physical magnitude but for their intellectual energy.

We now look out through a car window and see "Lydda" superscribed on the depot. This is the place where Peter healed Æneas of the paralysis which had held him in its hard grapple, prostrate on a languishing bed, for eight dreary years. Turning his eyes on him, Peter says, "Jesus heals thee;" then Æneas arose, took up his bed and walked away. When Peter said those words to him, if he had not believed them indubitably, the man would never have been healed. Bodily healing is received by simple faith, precisely like justification and sanctification. When we believe that He heals us He does it according to our faith. The time will soon come, if He tarries, when this body will fail and die; because we will have no faith to be healed, though our faith for salvation may be gigantic and triumphant.

Here at Lydda Peter received a message to hasten on to Joppa because Dorcas was at the point of death.

He expedites without delay, but on arrival he finds that she is already dead and laid in an upper chamber; meanwhile the elect sisters gather around him and show him the beautiful garments which her industrious hands have made—a matter of great interest then, as they had no factories and could only make clothing by hand; therefore it was scarce and costly. Peter goes up, accompanied by the elect sisters, takes Dorcas by the hand, and speaks to her. She opens her eyes and looks on him; holding her hand he raises her up and tells them to give her something to eat, thus, to their infinite joy, delivering her to them alive. When you go to Joppa, if you will go to the Russian Church you will see her tomb. Our Savior, when He sent out the twelve two by two, commanded them to preach the Gospel, to heal the sick and raise the dead. The resurrections in Bible times generally took place soon after the person had died. I believe we have some of them yet, which are passed by as resuscitations from a comatose state, whereas the person was dead. If we had faith along this line, doubtless we would have more cases of resurrection. As the faith of the Church brightens and increases amid the fulfillment of the latter-day prophecies and the signs of our Lord's near coming, doubtless resurrections will be more frequent.

Marietta Davis, of Elmira, New York, passed out of the body, which remained in a comatose state for nine days; meanwhile she went to Heaven, and saw and heard many things which she wrote in a book which I read thirty-five years ago. In the book are the affidavits of her own Baptist pastor and of the physician who ministered in her sickness, certifying to her

death and resurrection. A book has been circulated in Georgia and read by persons whom I have seen, entitled, "Letters from Hell." It was written by an English nobleman, who, being a member of the national church, thought that he was a Christian; but he died and went to Hell, where he saw and heard much of thrilling interest to the reader, which he wrote in this book after he returned to his body and lived again. Profiting by his sojourn in Hell, he sought and found the Lord; and afterwards died in the triumphs of a victorious faith. In 1901, while preaching in the city of Fresno, Cal., and enjoying the hospitality of Dr. Meux and family, an excellent Christian gentleman and a believer in Divine healing, also a thoroughly educated physician, I shall always believe that I lost my life on Saturday night, January 13th, by the inhaling of gas escaping in my room. I was unconscious of my environments for forty-eight hours. I was found in my bed the next day evidently dead; the doctor, who happened to be in his house, was the first to find me and said that I had entirely ceased to breathe. If I had not, in the providence of God, been in the hands of that physician, they would certainly have proceeded to bury me, but he at once resorted to artificial respiration in order to restore breathing; in this, by the blessing of God, he succeeded. As all breathing had ceased, the physical phenomenon certainly involved the conclusion that my body was dead. I believe that I was out of the body, as my memories were very sweet and precious, reminding me of Paul's testimony, 2 Cor. 12th chap., relative to his Lystra experience, when they stoned him and left him for dead, as he evidently was;

but before they got ready for interment he revived and went on preaching. You remember he said he "saw and heard things, unlawful," E. V. (true reading) impossible, "to tell." I can corroborate this statement of Paul, as no tongue can tell the sweet music I heard and the delectable things I saw. When my recognition returned, I realized forcibly an alienation from all transitory things and the consciousness that I had been away. I found it necessary to pray earnestly to God to reconcile me to live again on the earth. I shall always believe that I actually died and God used that good physician to resurrect me.

The regions around Joppa abound in oranges burdening the whole earth. The trees stand thicker over the ground than ever I saw in California or elsewhere. The fruit is splendid and commands a ready market. When the Jews get the Holy Land in possession, O, how they will feed the world on the delicious fruits, for whose production that country is so eminently adapted. In Joppa the Christian Alliance has a mission in which I always preach. They are doing blessed work in that city, as well as in Jerusalem and Hebron. In your prayers especially remember this mission and the two colleges at Ramallah, established and conducted by the Friends' Church in America. These institutions, and others of a similar character which will surely follow, are ushering in a brighter, more hopeful and glorious era for the beloved patrimony of our Savior, the land of His nativity, ministry and martyrdom, on which the heavy tread of the Moslem, with crushing and relentless cruelty and despotism, has rested since A. D. 637, obliterating the lights of truth

and salvation, which our Savior and His apostles there hung out to shine on forever. Of course Satan makes a specialty of our Savior's patrimony; turning all the battering-rams of Hell against it. If possible, the Moslems would keep out every missionary, simply by killing them as fast as they come, which they would certainly do if they did not fear the Christian powers. In 1852, we had two American missionaries in Joppa; the Moslems murdered them both. When the news reached America, the government sent a warship thither; on arrival the captain sent for the governor of the city and demanded of him a surrender of the men who had murdered the missionaries. He and his officers excused themselves, saying they did not know them, and could not find them. Then the captain said to them, that he would give them three days to bring him those murderers, when, in case of failure, he would open fire on the city. Two hours before the time expired, they brought them to the ship and delivered them up. He hung them on the bars of the ship, tied rocks to them and dropped them into the sea, then sailed away. That illustrates the awful hostility of the Mohammedans in that country against all efforts to preach the religion of the Bible and to establish Christianity.

When I was there in 1895, Sister Murray, of the mission in Hebron, told me that when they went thither, built their house, opened their school and invited the people to send their children free of charge (which is always the case with mission schools throughout the world), they sent in until the school ran up to nearly a hundred; Mohammedans and heathens throughout

the world are anxious to have their children educated. But when the children got to singing Christian songs at home, and telling about Jesus, it raised a great excitement; the parents came to the mission and told them they were glad to have them teach their children the English language and everything they could, if they would not tell them anything about Jesus. Then the missionaries told them that they must teach them about Jesus, the Savior of the world. Then the parents told them that if they did not quit teaching their children about Jesus they would stop them all and break up their school. Well, the missionaries said they could not help that, they must tell the children all about Jesus their Savior. Then they said they would not only break up the school by stopping their children, but would come and tear down the house; still the missionaries told them they would preach Jesus, the Savior of the world, with all their might. Then the angry people said that if they thus persisted, they would not only stop all the children, and break up their school, but they would come and tear down their house and kill them. Still the missionaries told them they were there to teach the Bible and to preach Jesus, the Savior of the world, with all their might.

The news reached Jerusalem of the trouble in the mission. The property belongs to the Christian Alliance in America; but Brother and Sister Murray are British subjects, having responded to Brother Simpson's call at their home in England, never having been in America. Therefore the American consul and the British consul both got in the same carriage and came to Hebron, the one to protect the property, and the

other, the missionaries. Calling at the mission, they told Brother and Sister Murray their business and demanded of them the names of the men who had made the threats, observing that they were ready to take hold of them at once. Brother and Sister Murray positively refused to give their names, stating that they were ready for martyrdom if God needed them that way; but of course, all the people heard about the coming of the consuls, and knew that two of the greatest armies in the world were at their backs and that, if they interfered with the missionaries or the house, they would have the soldiers to deal with in a hurry. Therefore they never carried out any of those cruel threats. That took place ten years ago. When I was there in 1905, they were moving along all right, prospering, preaching the Gospel, souls were being saved, and there was a big school and general encouragement. When the people broke up the school at the time above mentioned, they soon began to come back and continued to multiply more and more. We must stand by these missions in the Holy Land, and press the battle right there where Satan has had his chief citadel ever since the Moslem conquest rolled over that country in the seventh century, killing all of the Christians who would not turn Mohammedans. We must focalize our efforts right in the Holy Land till we reclaim the heritage of the Lord and His people.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE JEWS.

In our Savior's valedictory sermon, which He preached to His disciples on Mount Olivet on His second coming, on the Wednesday afternoon before His crucifixion the ensuing Friday, He predicts the awful destruction coming upon the Jews, because they reject Him, their own Christ for whom they had been looking and praying for four thousand years. He told the Christians how and when to make their escape from the awful destruction coming on their land and nation.

Great bodies move slowly. The Romans waited a third of a century to lay hands of extermination on the great and prosperous Jewish nation. The government of the Romans was an absolute despotism whose policy with every nation under heaven was rule or ruin. The nation great or small that would not be loyal they made it an invariable rule to obliterate from the world's escutcheon; this they did by selling them to other nations, as slavery then covered the whole earth. The trouble with the Jews was that they just would crown those false christs king, which was high treason against the Roman Government. On every such occasion of promotion and coronation the Romans would send in an army to conquer and kill the man whom the Jews had crowned as their king because they

believed him to be the Christ who had come to deliver them from the Roman yoke. Thus they continued to annoy the Roman emperor till Vespasian, A. D. 65, issued his edict of extermination; simply certifying that the Jews were no longer a nation of people on the earth. Therefore the Romans sent out armies to subjugate them and sell into slavery all that survived the sword, pestilence and famine. The edict made it a penalty of death for a Jew to be found in Palestine. When the war of extermination opened, the emperor sent Gallus Celceus with a great army, to lay siege to Jerusalem, which he did, encamping exclusively on the north side of the city; this from the simple fact that Jerusalem is by nature the most impregnable fortified city in the world, the deep gorge of Hinnom extending down from the north and fortifying the city on the west impassably to an invading army. Besides the natural fortifications the city was surrounded by a great wall on all sides; the north wall especially was fortified by great towers on the top, filled with armed men and munitions of war ready to administer destruction to any one coming nigh. Gallus Celceus fought two years with all his might to take the city, and made no progress whatever. Then giving up in despair, and raising the siege, he led his army away.

This so encouraged the Jews that they leaped to the conclusion that they were competent to defend the city against all the power of Rome. Therefore they demanded of Rome the recognition of their independence; but they might have known the Romans would do no such thing. Instead of acknowledging their independence, they resumed the war hotter and heavier than

ever; Vespasian, the emperor, vacating his golden house in Rome and coming to Jerusalem, personally in command of a vast army, resumed the siege. He fought two years more and died there at Jerusalem. Then Titus, his son, succeeding him on the throne of the world and in command of the Jerusalem army, continued the siege three years longer, winding up with the destruction of the city and temple. During these seven years of Jerusalem's siege, armies were doing their work in other parts of the country; reducing and destroying the cities and desolating the land everywhere, as the Romans were determined to exterminate the Jews from the face of the earth. During all these wars so fast as they took captives they sold them into slavery, all nations coming thither and supplying themselves with slaves.

The Jews have always made the best slaves in the world, because they are so intelligent and industrious. But the Romans captured and sold so many that they utterly glutted the market, till they could sell no more; thus was verified the prophecy of Isaiah, "They will sell you and no one will buy you."

The Romans also had the Jews so long shut up within the walls of Jerusalem that they could not get food to sustain them, and so many were killed there whom they could not take out to bury, that the putrefaction created a pestilence which slew the people on all sides. Meanwhile they exhausted all the food, so that famine just cut down the old, the young, the great and the small. Those who survived this sore pestilence and famine were sold into slavery as long as anybody would buy them. After this a vast multi-

tude accumulated on the hands of the Romans and these they led captive to Rome, after the work of destruction was completed at Jerusalem. These Jewish captives all became the crown slaves; the first use the emperor made of them was to have them build the great Coliseum, the largest and most costly theater ever built on the earth; a thing of beauty; a perfect ellipse with two foci, eighteen hundred feet in circumference, one hundred and sixty feet high, with solid walls up to the eaves, and with seating capacity for one hundred thousand spectators. Thus the Romans left not a Jew in all the Holy Land. The law not only made the penalty death for a Jew to be found in Palestine, but it was also death for a Jew to be found in any other country traveling with his face toward Jerusalem; he was to be taken and put to death. By this rigid dealing, the Jews were not only exterminated out of the land, but alienated from it; whole generations growing up without having ever been there.

The Christians were the only exception to this destruction. Pursuant to the prophecy of our Savior in His valedictory sermon on His second coming, Matthew 24th chap., Mark 13th chap., and Luke 21st chap., they all escaped the sword, pestilence, famine, and slavery. Jesus told them when to make their escape. It was to be at the unfurling of the Roman battle-flags on the holy campus, which Daniel called the "Abomination of desolation:" because the pictures of the Roman gods were shown conspicuously on those battle-flags which the soldiers worshipped when they saw them unfurled and floating in the air. This was the abomination, as idolatry is so denominated

throughout the Bible. It is called desolation because they were desolating the city, as they had conquered and desolated all nations. The penalty was death for a Gentile to come into the holy campus, containing thirty-five acres of ground on which the temple stood, where the Jews always pitched their tents during their great annual festivals, the Passover in the spring, Pentecost in summer, Tabernacles in the fall, and Dedication in the winter. When the Roman armies effected an entrance through the wall into the city, they came directly into this holy campus and put up their flags. Jesus, in that memorable sermon, gave this to the Christians as the signal for them to recognize, and then to make their escape out of the city and pass beyond the borders of the land, death being the penalty for being found anywhere in Palestine.

Therefore, flying away from the city toward the east, crossing the Jordan and turning toward the north, they go away to the city of Pella, where they find a joyous reception by their Gentile brethren who had been converted by the preaching of the legionaire whom our Savior had converted when preaching in Gadara, and out of whom He cast a legion, *i. e.*, ten thousand demons, after which He made that poor demonized epileptic a powerful preacher of the Gospel. Though he was anxious to go along with Jesus and preach, Jesus declined to receive him; His apostles were all Jews and this man was a Gentile: but He sent him to his own people to preach to them the everlasting Gospel. History says he was exceedingly efficient, preaching all over that country; in the city of Pella God had given him many converts, who were delighted

to receive their Jewish brethren and bid them welcome to their homes.

We naturally wonder how these Christian Jews ever made their escape out of the city when it was in the hands of the Roman soldiers and the law made it a death penalty for them to permit a Jew to make his escape. There is but one solution for this enquiry, and that is very simple; God put His hands on the soldiers whenever a Christian wanted to pass them, perhaps dropping on them an optical illusion so that they either failed to see him at all or mistook him for some of their own people.

No wonder Jesus wept over Jerusalem when His omniscient eyes saw precisely what was coming on the city. Josephus says a sword hung over the city a whole year before the Roman armies laid siege to it. He says an odd, strange man appeared in the city, deporting himself in a very strange way and shouting all the time, "Woe, woe to Jerusalem!" So he continued, without remission, a whole year before the siege began, and after it did set in, thus proclaiming the awful doom impending. Eventually, while the siege was going on, he was walking on the walls and crying aloud, "Woe, woe, to Jerusalem, for the destruction coming upon it!" when a stone struck him and he fell dead.

So awfully rigid was the dealing of the Romans in the extermination of the Jews, the penalty being death to be found anywhere in that country, or in any other country traveling in the direction of Jerusalem, that they effectually succeeded in exterminating the Jews from the land and utterly alienated them. Centuries

rolled away, during which a Jew could not be found in all Palestine. After the fall of the empire, A. D. 476, the Jews began to slip back, one now and then, but when they got to coming more numerous, in 1874 the Turkish Government passed a law forbidding all Jews citizenship in all the land. That law is still in force; therefore Jews are only allowed to come as sojourners for thirty, or at the most ninety days, and then to leave: you will perceive, then, the great restrictions which are laid upon them in case they desire to come and live in Palestine.

When the Jews come they only give them permission to remain a specified time, not more than ninety days: but it is a significant fact as they tell me, that none of them ever leave. They have only to bribe the officers to let them stay, the Turks are perhaps the most bribable people in the world, though the difficulties which impede Jewish immigrations thither are so great that it would seem to utterly prevent their settlement in the land. In 1885, there were only ten thousand Jews in all the Holy Land; when I was there in 1895, there were one hundred thousand; in 1899, there were two hundred thousand; in 1905, there were so many and there was so much difficulty in estimating them, owing to the restrictions above mentioned, that I could not ascertain their number, but I learned that, in Jerusalem alone, in a population of one hundred thousand, there are seventy-five thousand Jews. As none of them are allowed to hold citizenship in that country, they are under the necessity of resorting to all sorts of evasions, holding their citizenship in other countries and living in various *sub rosa* political attitudes. It

is certain they are building nice houses all about over that country.

You will find a prophecy, Jeremiah xxxi, 38-40, "Behold, the day is come, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord from the tower of Hananeel to the gate of the corner. And the measuring line shall yet go forth against it upon the hill Gareb and shall compass about to Goath. And the whole valley of the dead bodies, and of the ashes, and all the fields unto the brook Kidron, unto the corner of the horse gate toward the east, shall be holy unto the Lord; it shall not be plucked up, nor thrown down any more forever." The Lord has permitted me to visit Jerusalem three times in the last eleven years, spending thirty-two days in that city, and devoting all my time in explorations and investigations. I can here witness to you that this prophecy has been fulfilled; resulting in the enlargement of the city outside of the wall to more than double its former magnitude. I went around and hunted up all these places, the tower of Hananeel, the hill Gareb, and Goath. Zechariah gives the same prophecy substantially, and says it shall be built out from the tower of Hananeel unto the king's wine-presses, Zech. xiv, 10. At present the New Jerusalem Hotel stands on the site of the tower of Hananeel of the days of the prophets, and the American colony is said to occupy the ground of the king's wine-presses.

Rolla Floyd, an American citizen, whom you will see if he lives till you go thither, came to Jerusalem forty years ago and has been there ever since. He told me that when he came there were no houses out-

side of the wall. Now there is a magnificent city entirely outside of the wall, and it occupies the very ground included in these prophecies. You see Jeremiah and Zechariah predicted that the city should be built over all these places and should never be thrown down. Jerusalem has stood seventeen sieges and has been destroyed seven times.

Egypt is the oldest of the nations and was the first to conquer the world, eight hundred years before Nebuchadnezzar. Thus we see Africa, which is now the least civilized and least populated of any grand division of the globe, led the way in the nationalities and conquests of the world. Asia followed, first coming to the front in the Chaldean nationality. During the eight hundred years while Asia was disputing with Africa over the championship of the world, their armies constantly marched through the Holy Land in the prosecution of their conquests. This is the reason why Jerusalem was always a bone of contention for them to fight over, and explains the reason why Jerusalem was so often besieged. Besides, the very fact that Israel was not ruled by earthly kings like other nations, but was a theocracy, recognizing no ruler but God, isolated her from the nations of the earth and made her a target for them all to shoot at. When Nebuchadnezzar first came to Jerusalem, he was on his march to Egypt, as he had to subjugate that country before he could have dominion of the whole earth.

While the Jews have large quarters in the old walled city, they have mainly built this new city without the wall, which is larger than the old. That explains why they constitute three-fourths of the inhabitants. In a

very conspicuous place, if you ever enter the city, you will see the Anglo-Palestine Bank, which belongs to the Jews under the protection of the British Government. It is established there so that the Jews can all borrow money to build their houses, which are springing up on every side like mushrooms in a night; all along the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, six miles, we have beautiful new houses which have been recently erected by the Jews. That country is the best adapted to house building of any I ever saw; splendid limestone everywhere abounds, and great mines of lime are found in the earth to use without burning.

The Moslems have possession of the temple and the entire holy campus, said to contain thirty-five acres. While they make it a penalty of death for a Jew to come into it, all other nationalities can enter, if they will pay money enough and hire the holy moccasins to keep their feet from polluting the earth and floors on which they tread; but the Jew can enter neither for love nor money, because he is their rival claimant under the Abrahamic covenant, in which God gave it to Abraham and his seed forever. The Bible settles the controversy in favor of the Jews, stating in so many words, "In Isaac shall thy seed be called"; whereas the Moslems claim it under the old patriarchal law which gave the firstborn the birth-right. Ishmael was Abraham's firstborn son, and Esau his firstborn grandson; therefore these Moslems claim the right to the Holy Land under the Abrahamic covenant.

Since the Jews have been coming so copiously into the Holy Land, they have purchased for a sum of money the privilege of coming to a space within about ninety

feet from the west wall of the temple; there they are entirely outside of the sacred enclosure, but they have the privilege of putting their hands on those great stones which King Solomon put into the temple wall. At Jerusalem there are three Sabbaths every week; the Moslems keep Friday, the Jews Saturday, and the Christians Sunday. I should have said four Sabbaths, because the dervishes, who are the holiness people in the Mohammedan Church, keep Thursday. As Mohammedanism is the popular religion of this country, and they keep Friday, the Jews are permitted to come to this place every Friday afternoon, where they weep so loudly and demonstratively, that it has been denominated the "wailing place." During all of my tours in Jerusalem, I have always made it a rule to attend these wailings. Truly the scene is most affecting. When I saw those old Jews with heads gray and bald and their spectacles on, reading from their old Hebrew Bibles the promises of God to hear their cries and gather them from the ends of the earth to the sacred mountains of their native land and to restore to them the sepulchres of their fathers and mothers, and when I saw their tears flowing and heard their loud lamentations, it broke my heart and brought my tears down in copious effusion to deluge my face. Truly, it wrought on my nerves so that the first time I attended I was literally overcome and found it necessary to leave prematurely. I never in a religious meeting more vividly realized the presence of God; I really felt that He was bending a listening ear to the importunate cries of His ancient people, whom He chose out of all nations of the earth to become the honored custodians of

His oracles and to hold up the standard of the holy heart and life before all the nations of the earth: also to receive His incarnate Son in their own family, to hear His inimitable preaching of the everlasting Gospel, which bears the standard of the cruel cross to the ends of the earth superscribed, as it floats beneath every sky, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

The Jews, robbed of their country, sold into slavery, and dispersed among all nations, not only gained their emancipation long ago; but, while only sojourners in the different countries, with no home to which they might gather, they have actually excelled all nations in financial wealth. They have come to the front, and hold the purse of the world this day; ruling the kings of the earth by their money power. All nations understand that, if they want to buy millions of money, they must go to the Jews. During the wars of Napoleon Bonaparte, when the king of Hesse Cassel found it necessary to vacate his throne and, for the time being, become a wanderer on the earth, in order to keep out of the hands of the invincible Frenchman, he was seriously puzzled to know what to do with his money (five millions of dollars). If he deposited it for safe keeping, he was satisfied Napoleon would get it. A Jew by the name of Anselm Rothschild lived in his city and he knew him well; he had often tested him and believed him to be a man of unimpeachable integrity, so he committed the money to him to keep for him. He then went away and stayed till the revolution passed over; after several years he came back to his throne, when this faithful Jew brought to him all

the money and a respectable increase in the way of interest, which he had been enabled to accumulate on it. The king received it with many thanks and rewarded him liberally for his service. This was the beginning of the Rothschilds' fortune, which now stands at the front of the financial world.

When Napoleon returned from his banishment on the isle of Elbe, and the nations poured in on him again, the English leading the way and culminating in the great and fatal battle of Waterloo, which downed him to rise no more, Mr. Rothschild was present and saw that the tide was setting against Napoleon. He was satisfied that they were going to whip him in the finale; though he had gained several victories in quick succession, none of them had amounted to much, but were only calculated to give currency to the reports going over the country that "Napoleon is whipping the English," as he had done to so many other nations in the past twenty-five years. Then Mr. Rothschild hired a fisherman to take him in his boat across the English Channel, which at that time was very stormy, as I have found it both times I have crossed it, so that it was really perilous to cross it; but he presenting a liberal financial inducement to the fisherman, succeeds in being carried over to London. On arrival he finds everybody blue and trembling with awe, expecting Napoleon and his army to come right along and take the city, as the news had already arrived that he was whipping them. In consequence of the fear of Napoleon, stocks of all kinds had dropped down fifty per cent.

Mr. Rothschild at once employs six accurate clerks to help him, and orders them to buy stocks with all

their might. They all continue, rushing hither and thither and buying stocks for the next two days, when the news arrives that Napoleon is signally defeated and the English army has carried everything triumphantly before it. Immediately stocks all go up a hundred per cent; the result was an accumulation of several millions of dollars for Mr. Rothschild, thus giving a boom to the rise of his fortune, which forty years ago was reported at three hundred and sixty-five millions of dollars. It is now immense, and perhaps its real financial value is unknown, lost in the infinitudes. The Jews in all ages have been the most thrifty people in the world. The hand of God has been on them in all their wanderings in every land and clime.

They have recently held an Ecumenical Conference in Brussels, Belgium, in which they passed a resolution to call all of their people out of Russia, where half of all of them in the world reside, and from all other countries, to migrate to Asia Minor, which includes the Holy Land and other countries in that region and down to Egypt. This is a preliminary migration back to Palestine; the persecutions of Russia against them, which have recently been terrible, are simply a fulfilment of the prophecy, "I will send the hunters to drive you, and the fishes to draw you out of all lands into which I have sent you." While these persecutions are the hunters driving them out, the twelve great colonizations of societies are the fishes drawing them out of every country into which they have wandered. Besides, we must remember that only the elect will be gathered back, and they in an unregenerate state, as you see from Ezekiel 37th chap., where the dry bones

of the valley are certified to be the whole house of Israel. Truly the stir among the children of Abraham is actually on the increase, and actually the bones are rattling in every land beneath the skies and will come together in the grand gathering so vividly and repeatedly foretold by the prophets. The non-elect, immersed in their money-making enterprises, will tarry in the different countries in which they are dispersed throughout the world. But Paul says, in Romans 11th chap., that, though Israel failed to receive the promise of the glorious Christ, the elect received them, so that he certifies that all Israel will be saved, only recognizing the elect as the real Israel.

In the Babylonian captivity there was a great illumination when none but the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, and not all of them, returned in the exodus under Nehemiah, responsive to the royal proclamation of Cyrus. The great host was left dispersed among the Oriental nations, and have since lost their Hebrew indentity; so, in the present gathering which is so rapidly on the increase, we must not stagger if we see millions of Jews content to remain in their places accumulating wealth, as only the elect are really coming. This Ecumenical Conference at Brussels can only invite and advise, and leave it optional with them to respond or neglect. Along the line of election, whether that of Israel or the realm of grace, we find, upon a little investigation, that it is actually two-fold, homogeneous with the two works of grace in the wonderful plan of salvation. In regeneration we are elected out of Satan's kingdom to the glorious honor of citizenship in the kingdom of God. Then follows

another election, out of the kingdom of God into the bridehood of Christ. This second election, which you receive in sanctification, is not only copiously revealed and supported by the Word, but abundantly vindicated by the logic of the Lord's kingdom. If you stop with regeneration, you have God's Son going to Satan for His bride; this He does not allow us to do, and of course would not set us the example, but He takes His bride from the kingdom of God and enters into wedlock with her, giving her an honored place, pre-eminent, enjoying the exalted capacity of heavenly queen, homogeneously with His position as King of Heaven.

While the Jews are gathering into the Holy Land in their unregenerate state, as symbolized by the dry bones, doubtless, when our Lord shall come to receive His waiting bride, He will in some way reveal Himself to the people of His ancient election, so as to flash on them the light of conviction, which will be followed by a wonderful uprising and gorgeous reception of their own blessed Messiah for which they have waited through the ages. Oh, how they will humiliate themselves before God, in dust and ashes repenting of their blindness! Zech. 14th chap. tells us that two-thirds of them will fall in the great tribulation, proving incompetent for the glorious honor and the richest privileges in the history of the universe, *i. e.*, the reception and coronation of their own dear and neglected Brother Jesus, King of kings, and Lord of lords, when He shall ride down on the throne of His millennial theocracy. These two elections in Israel are beautifully homogeneous with the two elections, regenera-

tion and sanctification, in the kingdom of grace; the former, giving His citizenship in the kingdom; and the latter, membership in the bridehood.

Israel, in the original economy, was chosen out of all nations to that pre-eminence in the kingdom of God, which nominally supervenes to the exalted honor of the consanguinity of our Lord. All of the old prophets were Jews; all of the apostles were Jews; and our Savior Himself was a Jew. As the Jews stood at the front of the nations until humiliated and degraded, owing to the rejection of their Lord; Jeremiah 11th chap. and Romans 11th chap., clearly prove the glorious restoration, when the Leader "shall come forth out of Zion and turn away ungodliness from Jacob." So all Israel shall be saved, and we contemplate with grateful hearts these cheering movements radiating out from the fulfillment of the latter-day prophecies.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

From my earliest recollection, my mind has been going out in reference to the Garden of Eden as revealed in the Bible; as to where it is, and what it is. During my Oriental travels of the last eleven years, my mind has been stirred up to investigate the matter, especially by the many inquiries which have met me all my life relative to the subject. The true translation is, "Paradise of Delights." The Hebrew is so rendered both in the Greek and Latin Bibles, the phraseology is very strong: but then we must remember that sin had never trodden upon the face of the earth, nor blighted a solitary flower of innocence and beauty; bearing in mind that there can be no sorrow and no suffering where there is no sin, their invariable and inalienable antecedent. The word "garden" is very misleading, especially in America where its signification as applied to a cultivated spot of ground is utterly alien to its Oriental meaning, which is the true one in the text, as the Garden of Eden was in the Orient and not in the Occident. The Oriental signification of garden corresponds somewhat with the Occidental park which is a large region of country occupied by native trees; they still call them gardens in Egypt. I have seen palm gardens containing thousands of acres and millions of trees, all exceedingly fruitful.

In Palestine, I have seen olive gardens spreading over vast regions and containing thousands of those valuable fruit-bearing trees which live so long, *i. e.*, thousands of years. In India I have seen palm gardens and mango gardens extending indefinitely; until vision is lost in the ether blue. So this "Paradise of Delights" really involves the idea of a vast and somewhat undefined region.

Now let us look into it a little farther. The precious Word tells us that four rivers watered this "Paradise of Delights," the Pison, the Gihon, the Hiddekel, and the Euphrates. Pison is a Hebrew word, and means overflowing. From the facts involved we must identify this river with the Jordan which really has a double bank and always overflows during his swellings in the time of harvest, when the snows on Mount Hermon melt and send down their swelling flood. It is said that there is gold in this region. The people in this world have always appreciated gold and we hear of it from time immemorial; while I do not remember any special history of gold in this locality, that does not involve the conclusion that it was never there, as many mines in different parts of the world which have been very prolific are now exhausted. We have no written history prior to Moses, 1500 B. C., leaving two thousand five hundred years of unwritten history. As this was the cradle of the human race, during the two thousand years before the flood, in view of human longevity (as people then lived about a thousand years) the world must have accumulated a great population, and they would have had ample time to exhaust the gold in that region. Besides, explorers might find

some there yet. If you read in the Bible, you cannot fail to identify the Gihon with the Nile, from the simple statement that this river encompasses the land of Ethiopia, which the Nile traverses, as Ethiopia lies directly up the river, south of Egypt; besides, Gihon is a Hebrew word and means rushing. The Nile annually swells, overflows its banks, inundates the whole country on each side clear out to the desert, and thus forms the greatest and richest valley on the globe. Hence the inundation of the Nile rushing out and overflowing all the country is beautifully harmonical with the Bible description.

The Hiddekel is evidently the Tigris, which flows between Syria and Mesopotamia. The word means rest and elegantly applies to that beautiful, placid river. The fourth river is the Euphrates, about which there can be no mistake as it has retained its ancient name from the days of Moses down to the present. It flows between Mesopotamia and Babylon; the name is a compound Greek word and means sweet water.

Before I leave these rivers it is pertinent to devote a little time to their spiritual signification, as the Bible is a beautiful world of infallible truth; it is the biography of our Savior, God's richest gift to humanity; it is a perfect sphere consisting of two hemispheres, homogeneous with our wonderful Savior, the Hero of the story it beautifully tells. He is both human and Divine, so is the Bible. It is also beautifully homogeneous with man, for whose redemption it was given. Man is both soul and body, so the Bible consists of two hemispheres, the temporal and the spiritual, and everything in it is characteristic of these

two hemispheres, which are utterly inseparable without the most serious detriment to truth.

We have briefly expounded the temporal signification of these four Edenic rivers; let us now look into the spiritual. Pison means overflowing. The true signification puts it back into the spiritual Eden, *i. e.*, the "Paradise of Delights." When we first receive it we experience this overflow, floods of blessing and glory rolling over the soul until we almost die by a sheer excess of life. John Wesley said that his soul was so flooded that he asked his brother Charles if he did not think he should ask God to put the breaks on the heavenly flood, lest he would die. Charles said, "No, do not ask Him to withhold His blessings but to enlarge the vessels to contain them without breaking."

The second river, the Gihon, means rushing, and beautifully symbolizes the second stage of a sanctified experience, which is that of aggressiveness. After Pentecostal floods came down at Jerusalem and the Holy Ghost fell on them, wrapping them in His celestial flame, it is not long till we hear of the disciples going everywhere preaching the Word. O so aggressive were they! They overran Judea, Samaria, and Galilee, and swept out into the Gentile world, shaking the nations with their victorious tread. The sanctified soul fears neither man nor devils, and is proof against opposition, seeking the thickest of the fight and the hottest of the battle; saying as it goes,

"Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim;
The first in danger, the first in fame."

Glory! It is this Gihonic experience which will conquer the world.

The third river, Hiddekel, which means rest, comes in very congenially and appropriately. This awful aggressiveness, sweeping all opposition before it, and shouting as it goes through floods and flames, if Jesus leads, "I will follow where He goes"; would wear you out and kill you quickly if it were not for its counterpart, which is perfect rest in Jesus. A well-rested man can do ten times the work of a tired one. I have been preaching in my humble way for fifty-three years, and am doing more work than any young man I know. It is because I have this perfect soul rest. Oh, reader, learn the beautiful compatibility of indefatigable labor and contemporaneous soul rest. If you have not the Gihon experience your life will be a failure. If you have not the Hiddekel experience along with it, you will soon wear out and die.

The Euphrates simply means sweet water. Water is a universal symbol of life, and sweetness is the climax of happiness. So this sweet water experience settles you down in God forever; all the bitterness and sourness, austerity and stubbornness, having been consumed by the fires of the Holy Ghost, there is **nothing** left but sweetness. They may scold you, lie about you and beat you; but you will keep sweet amid all. When I was preaching in a camp-meeting in Cartwright Prairie, Texas, a good while ago, before I had survived my physical vigor, finding the people awfully wicked and Satan reigning without a rival, I fearlessly exposed their vices and follies without distinction or mercy. They beat me twice with prairie dirt, because they could not get rocks as there was not one to be found on that prairie, and deluged me with

eggs. The Lord gave me the Euphrates experience amid all, keeping me sweet as honey. Several years afterward, when preaching in St. Louis, Mo., for the Free Methodists, they told me that one of their preachers who had been there and preached in their camp-meeting, had told his experience; he stated that he had heard me preach in that camp-meeting, and got so mad that he served as a leader in the persecution. He said that while he was egging me he hit me between the eyes with an egg which broke and splashed all over my face, knocking my spectacles off, and I kept perfectly serene and sweet, showing no change in my countenance and no sign of resentment: he said that conviction struck him while he looked in my face and saw how sweetly I took the violent stroke of the egg, inundating my face with its contents, and the hard treatment of my spectacles. He went away mad, and of course expecting to wear his conviction off, but it just *would not* down but stuck tighter and sank deeper till he could resist no longer; he was forced to yield, and to seek and find the Lord. Then the Spirit led him on into Beulah Land and sanctified him wholly. But while he was consecrating everything for sanctification he could see nothing but dark old China, where they murder the missionaries, swing before him, and the question kept ringing in his ears, "Will you take it?" Meanwhile he sees Hell yawning as the alternative, and responds with grateful enthusiasm, "Yes, Lord, I am glad to exchange Hell for China." So the Lord graciously sanctified him and he joined the Free Methodist Church, and was then on his way to take his place among the missionaries in China.

These four rivers are perfectly compatible the one with the other. We need the Pison experience to flood our souls and give us plenty of religion. We need the Gihon experience to make us truly aggressive, proof against antagonism and difficulties. We need the Hiddekel experience to give us perfect soul rest in the arms of Jesus. We need the Euphrates to fill us up with the honey of perfect love, and to keep us always sweet amid all difficulties, vexations, disappointments, insults, rebuffs, and persecutions.

Perhaps you will be surprised when I tell you that this "Paradise of Delights" includes all Egypt, as you see from the Nile which flows through it, after it has compassed Ethopia, as Scripture says. It also includes Palestine and Mesopotamia, that rich and delightful country lying between the Euphrates and the Tigris, where Abraham was born and reared. You see the location of these rivers really determined that of the "garden," as you have it translated. Now pertinent questions arise in reference to the occupancy of the garden after the fall. It is my candid conviction that Adam and Eve were created in the Holy Land. In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which occupies a whole square in Jerusalem, they show us the spot where tradition says God took the earth out of which He made Adam. They also claim to have Adam's skull, and proposed to show it to me the three times I was there, in 1895, 1899, and in 1895, but I declined to have them bring it out and show it to me, as I was satisfied it was a mere myth and hence took no interest in looking at it.

The Bible says the tree of life was in the midst of

the garden, *i. e.*, in the midst of the "Paradise of Delights." If you will look on the map of Asia and Africa, you will find the Holy Land directly central in this great region of country, extending from Egypt to Mesopotamia, and, as the Bible says, watered by these rivers, which we identify with the Jordan, the Nile, the Tigris, and the Euphrates. Hence you see the midst of that great region would be the Holy Land, and just about Jerusalem, the Holy City.

If you will read the inspired history of the fall, of the coming of the Lord into the garden, and of His dealings with Adam, Eve, and the serpent, you will find that He drove them out lest they might partake of the fruit of the tree of life, which was in the midst of the garden, and live forever. This was really a dispensation of mercy, as eternal life in the fallen state would have been an awful calamity. In that case they would have gotten old and decrepit, and been filled with aches and pains, the normal fruits of their transgressions, and still never could have died. The immortality of my body in its fallen condition, and of my imprisonment in it, would certainly be a terrible affliction. Man's immortality in his original state was only a verity in connection with the tree of life, which, in the providence of God, in due time would have conferred immortality; the normal effect of whose fruit was the elimination of all gross matter out of the body, and its consequent transformation into a spiritual body, such as we will receive in the resurrection. If Satan had never triumphed over our race, we would have lived out our probation on the earth. Then, instead of dying as we now do, we would have had ac-

cess to the fruit of the tree of life, which would have wrought in us this transformation out of the physical into the spiritual; thus eliminating out of our bodies all ponderable matter, actually superinducing imponderability, *i. e.*, putting us where we would not weigh anything, which is the very work of transfiguration. Paul says, 1 Corinthians xv, 51, "Ye shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye; for the trumpet shall sound and we shall be changed: This mortal shall put on immortality. This corruption shall put on incorruption, and we shall all be changed." Here we see the philosophy of translation. The transfiguration is all we need to prepare us to meet the Lord in the air. Sanctified people are only held on the earth by the weight of their bodies. Transfiguration eliminates all this earthly matter away, perfectly subordinating the body to the soul, which is ready to fly away and meet the Lord the moment it is disencumbered of the body. When the Lord comes to take up His bride, all the living saints will be transfigured in the twinkling of an eye, and translated to meet the Lord and to abide with Him forever.

If sin had never invaded humanity, translation would have been the order of every human being; superinduced by the normal effect of the tree of life, eliminating out of the body all ponderous matter, the body would no longer weigh anything but would be perfectly free to move responsively to the impulse of the soul; it would rise from the earth and move through the air like a glorified spirit, free to wing its flight from world to world. How long our probation would have lasted, we may not adequately conjecture. It

would have been ample time for our complete testing or until we all reached the point beyond which all probability of an apostasy forever ceases. Now, as a matter of convenience and uniformity, the bodies of the saints are laid away till the general resurrection; whether it shall be our lot to enjoy the pre-millennial resurrection, Rev. xx, 6, or the post-millennial, Rev. xx, 11, the resurrection will give us a glorified body, which would have supervened as the normal effect of the tree of life. When man sinned, it is said that God anathematized the earth so that it brought forth thorns, thistles, briars, and brambles; from this statement we conclude that none of these things grew on the earth antecedently to the fall, neither is it probable that any animal would ever have been carnivorous of human beings.

It says the tree was in the midst of the garden, which would locate it in the Holy Land. When Adam and Eve were driven out from it, it does not follow that they were driven out of all that region included in the garden, *i. e.*, Palestine, Egypt, Syria, and Mesopotamia. It would seem amply sufficient for them just to go out into Syria, where we have considerable historic and traditional evidence of their presence after their expulsion from the tree of life, which was in the midst of the garden. Tradition says the city which Cain built was Baalbek, there in Syria. Besides, we are shown Abel's tomb and also Noah's tomb; facts pointing to the conclusion that they lived in Syria subsequently to the expulsion from the tree of life. There is no Scripture favoring the conclusion that the expulsion had reference to anything but the tree of life

which was in the midst of the garden; simply to keep them from eating the fruit which would have immortalized their fallen state, terribly to their detriment, as, in that case, they would have gotten old and feeble and never could have died and gotten out of the suffering normally superinduced by the fall. There is no doubt but that the tree of life was taken away to Heaven soon after the fall, as the Scripture in reference to it would clearly imply.

The Scriptures say that a flaming sword and cherubim were placed eastward in Eden, turning every way in order to keep the way of the tree of life. Cherubim mean a symbol, or a figure of something; in the ark of the covenant it is the figure of angels; it is a Hebrew word in the plural number. The sword all through the Bible symbolizes the Word of God. In Heb. iv, 12, it is called a two-edged sword. These cherubim and flaming sword were placed eastward in Eden to keep the way of the tree of life; look on your map and you will find the Holy Land right on the east coast of the great sea, while the world lies east of it; hence the pertinency of placing the cherubim and flaming sword eastward in Eden to keep the way, as the millions of the world would come that way. The cherubim symbolize the angels who have always taken great interest in the human race; Peter describes the saints as "preaching the Gospel in the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven, while the angels are looking down on them." The angels ministered to the patriarchs and prophets, also to our Savior and His apostles. Hence this angelic ministry and the preaching of the Word by saved people are to keep the way of the

tree of life, *i. e.*, not to keep people from coming to it, but to keep the way so they can find it. Not that tree of life which grew there in the garden, but the Tree of Spiritual Life which it represented; or, you may consider it the same tree, if you prefer, which has been transplanted into the Paradise beyond the skies.

Under the glorious redemption scheme, the precious Word, which is the glittering Sword, "Turning everywhere," by the wonderful manipulations of the Holy Ghost, is to find every human soul and lead every fallen son and daughter of Adam's ruined race to the tree of life, which is none other than our blessed Christ, that they may all eat and live forever. Even after the fall, these countries, Palestine, Egypt, Syria, and Mesopotamia, have always been the most fruitful, fertile, and delightful in the world. There is no doubt but that they received teeming millions before the flood, as the human race multiplied with great rapidity. It is more than likely that Adam and Eve, during the thousand years of their life on the earth, became the parents of dozens, and scores, and perhaps hundreds of children, as the vitality in them which survived the fall was still so great as to preserve that wonderful longevity.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ARABIA, MOHAMMED, LITTLE HORN, DANIEL VIII.

We now embark at Port Said, Egypt, bound for Bombay, India. We sail through the Suez Canal, one hundred miles long, varying from one hundred and fifty to three hundred feet in width, and thirty feet deep, cut through the sand and rock and secured by a solid wall of substantial masonry. It cost one hundred million dollars, paid by the different nations, Britain leading the way and having controlling stock. Sixteen thousand camels, hired from the Bedouin Arabs, did all of the transportation, carrying up the sand, earth and worthless rock, and bringing down all the stone to build those huge walls: not a vehicle of any kind being employed, but everything coming and going on the hump of the camel. This is the greatest enterprise of the watery world, abbreviating the voyage from Europe to the East Indies one-half. It is now bringing in a princely fortune, as the tonnage of the vessels passing through it amounts to paradoxical sums of money.

While we sailed through it, I was deeply impressed when we crossed the old caravan road from Palestine, Syria, Assyria and great Asia, down into Egypt. I knew I was crossing the track of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Job, and of our blessed Savior, when the donkey carried Him in His mother's lap out of reach of

Herod's bowie-knife. I also felt that I was on holy ground, when we sailed through that portion of the sea which God divided, opposite Pihahirah, on the one side and Baal-zephon on the other, in order to let the host of Israel effectually make its escape from the bondage of Egypt and the sword of Pharaoh. The Israelites left Egypt never again to see those thrilling scenes which now pass before my spiritual gaze in vivid panorama; while the doom of Pharaoh and his host remained one of the swift retributions destined to overtake the wicked. The triumphant shouts of Israel's host, led by Miriam, that flaming Holiness evangelist, on the other shore of the sea, as they leaped for joy, remind me of an experience of fifty years ago when I first knew the ineffable felicity of the yoke broken from my neck and the manacles from my hands and feet; of Satan conquered, Hell defeated, and Heaven triumphant.

Night comes on and I much enjoy the dulcet embrace of nature's sweet restorer, lulled to sleep by the rocking ship. Waking early, I hasten to the deck, that I may enjoy the much desired view of memorable old Mount Sinai, where God descended amid the forked lightnings, the roaring thunder, and the quaking earth; with trumpet blast proclaiming in stentorian majesty His inviolable and irrevocable law. O how sorry I was, when an old missionary, who had served in India thirty-one years, and was going back to finish his work and wait his descending Lord, who had often passed that route and knew the sights, informed me that we had passed it

during the night, the ship making better time than we expected; for he too had hastened to the deck, hoping to again enjoy the sight so edifying to every one who loves the Lord God.

We are now sailing on the Red Sea, between Abyssinia on the right and Arabia on the left. The former is the country in eastern Africa which the Apostle Matthias, who was elected in the succession of fallen Judas Iscariot, received for his field of labor, when they divided out the world among the apostles, according to Matt. xxviii, 19. Going thither he faithfully preached till bloody martyrdom set him free.

Our ship makes but one stop in the Red Sea; that is at Aden, Arabia, which, with the territory around about, belongs to the British Empire. I was so glad to learn this, as Arabia is the native land of Mohammed and belongs to the Turkish Empire, which is the only Mohammedan government on the earth, though five hundred years ago they had nearly all the world. In my travels around the world, I was under the British flag nearly all the time, except while passing through the dominions of the false prophet. The British Empire rules six hundred millions of people according to God's Word, in truth and righteousness. Therefore I always rejoiced when I struck her territory. As Arabia has been so cursed by the false prophet, and is yet under his sceptre of oppression and misrule, I rejoiced to find a British possession lighting up that dark land.

Mohammed began to preach, A. D. 607, in his native city, Mecca, Arabia. He was subject to epilepsy, often taking fits and falling. Sometimes he would lie

for hours like he was dead, the people often thinking he was. Then he would revive and astonish the people by telling them that the archangel Gabriel had been there and made wonderful revelations to him. Of course he received some followers, as any person who desires it can have a following in any land or age. But the most of the people turned from him with pity or disgust; as he was a poor epileptic, they thought he was crazy, and in his infatuation only dreaming that the archangel Gabriel was present and talking with him. His moral character was good, and he really seemed sincere and devout; preaching boldly against sin and pleading with the people to abandon their vices and flee from the wrath to come. For some reason opposition sprang up against him, when he heroically met and contended for his principles with vigor and redoubtable courage, till the controversy developed into a row and they expelled him from the city.

In his flight to Medina, hotly pursued by his enemies, he took refuge in a cave. His enemies coming to it were about to enter to see if he was in it, but finding a spider's web built over the mouth, took that as an evidence that he was not in it. They thought the spider would not have had time to spin a web since he had entered, therefore they declined to enter; but he was in it. If they had only entered, caught and killed him, what a wonderful change they would have wrought in the history of this world! as that man has wielded a more potent influence over the destiny of the nations than any other *man* that has ever lived in all the ages gone by. We see here the wonderful influence which may supervene from the most trivial cir-

cumstances; as from the weaving of this spider's web.

Mohammed made his escape to the city of Medina, where he was more successful than he had been at Mecca. Some people there hailed him as a prophet of the Most High, receiving his professions of communing with the archangel reverently and appreciatively: hitherto he had been a man of peace, humbly and faithfully preaching to the people virtue, love, good will, and philanthropy. It seems that the ill-treatment that he had received at Mecca had aroused retaliatory feeling in his heart, for he raised an armed force and going back took the city. The Arabs were always a belligerent, predatory people; roaming the deserts, waging war with their neighboring tribes; interrupting, robbing, and murdering caravans traversing the desert. Though Mohammed in his early life was a poor epileptic, humble and virtuous, and preaching to the people love, virtue, benevolence and philanthropy; it seems that he underwent a change after they drove him away from Mecca, imbibing the idea that he could propagate better by military power than by moral suasion. In this no doubt he was influenced by others who desired a position in his army; at all events, he underwent a radical change in his economy, adopting military tactics to enforce obedience to his religion.

He testified constantly that the archangel Gabriel was his guide and instructor, serving him as a medium of communication with God. He relates that he heard a voice at the gate one night, and going out beheld Gabriel there, who notified him that he was directly from the presence of God, who had sent him to bring him into His presence, that He might commu-

nicate with him. He states that Gabriel had with him Borak, the donkey which our Savior had ridden into Jerusalem, having brought it for him to ride away to Heaven, that he might stand before God. So, responsive to the bidding of Gabriel, he mounts the animal, finding him somewhat skittish, as he had never been ridden since the days of Christ, or for nearly six hundred years. But with Gabriel's help he is enabled to manage him, then they speed their flight, higher and higher, through trackless ether, till they reach the first heaven, where they find Adam and Eve so crippled from the fall that they had gotten no further. Many others were there and angels all around. Then they move on through the ethereal regions till they reach the second heaven, where they find some prophets and many people and angels. Moving on again through the ethereal firmament, eventually they arrive at the third heaven; speeding their way on still higher through celestial ether, they reach the fourth heaven; hastening on to the fifth, and then expediting their flight, they arrive at the sixth heaven where they find an immense host of angels, archangels, and redeemed saints. There Gabriel tells him he must excuse him, and go on alone to the seventh heaven and stand before the Almighty.

Though I simply give Mohammed credit for a very fruitful imagination, which was probably intensified by those epileptic fits, during which he claimed he met Gabriel; yet I find in the narrative a salient point in Christian experience, inferentially elucidating it. You see how he had to leave Gabriel at the sixth heaven, and go on entirely alone, through the ethereal void,

to the seventh heaven and there stand alone before God. This beautifully illustrates Christian experience. When you have utilized preachers and all the workers to the very utmost, you have not yet the blessing; you have to leave them all, and go alone and present your case before God and with Him settle matters forever.

Mohammed certifies in the Koran, that, having reached the presence of the Almighty and standing before Him, He told him He had sent many prophets into the world to persuade the people to repent, to give up their idols and worship Him alone; but they would not obey them. Therefore He had sent him, the greatest and last prophet that He was ever going to send into the world, not simply to *persuade* them, as his predecessors had done, but to take the sword and *compel* them to repent. He certifies positively that his mission in the world is to destroy idolatry in every form and phase, and to bring the whole world to the one only true God. Therefore Mohammedism is a rigid, uncompromising monotheism, with but one dogma in its creed, and that is that there is only one God and Mohammed is His prophet.

He also recognizes in the Koran the Old Testament prophets in their day and generation; but claims that he is the last prophet God is going to send on the earth. Therefore, as God has commissioned him to wind up His revelation and round off His plan of salvation, he claims the decisive pre-eminence over all His predecessors, making his *ipse dixit* the world's finale, so far as Divine revelation is concerned. You readily see in this latter the stratagem to get pre-eminence over all of the old prophets; meanwhile he utterly

ignores Jesus Christ in all of His claims to Divine Sonship. The children of Abraham, through Ishmael, Esau, and Keturah, his second wife, populated Arabia, as he sent them all off into that great east country. There is no doubt as to the descension of Mohammed from Abraham. This repudiation of Christ was a stratagem to catch the Jews, who had already rejected Him, and to get them to take him and look no longer for another Messiah to come.

Now that Mohammed has settled on military tactics as the economy of propagating his religion throughout the whole world, the Arabs, by predilection belligerent, nomadic and predatory, are precisely suited and perfectly delighted with the new religion, as it suits their habits of life in every respect. Therefore, Mohammed with wonderful celerity proselytes all Arabia. The innumerable tribes of that country fall in line with an enthusiastic gusto, giving him a vast and formidable army to march under the crescent banner. Then they move out into other nations and his conquest is one of the most rapid ever known in the history of the world. In eighteen years he actually swept not only Arabia, but Persia, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and the barbarous states of northern Africa; then rolling on the tide of conquest, he not only conquers great western Asia but carries the conquest into India. Having swept not only over the Holy Land, capturing Jerusalem, A. D. 637, but sweeping over northern Africa and all those countries where the apostles had established Christianity, the Mohammedans made it a rule to kill all who did not fall in line, constantly roaring the battle-cry, "The Koran or death." Now

they cross the Strait of Gibraltar from Africa into Europe, and roll their conquest over all Spain. It really seemed that they were going to take Europe as they had done Asia and Africa. Then crossing the Pyrenees out of Spain into France, they were sweeping over that country their irresistible tide of conquest, and it seemed that it was destined like all others to come down at the feet of the Arabian impostor. But the French, seeing the awful fate of Asia, Africa, and Spain, rally to a man, an innumerable army under the command of King Charles, who is known in history as Charles Martel, because he actually hammered the Moslems till he broke them to pieces, and Martel means hammer. This great victory was won in the battle of Tours, A. D. 733. The glorious victory won by Charles Martel marks a distinct epoch in the world's history.

Revelation, ninth chapter, gives us the rise and fall of Mohammedism. John says, "I saw a star fall from Heaven which had the key of the bottomless pit in his hand, and locusts came pouring out which desolated the earth a hundred and fifty days," *i. e.*, a hundred and fifty years. The star here mentioned is the archangel Lucifer. Isaiah xiv, 12, "How art thou fallen, Lucifer, the son of the morning!" When the archangel Lucifer sinned and was cast out of Heaven, he became the devil. Here you see he opened Hell and let out this army of locusts, which represents the Mohammedans. The first great period of Mohammedan warfare is given in prophecy as one hundred and fifty years. The battle won by Charles Martel, commander of the French army, at Tours, in France, A. D. 733,

though the hundred and fifty had not yet expired, is the marked epoch from which the tide turned and began to set against them; it continued to encourage the Christians till it culminated in the Crusades, in which all Christendom unitedly made a desperate effort to recover the Holy Land.

The Crusaders fought for two hundred years; meanwhile one million Europeans bleached their bones on Asiatic soil, though they actually succeeded in taking Jerusalem, under the leadership of Godfrey, A. D. 1099. But they were only able to hold it eighty-eight years, when the Moslems, under the leadership of Saladin, so signally defeated them in the battle of Hatton, that they gave up and retreated out of Asia, never to return.

The signal victory of the Moslems at the battle of Hatton, which enabled them to drive the Christians out of Asia, so encouraged them that they set out with fresh vigor to conquer the whole world and to exterminate Christianity and all other religions from the globe. They boasted they would unify all nations in the one true God. They utterly repudiate Christianity because we worship Jesus Christ, whom they denounce as a mere man; therefore they placed Christianity along with idolatry, and claimed that they were sent of God to exterminate it from the globe. In the first paragraph of Rev. ix, 1-12, the one hundred and fifty years are denominated as the first woe, while the remainder of the chapter gives us the second woe, which is four hundred and eighty years. This is the second great period of Moslem conquest, which followed the Cru-

sades and actually reached from China to the Atlantic Ocean, across two continents.

During this period they established the Mogul Empire which ruled that country two hundred years. They actually had all Asia solid, from China, including Tartary and India, all the way to the Mediterranean Sea, a range of four thousand miles. The crescent had driven the cross out of Asia and Africa and a large portion of Europe. Then the Moslem army of three hundred thousand veteran warriors, flushed with a thousand victories, laid siege to Vienna, the greatest stronghold of Christendom at the time; it coiled around the city like a huge boa-constrictor, cutting off all ingress and egress, determined never to let up till she surrendered, sanguinely believing that with the fall of Vienna all Christendom, which was then only a portion of Europe, would go down. Fortunately the Viennese manipulated to send word to Poland, which at that time was one of the great powers of Europe and very zealous for Christianity.

John Sobieski, leader of the Poles, had great notoriety, not only for his ability as a military chieftain, but especially for his religious zeal, being at that time a leading spirit in Christendom. The moment he received the news, he proceeded to rendezvous his army of seventy thousand Christian soldiers. With all possible expedition they set out for Vienna; arriving on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 12, 1683, about four o'clock. He appeals to his men, notifying them that he is going to conquer that army and relieve Vienna, or leave his body dead on the field; meanwhile he gives them all the battle-cry, which they are to shout as they ride

into the conflict, "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thee be all the glory." Now he leads his host in sweeping gallop, waving his sword over his head and shouting at the top of his voice, "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thee be all the glory." Followed by his seventy thousand warriors roaring the same battle-shout, they dash against the Moslem phalanx like an avalanche, severing it in twain and bearing all opposition before them; throwing that vast army into confusion which gets worse and worse, till it culminates in a universal stampede from the field.

This signal defeat on the part of the Moslems was especially expedited by a total eclipse of the moon, which happened at that time. She rose in the east, clear, bright and beautiful in her full-orbed glory; but then the earth began to come between her and the sun, thus veiling her lovely face in darkness. The Moslem banner, then and now, was the crescent, *i. e.*, the moon young and growing, and exhibiting the shape of a horn. The reason why they use it as the symbol of their power is that they believe, beginning as they did from nothing out there in Arabia, their power will gradually increase until it fills the whole world; as the moon is first seen in the west the size of a thread and continues her growth until she becomes a full orb. Those ignorant Moslems, knowing nothing about astronomy and having no knowledge of the on-coming eclipse, which took place while the battle was raging, seeing the moon rise in her full-orbed beauty, hailed her not only as the omen of victory, but as the assurance that they would sweep all Europe, and then finish the conquest of the world; their crescent banner

thus having grown to the full orb. But when they see the beautiful moon evanescing in darkness, panic strikes them and they cry out, "Do you not see how God has forsaken us and our banner is fading from the sky?" This total eclipse of the moon terrified them so as to fill them with trepidation and thus expedite the precipitated skedaddle from the field: the whole earth around them was groaning beneath the spoils won in a thousand victories, but now they were forced to leave them and fly for life.

This great victory marked the signal defeat of the Moslem power, when the tide turned against them and has been against them ever since. Whereas at that time they ruled from Gibraltar to China, a range of six thousand miles, including all the time-honored kingdoms of the earth; since that glorious victory of Christianity Islamism has lost a whole dozen empires and kingdoms, having now none but Turkey, and she is weakening and declining to-day and actually owes her existence to the mutual jealousy of the Christian powers, they fearing lest in her dismemberment each one might not receive a legitimate share of the spoils. Read Dan. 8th chap.; it is all about Mohammed, giving a description of him from beginning to end, denominating him the little horn, while you also find another little horn in the seventh chapter, which is the pope of Rome.

When the devil got the world on his hands, after the fall of the Roman Empire, A. D. 476, when ancient civilization passed away, as Rome was its only upholder against barbarism, he raised up these two "little horns," Mohammed to rule the east and the pope

the west; thus they were his staunch helpers in the administration of the world. They are both called "little horns," because they began with very small resources. The pope's dominions at the beginning were small, and Arabia, though a large country, consists mainly of sandy deserts and consequently always has been politically weak. "He shall be broken without hand," reveals the destiny of Mohammed. Man cannot break him. All Christendom united and fought two hundred years to break this power in the Holy Land. At the battle of Vienna, God broke his thigh and has been breaking him more and more ever since and will, in due time, take him out of the world.

However, the Mohammedan religion will continue in some form till the final battle of Armageddon, Rev. 9th chapter. Here we see all the kings of the earth on the battle-field fighting against the Lord Jesus Christ, who is here portrayed as a mounted warrior, leading His host to victory. If you will read that chapter, you will see that all the kings and their armies go down before Him in blood. An angel stands on the sun, and as he sweeps around the world to come to the grand terminal and feast on the flesh of our Lord's fallen enemies, finally in verse 20, "The two (the Pope and Mohammed), were cast alive into the lake of fire that burneth with brimstone." So here you see the final destruction of these two great wings of Satan's kingdom on the earth, *i. e.*, the papacy and Islam. This winds up the great tribulation and the millennium is ushered in.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PERSIA, THE SILVER KINGDOM.

Now Persia came to the front of the world and ruled all nations three hundred years; to-day she is no longer independent, but is actually gobbled up by great Russia, which rules the northern half, and mighty Britain, which rules the southern half. It is wonderful how the dominion of the world changes about! We saw in the last chapter how even Arabia, with her poor sandy deserts, ruled the world about five hundred years, and actually stood at the front of the world about a thousand years, through the instrumentality of Mohammed, a poor, obscure, illiterate epileptic, and even to this day he has a hundred and seventy-five millions of followers; illustrating the fact that it does not take a great man to have a great following. Persia is the silver kingdom, second in order in Nebuchadnezzar's chronological image. After Nebuchadnezzar had moved out, as Daniel says, on eagle's wings, thus describing the wonderful rapidity of his conquest which pushed his armies from nation to nation till he conquered the whole world, having all nations with their wealth at his option; he wonderfully enriched Babylon, his magnificent capital, surrounding it with a wall fifteen miles square, three hundred and fifty feet high and eighty-seven feet broad. He felt that he had settled the problem of his own security forever, as no hu-

man power could ever cross that wall or beat it down. But ere long he passes away without a living son, leaving his universal kingdom to Belshazzar, his grandson, who was entirely different from his intellectual and enterprising grandfather. He is really without ambition for conquest, feeling that he already has all that heart can wish; therefore he gives way to sensuality and pleasure.

Meanwhile Cyrus, the Medo-Persian, has come to the front and demonstrated himself a great military chieftain, achieving conquest after conquest, but Belshazzar is too voluptuous and cowardly to concern himself about him. Having fought his way through the country, everything going down before him, Cyrus has already reached great and magnificent Babylon, the most impregnable city ever built on the earth. Accompanied by his officers, he rides all the way around the wall, sixty miles, carefully examining as they go to see if there is a possibility of making a breach anywhere. Then he cuts down the tall palm trees, one hundred feet high without a limb, strong and tenacious, and undertakes to scaffold up; but the walls are three hundred and fifty feet high, and if they could by the hardest work get on them, they could not get down on the other side and enter the city. He finds the gates all utterly impregnable to his battering-rams. Belshazzar, feeling perfectly satisfied that Cyrus cannot get in and will soon give up and go away, is resting and luxuriating in his palace. But the great Euphrates flows through the center of the city under the walls, which are supported by arches, and Cyrus conceives the plan of excavating an abyss and turning the river

into it, thus vacating the channel under the walls until they can enter there. This proves a success. But after they had entered they never could have gotten into the city if these ponderous gates which led up out of the bed of the river had been closed. Cyrus has availed himself of the time of their great annual festival to their gods, when it is customary for all of them to give way to wine drinking and revelries, in which they had neglected to fasten the gates leading into the city from the bed of the river.

It is now midnight. Belshazzar with his thousand lords and their wives and concubines are enjoying royal festivity and praising the gods of Babylon. Then Belshazzar has them bring out the golden vessels which had been carried thither by Nebuchadnezzar from Jerusalem; that they may drink wine out of them and glorify the gods of Babylon in contempt of the God of Israel. Now an armless hand is seen writing on the palace wall. Belshazzar looks at it; panic strikes him, his teeth chatter, and his knees knock together with dismal affright. Then he sends for the wise men that they may interpret the writing, which he does not understand: but they all signally fail. Then the king says, "They shall be slain because of their failure to interpret the writing." At that moment his mother speaks and tells him that there was a wise man in that city in the days of his grandfather, by the name of Belteshazzar; who was wonderfully shrewd in solving all mysteries. Then they bring in Daniel, who reads it in a moment: "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting: thy kingdom is numbered and finished and given unto the Medes and Persians." At that mo-

ment there is a roar at the palace gate; it is broken open and Cyrus, the Medo-Persian accompanied by his mighty men, rushes in. That hour Belshazzar is slain and his thousand lords go down in blood, and seventy thousand men of Babylon swelter in their own blood, slain on the streets. None who come out of their houses escape with their lives. The hand-writing on the wall is fulfilled, the kingdom is turned over to the Medes and Persians, and the second kingdom of the chronological image, symbolized by the breast and arms of silver, has succeeded the head of gold. The Medes and Persians ruled the world for three hundred years.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

INDIA, HER TERRITORY, RACES, LANGUAGES, RELIGIONS AND REVOLUTIONS.

Having passed through the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, and the Arabian Sea, we now arrive at Bombay, the great sea-port of India. The Lord let me travel six thousand miles by rail while in India, preaching everywhere day and night, through an interpreter, to multitudes of natives, while at intervals I taught the missionaries the Bible. India is a great country, thirty-five hundred miles from north to south and three thousand miles from east to west. On the north she borders on Turkestan and Thibet, on the south on the Indian Ocean, on the west on Persia, and on the east on Burmah. It contains about twenty-four hundred millions of acres, and has a population of three hundred millions of people.

At the very time Moses was leading Israel out of Egypt into the Promised Land, fifteen hundred years before Christ, another exodus was going on two thousand miles toward the sunrise. This was of the Aryans, a Japhetic race who from Noah's ark had wandered into a beautiful tableland on the Oxus river, which rises in the Himalaya Mountains. These people were very intellectual, and cultured far beyond their contemporaries, speaking and writing the Sanskrit language, which is the beautiful, elegant, classical

cognate of the Hebrew. In it they wrote the Vedas with their beautiful songs, and the Shastras, their Bible. Among them womanhood was respected and marriage held sacred; husband and wife uniting in the government and labors of the home, and both bowing at the family altar. During the eight hundred years which had elapsed since the flood, the children of Noah had rapidly multiplied upon the earth. How long these Aryans had occupied the land of Oxus we know not; but they had densely populated it till they realized they needed room. The world was then too young for any people to bear crowding. As land was so exceedingly abundant, and they had scarcely begun to appropriate it in any other country but Egypt, when they began to crowd a little the first thought was to go on an exploring expedition, which as a rule is at the elbow. Therefore the Aryans ascend the Oxus to its head, amid the snowy summits of the Himalayas, where they strike the head waters of the great Indus, and follow the limpid rivulets down till a union of many tributaries brings them to a swelling river. Pursuing their explorations they travel down to the efflux into the Arabian Sea, and call the charmingly rich, level plain reaching out from either bank, Hindoostan, a compound word which simply means Land of the Indus. Eventually broadening out their explorations, they reach the great valleys of the Ganges and the Brahmapootra, extending the name Hindoostan to them also, including the vast region from the Himalaya range on the north to the Vyndyah mountains on the south. Subsequently still pursuing their explorations they denominate the great peninsula lying

south of the Vyndyah range, The Deccan, which means south.

When the Aryans came into India they did not find it unoccupied but, on the contrary, they found a hundred native races in it, of course the most of them few in number. They could not tell anything about them, because, like our American Indians when this continent was discovered, they had no books and none of them knew letters, so they were illiterate barbarians: as a rule naked, unless partially apparelled with the skins of animals. This country is so hot, the most of it lying in the torrid zone, that the people there now use very little clothing, never thinking of investing the whole body. Before the British Government forced them to clothe their privates, it was perfectly common for the rank and file of poor people to dispense with clothing almost entirely.

The natives of India wear very little clothing for two reasons; one, because people working at two cents a day cannot afford it, and the other, because they do not need it and it would render them uncomfortable.

If you will go into the Museum in Calcutta, you will see life size statuary of these one hundred Indian races who preceded the Aryans in that country. They exhibit an infinite variety of color, from the white through all the shades to the ebony; the majority, however, are black people. This color is not only superinduced, but augmented, by the intense heat of the sun, of which Americans and Europeans can form no conception. As I selected our winter season for India, I took it for granted that the sun would give me no trouble. But when I arrived I found that I

was obliged to obey the advice of all my friends and wear a big tope on my head and then spread my umbrella when I went out in the sun lest he strike me down. Among the sixteen hundred millions of people in the world, twelve hundred are colored. This is an essential fortification against the intense solar heat throughout the torrid zone where the most of the people in the world live. Black absorbs heat and white reflects it; therefore white people in the torrid zone would soon find their skin blistered wherever the sun reached it; these blisters would produce sores and cause them much suffering; whereas, if the skin was black, it would absorb the heat, transmitting it into the body so that it would not rest on the skin and blister it.

As to the origin of these non-Aryan races, we have no proof whatever, as none of them have any record, therefore we are left to mere conjecture. From their color and physique, they are evidently descendents from all of Noah's sons, especially from Ham and Shem; perhaps there are a few Japhethites mixed in. We must remember that the sons of Noah lived six to seven hundred years and during that time multitudes could multiply. I have a history written in Latin which I have never seen in English. It begins the human race with Adam and comes on down. This book says Noah gave Asia to Shem as he was the first-born, and Asia is twice as large as either of the others; that is in harmony with the patriarchal law which gave the firstborn a double portion of the estate. It says he gave Ham Africa and Japheth Europe. I believe this is true, yet it does not follow that there

was any restriction on any of them in any way, in reference to their privileges to go where they would.

I am satisfied that the Egyptians, though Africans, were not Hamites, but Japhethites and Shemites; while all of the natives south of the great desert where the sun is so hot are Hamites. There are also more Hamites in India than people of any other race. As Europe was somewhat inconvenient of access from Mount Ararat, where the ark rested, and they had no navigation facilities to cross the sea, and it was a long journey to go away up north around the Euxine Sea, the first settlement in Europe was made in Greece by Javan, which is the Greek for Japheth. It is more than likely that Japheth was not in a hurry going to his own inheritance, as his brother Shem there at home had countless millions of acres to which he gave both of his brothers a hearty welcome; therefore I trow that Japheth waited awhile, till they could build ships and sail across the Ægean Sea. The first settlement in Europe was not made till five or six hundred years had elapsed after the subsidence of the flood. Meanwhile, as we have seen, the land of Oxus had been settled by the family of Japheth; they must have also gone into Egypt and settled Philistia in the Holy Land, as the archæologists claim that the Philistines were Japhethites.

India has a vast territory, rich soil, and beautiful rivers, therefore she presented a wide open door to the adventurers coming from the ends of the earth. In primitive ages, when the world was all new, there is no doubt but that there was a great predilection on the part of all the people to explore it through curios-

ity, hunting mines of gold, silver and precious stones. I readily apprehend how they went to roaming all over the world hunting the valuables and looking out the best and most fruitful lands in the different parts of the earth. During the first eight hundred years of the postdiluvian world these hundred races had gotten into great India, evidently the most of them Hamites and Shemites, though the Aryans, to whom we are indebted for its earliest history and who went into it fifteen hundred B. C., are certified as Japhethites. These different races, as is invariably the case with different peoples, all spoke a dialect of their own. Among three hundred languages and dialects, the Hindoostani, Bengali, Marathi, the Hindi, the Telugu, the Tamil, the Cingalese, the Karenese, and the Jegurati are the most important. India, unlike other countries, was settled, not by one race but by a vast army: therefore the missionaries have to study the language in which they propose to preach; there are so many languages that they never do become efficient enough in the various languages to be able to preach throughout the whole country. I went promiscuously everywhere, because I did my preaching through an interpreter and could get along as well in one place as in another. In China and Japan we have the great convenience of a single language spoken throughout the whole nation, only necessitating the missionary's learning the dialect in the locality where he goes. This is no such a task as learning a different language in each place, as is true in India by reason of her settlement by this great multiplicity of races. She has always been ruled by other nations,

because these races have never united in an effort for an independent government.

When the Aryans came into the country their religion was Vedism. They believed in one God who created the universe, and worshiped Him under the name of Veruna: they sang aloud the beautiful hymns of the Vedas in His praises, and in their Shastras they read about His wonderful attributes and mighty works. These books were written in the beautiful classical Sanskrit, a brother to the Hebrew. As a normal consequence they mixed up with those aboriginal nations, intermarrying and associating with them in their social lives. These non-Aryan races were fetishists in their religion, *i. e.*, believing in charms and witchcraft, and worshiping anything which was said to have the power of enchantment to protect them against the calamities incident to mortal life. I have found traces of that fetishism in America, where people believed in signs and charms and arbitrary looks.

As the years rolled on the fetishism of the Aryans got mixed up with the low and groveling superstitions and silly fetishism of the aborigines, and developed not only polytheism, *i. e.*, belief in many gods, but pantheism, which believes that everything is a god. These pantheists tell us that the Divinity which is without sin, when wrought on by *Mia*, which is delusion, this Parametma, the name by which they call God, breaks up, becomes male Brahma, and female *Davi* and they propagate innumerable divinities. Again this Parametma, when wrought on by *Mia*, becomes human, both male and female, and proceeds

to propagate the species and fill the world with people. This same Parametma becomes animal and fills the world with the infinite diversities of animals. It also becomes mountains and vines and trees and rocks. Therefore they really believe that everything is god in another form, and they believe that everything in due time returns to the divinity and remains there forever. This pantheism is awfully detrimental to human conscience, tending to do away with it altogether, as they believe everything is God. Therefore, if a man kills another they simply believe that it is the divinity operating on himself, and that it is no one's business. The same is true in reference to any other sin whatever. They explain it away and make it nothing; because they say it is just the divinity operating on itself, and we have nothing to do with it. These Indians have always been wonderful on religions; the pantheists recognizing everything as God, and the polytheists actually saying there are three hundred and thirty millions of gods. Therefore the Aryans degenerated from their pure and beautiful monotheism; some into pantheism and others into polytheism.

Six hundred years have rolled away since the Aryans came into India and it is now nine hundred years B. C., when the Brahman priests, who are descended from the Aryan stock, resort to a device to protect their race. They are naturally very intellectual and had fine learning for people in that age of the world; they had the beautiful Sanskrit language, and those interesting and edifying theological books, the Vedas and the Shastras written in that language; now

they see that the trend of social miscegenation is seriously to their detriment, as it will bring down their intellectual and learned race to a level with those uncultured and low grade races. Therefore, unfortunately they resort to castification to protect their own race from the effects of promiscuous miscegenation. The Brahman is the high caste, and to them is committed the office of priests which, by Divine right, control the people. They teach that Brahma the divinity, created the Brahman from his head, hence they are the intellectual caste, holding the priestly office, leading the people, and relieved from manual labor and all sorts of physical toil. They say that Brahma created the soldiers from his arms, as their work is to defend us all with the use of their arms; they also tell us that the merchants and mechanics emanate from Brahma's legs, so that they are strong, going all over the earth transacting the business and building the houses; whereas the fourth class emanate from Brahma's feet. These are the manual laborers who do all the hard, dirty work, no matter what it is; labor is their office, and this fourth class of sweepers and drudges are about ten times as many as all the preceding three classes, *i. e.*, the priests, the soldiers, and the merchants and mechanics. Beside these four castes there is still another, called the "no caste" people; because they are so low in society that they have no caste; these never live in houses, but just stay out of doors like the animals. I have stayed and preached three months in India, running on the railroad everywhere. I often saw these no caste people sleeping out of doors like the animals. These different castes

never eat together. If you just take a drink of water from a person belonging to another caste, you break your caste, which is an irreparable disgrace. The first three castes are entirely relieved from manual labor, *i. e.*, drudgery; that is all to be performed by the other caste and the "no caste" people. The effect of this awful castification so degrades and depresses them that their regular wages is but two cents a day. We cannot see how they could live, but they do; this is because the most of India is in the torrid zone where there is no winter, and the fruits are growing ripe and on hand the whole year round, and by reason of the climate they have to spend almost nothing for clothing.

This castification of the people is an awful obstruction to their evangelization; it is peculiar to India. Fortunately we have nothing of it in China and Japan. This pestilential work of castification took place twenty-eight hundred years ago, and has held the majority of the people in bondage ever since. It is clearly evident from its very nature that it was made by the priests, because it serves their interest throughout, to the detriment of other people, and especially the laboring class. A low caste person is not allowed to do anything but the hard, rough drudgery. They are so brought up and trained that they have no thought of changing their condition, as every door is closed against such a thing unless they get consent to break their caste, which is looked upon as more horrid than death. They cannot become Christians without breaking their caste; every time we baptize a person in India we cause such an one to break his caste.

When the Aryans launched on the people this scheme of castification two thousand eight hundred years ago, they thereby enthroned themselves as priests and teachers forever; marriage can *only* take place within the castes. There is no crossing without breaking the caste, which is regarded as an ineffacable disgrace. The only way to recover standing in society after you have broken your caste is to have the priests restore you, which is difficult, humiliating and expensive.

Vedism was the religion of India for the first six hundred years after her history began. With the inauguration of the caste system, began Brahmanism, which continued two thousand one hundred years, beginning nine hundred years before Christ and running down to one thousand two hundred A. D. During the rule of the ages there has always been a good deal of learning in India and some people receiving a thorough education, but it has been confined to the Brahmins, the high caste people, whom the castification which they launched has protected against the degradation which must normally have resulted from the miscegenation which otherwise would have supervened. Here you see they have protected their own blood and racehood by the castification which has proven such an awful curse to the lower grades, humiliating them in the dust and grinding them to powder, and perpetuating them in practical slavery. Thus the Brahmins have managed to elevate themselves through all the rolling centuries, at the expense of these non-Aryan races, whom they found scattered all over that vast country.

These Brahmins would surprise you by their in-

tellectual brilliancy and culture; their shrewdness in defending their religion is remarkable in the extreme. When I was riding in a car with a bright Brahman priest, who was a college graduate, and telling him how our Christ is absolutely essential to salvation, he brought up Krishna of their religion, who is really their Christ, as that is the meaning of the word. But his biography, which I have seen, describes him as a wicked, thievish boy and afterward an exceedingly corrupt, licentious man. This is due to the fact that their writers have no experimental acquaintance with the Christ who takes all sin away. He thought their Christ would do just as well as ours, but the argument breaks down owing to the fact that the man who is in the flood cannot rescue another who is in the same dilemma, and hence their Christ, who is nothing but a sinner, cannot possibly save other sinners. If you ever go to India, you will soon find out that those Brahman priests have extraordinary intellects and fine learning.

Buddhism came into India in the fifth century before Christ, being preached by Buddha himself, who was a native of that country. He was a high caste Brahman by birth, rich, honorable, and identified with the royal family; but giving all of his goods to feed the poor, he soon turned fakir, *i. e.*, an itinerant philanthropist, going over the country preaching to the people virtue, love, mercy, and indiscriminate goodness. His name was Gautama, but when he got light from God, he vacated his throne and gave his princely fortune to the poor and turned philanthropist in the land. He called himself Buddha, which means the

enlightened one, a very good name. He has now four hundred million followers in the great, dark Orient; most of them in China. His priests are now telling the people that he had no earthly father, in order to enhance their appreciation of his divinity which they are trying to impose upon them. In this they are utterly untrue, as his father is very well known in history; his name was Suddhodanah. The name of Buddha's successor is Asoka. He was a very enterprising man. Buddhism had but a handful of followers in the day of its founder, but it spread paradoxically under the ministry of Asoka. It spread all over India and remained one thousand four hundred years, from five hundred years B. C. to nine hundred years A. D.; then the Brahmans broke it down and drove it out of the country. There are now only nine millions of Buddhists in all the land, and nearly all of them are in Burmah and the island of Ceylon. The yoke of Brahmanism is a heavy and galling one, and when Buddha preached his religion of love, kindness, meekness and philanthropy, the people were wonderfully taken with it and fell in with it by millions. The Brahmans, of course, had to go with the people, or be left out in the cold. Therefore, at that time they moved with the swelling tide and did their best to manipulate the new religion as they had its predecessor, regarding their own interest. During the long rolling centuries they endeavored to appropriate Buddhism and keep it within the pale of their own subserviency, at the same time, feeling anxious to get rid of it and plotting against it. Finally matters reached the culminating point when the priests man-

aged to revolutionize the people against Buddhism and drive it out of the country; they really had a bloody revolution over it, resulting in its downfall and almost total extermination out of the country. Thus the old Brahmanism survived Buddhism and continued three hundred years longer; when, in 1200 A. D., they manipulated another revolution, which resulted in the transformation of Brahmanism into Hindooism, which is the popular religion of India this day, having a membership of two hundred and seven millions. Its sacerdotal supremacy is quite as favorable to the Brahman priests as the old Brahmanism, which stood two thousand one hundred years; but it is more liberal with the rank and file of the people. The truth of it is the priests simply put their heads together to formulate a religion which would suit everybody. It is perfectly tolerant of all creeds and theologies. You can be a monotheist, a polytheist, or an atheist, or a member of any Christian denomination, and still be a loyal Hindoo, if you stay among them and support the priests. It is the loosest religious denomination I know. The priests are all united simply in an effort to hold the people subservient to them.

In India there are sixty-two millions of Mohammedans. Only fifteen years after Mohammed began to preach some of his followers carried his religion into India. Soon it spread wonderfully, but no wonder, because they intimidated by the sword and scared the people into it. When the Mogul Empire was founded by Achbor the Great, and Tamerlane the Tartar, in the fourteenth century, the Mohammedans got the political power and actually ruled that country. It

was at the time when the Turks had taken Constantinople in the west and made it their capital, and the Mohammedan religion was about to take the whole world. Achbor and Tamerlane were evidently the greatest kings and military chieftains on the face of the earth, if they were barbarians. The Mogul Empire which they founded stood two hundred years, during which India was at the front of the world. Oh, so many countries have led this world potentially and influentially! Egypt first stood at the front; then Babylon; then followed Persia; then Arabia under the leadership of Mohammed; then little Greece, through her Alexander, conquered and ruled the whole world; followed by great Rome, which stood at the front a thousand years. France stood at the front while Napoleon was in the meridian of his glory. India was at the front two hundred years during the victory of the Mogul Empire. Britain now stands at the front of the world, the leading colonizer, civilizer, educator and Christianizer.

The Sykes, who originated in India four hundred years ago, in an attempt to unify all of the religions adopting what they regarded as the best tactics along with the same, have five million members. The Parsees, so named from Persia, because they fled from that country under the persecutions of the Mohammedans in the seventh century, came and settled in India. They have one hundred thousand members; and, all told, I believe, it is claimed there are two millions of Christians in India.

From the fact that great India was not settled by one nation, but one hundred, and they alienated by a

hundred different languages, they have never united in an organized government and it seems that they never will; the country has always been ruled by foreigners. It seems that the people have no disposition to govern themselves, but spontaneously look to those who have the rule over them, as a matter of Divine appointment over which they manifest no disposition to mutiny, seemingly having been born for subordination. Nebuchadnezzar included great India in his world-wide conquest, B. C. 660. His career was brilliant, but transitory; under his voluptuous grandson Belshazzar the world-wide kingdom passed into the hands of the Persians, who ruled Persia, with all other countries, for three hundred years. She was followed by the Greeks under Alexander the Great, who in person visited this country, traveling over it and subduing it. When Alexander conquered Phorus, the northern king, he asked him, "How shall I treat you?" Phorus said, "Like a king." Alexander was so pleased with his heroism and magnanimity, that he not only set him free, but gave him his kingdom back.

Alexander, among other cities, founded Hydrabad in the Deccan, which I have twice passed through. With the district it represents, it has a population of eleven millions. The Grecian Government in India was followed by the Roman; and that by the Moguls, who, A. D. 756, went down before the British, who have ruled that country ever since. Early in the sixteenth century Queen Elizabeth chartered and sent out the East India Trading Company, which accumulated much property in the land and really paved the way

for the British Government, which now extends over all India and Burmah.

The Viceroy lives in Calcutta and rules that great country, subordinate to the King of England and the Parliament. There have always been many kings in India, much fewer now than ever before, as the British Government has everywhere superseded them, so their very existence is but nominal, as they are all subordinate to the Viceroy. Through all the rolling ages, these different nations, said to be a hundred, have had their own kings, and if they had only united and co-operated they might have ruled their country independent of other nations. But this they have never done. In 1857, when the Sepoys, *i. e.*, the chiefs of the country, rebelled against the British Government and undertook to annihilate it, deluging the country with blood; thinking that they could kill all of the English people before relief could arrive from England, as it was then twelve thousand miles *via* Cape Horn, the Suez Canal not having been constructed, which fortunately abbreviates the distance one-half; we then had a vivid illustration of the impracticability of a general co-operation on the part of the different nations in an attempt to rid themselves of foreign rule and establish an independent government. In this critical juncture, they signally failed to effect a unanimous co-operation. On the contrary, a number of the nations actually co-operated with the English against the rebellious Sepoys, thus retarding their enterprise till England was enabled to get a hundred thousand soldiers on the field, when victory came quickly in behalf of the British. It would be

utterly impossible to parade native soldiers enough to cope with a hundred thousand British. The British Government seems to be now permanently established throughout India and Burmah. In my peregrinations of six thousand miles throughout the country, it seemed to me that the British Government was everywhere acceptable and the people perfectly contented with it. The kings throughout India all seem to be perfectly satisfied with the government, as well as the people; they and theirs alike obedient to the Viceroy. The British Government in that country is the glorious hope of the speedy Christianization of those one hundred nations. Do not forget to pray for the British Government in India and all the earth. God is using it everywhere as a John the Baptist to prepare the people for the coming of the Lord.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SOUTH INDIA, THE DECCAN.

This includes the vast territory constituting the great peninsula, lying south of the Vyndhya range; bounded southeast by the Bay of Bengal and southwest by the Arabian Sea; and running to an apex at Cape Cormoran in the Indian Ocean. It contains a hundred million people and eight hundred millions of acres of rich land, originally, and still, exceedingly productive, though needing fertilizing when the crop is pitched. This region consists of two divisions, the highlands, including the Deccan, which is two thousand feet above the sea level, and the lowlands, the coast on either side, extending into the continent thirty to eighty miles and containing five hundred million acres, while the Deccan has three hundred million.

In this division of India, Madras, with a population of seven hundred thousand, is the metropolis. It is located on the Bay of Bengal at the mouth of the great rivers, Adyar and Koum, which abundantly irrigate that region for five miles in the vicinity. If you ever travel that country you will be delighted to visit the Missionary Training Home conducted by our excellent Brother and Sister R. J. Ward, who have been toiling in India for thirty years, spreading Bible holiness over that dark land. The address of this

Training Home I must give you, as I hope you will not only pray for it, but find it your privilege to help financially in this noble work; send to West Hatch, Adyar, Madras, India. The location is charmingly delightful by the seaside where you enjoy the salubrious breezes continually, which make you forget you are in the torrid zone. You will subserve a double enterprise in going to this Bible School and Training Home. Here you can not only study the Bible with the best instruction, and learn the language in which you are going to preach to the natives, but you can avail yourself of this sanitarium to improve your health, which often fails when you exchange Europe or America for the hot Orient. You will find a great banyan tree standing immediately in front of the princely bungalow in which you will abide and prosecute your studies. This tree has several hundred trunks and affords ample shade for an audience of five thousand. It is often used for protracted meetings.

While our Christmas Holiness Convention was in progress at this place, in the immediate vicinity Colonel Alcott, of America, and Mrs. Anna Besant, of Scotland, first a Christian, then an infidel, now a heathen, were holding a camp-meeting antagonistic to the missionaries, preaching to the natives and doing their utmost to persuade them to hold on to their Buddhism and Hindooism, and not to make the fatal mistake of giving them up for Christianity. Thus you see the work we have to do in heathen lands! Even fallen Christians are there from the homeland doing their utmost to defeat our labors of love, truth, and philanthropy.

You will see a great heathen temple occupying a whole square of this city of Madras when you enter it on returning from the Training Home, and in front of it another square occupied by the holy tank, into which a flight of nice stone steps descends from every side; so that one thousand people can descend into it simultaneously and wash their sins away in the holy waters. The Ganges and Jumna are the holy rivers of India, to which people resort by millions to wash their sins away in those magic waters: but this is about two thousand miles distant from those rivers consequently they prepared this tank and the priests consecrated these waters and claim for them the efficacy to wash sins away. The Adyar and the Koum, both beautiful rivers, flow through that city, but as they are not holy, they will not suffice to wash away sins.

Among the multitudinous paganistic dogmas prevalent in Christendom, that of baptismal regeneration is the most prominent. It is preached positively and directly by the Campbellites and Mormons, and indirectly preached and practised by nearly all the other denominations. It seems really difficult for Christians to steer entirely clear of this heathenistic breakwater of baptismal remission of sins. If you travel over India and see the millions plunging into the holy Ganges and Jumna, after a pilgrimage of thousands of miles, to get their sins washed away; it will probably help you to throw away this dangerous and Christ-dishonoring dogma of water regeneration. If our Christ is not an impostor, but just what He claims to be, omnipotent to save, He does not need

any help by man or ordinances to save every soul to the uttermost.

Now the iron horse wheels us away along the sea-coast road to my next appointment with C. B. Ward. On either side I gaze on millions of palm-trees waving their beautiful foliage against the blue sky. These palms are of a variety of species, some producing delicious dates, others the great cocoanut, and others wine. In this tour I am also to go to the island of Ceylon out in the sea. These environments remind me of the familiar lines:

“From Greenland’s icy mountains,
 From India’s coral strand,
 Where Afric’s sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error’s chain.

“What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle;
 Though every prospect pleases
 And only man is vile;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strewn,
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.”

During that ride I have an interesting conversation with a very intelligent and well-educated Brahman priest, riding with me in the car; he speaks English well and defends his religion with a zeal which abundantly deserved a better cause. I plead with him earnestly to lay hold of the Savior at once, since, with all he could boast, his religion actually had no savior

for him, and without Him he was certainly lost forever.

On this tour it is my privilege to pass through the Nizam's Dominions. This Nizam is a native king who is still ruling over the dominions of his royal ancestors, but of course subordinate to the British Viceroy. In these dominions are located the diamond mines of Golconda, said to be the richest in the world. Many have crossed oceans to seek their fortunes in these mines, and have succeeded beyond their most sanguine hopes. It is not uncommon to find a single diamond for which the crowned heads will pay one hundred thousand dollars. But I had no desire nor curiosity to visit the diamond mines, much less the slightest appreciation of those diamonds which command princely fortunes. But with a glad heart I hastened to Yellandu, to look into the bright face of my brother in the kingdom, C. B. Ward, who, thirty years ago, while a blooming youth, left the college where he enjoyed the best prospect of the highest intellectual culture, and crossed two oceans that he might spend his life in this land of darkness, sin and misery; all the time electrified, not by the diamond crown which he might win in Golconda, but by the crown that Jesus will give bedecked with "so many diamonds" as we have rescued "from the rough."

"The crown that decks the monarch is not the crown for me;
Its beauty fades as quickly as sunshine on the sea.
But there's a crown prepared above
For all who walk in humble love,
And few its value see;
O that's the crown for me."

Brother Ward has been toiling hard on this spot where he began in the jungles thirty years ago, about 1876. The Lord has given him a great work; it electrified me. He has two big orphan schools; the girls here under his own charge, and the boys in another city in charge of his son. His buildings are splendid. He is building a hospital for the sick natives, a work of pure philanthropy, in which he now needs financial help. Talk to the Lord and govern yourself accordingly. He has one million heathen in his dominion and no other missionaries to help him. God has wonderfully blessed his work, giving him one thousand five hundred souls and more than one hundred preachers. He much needs help. He will take you and teach you the language, Telugu, which is spoken by twenty-five millions, and give you work with him, or give you a mission of your own in his territory. Feel free to write to him at Yellandu, Nizam's Dominions, India. I need not ask you to pray for him and his wonderful work. I am satisfied that you will.

You see the Lord is blessing us in India with these noble Wards, who stand at the front of the battle. God permitted me to visit three of them and to hear a good report from the fourth. The third one I was permitted to visit is Rev. E. F. Ward, whom you will find at Yeotmal, C. P., India. He is, like these two, full of grace and good works, with no discount. This monosyllabic name they will carry while on the battle-field, but when they lay the armor down, and rise to the Mount of Victory, it will be turned into a dissyllable by the accession of the prefix "re," when the angels will shout "*Reward!*"

At Vicerabad, Deccan, I had the privilege of preaching a number of days for my beloved son in the Gospel, J. H. Gordon, who left my ministry twenty-two years ago in his blooming youth, and heroically pitched his tent beneath the sunny skies of South India. Here God has signally blessed his labors of love and honored him with many souls. He has two large orphanages, the inmates of which I found exceedingly appreciative of the living Word. Oh, how I did delight to see those dark faces lighted up with the shining grace of God! The Lord gave us much encouragement while I was preaching for him, and he served as my splendid interpreter, as he seems to have mastered the language, which is so important for a missionary. I was charmed with his watered garden, prolific of delicious fruits the encircling year; also with his beautiful mango trees and palms. Be sure you remember him and his great work in your prayers, and forget not that it is operated by the Lord's money which He uses His people to send to push forward that noble philanthropy.

In this southland, during my peregrinations they said I was near the spot where the Apostle Thomas sealed his faith with his blood. His religion was spreading so rapidly it is said that the Brahman priests concluded it would ruin theirs. Therefore they laid hands on him, ran a cruel iron bar through his body, and hung him up between two trees to bleed and die, like his Savior on the Cross of Calvary. Though the Moslems, whose policy was to kill all of the Christians who would not give up their faith and accept the Koran, ruled this country seven hundred

years, yet it seems that they never could exterminate the work God wrought through this noble apostle, whose doubts and cowardice were all exterminated by the fires which fell on him at Pentecost. When our missionaries came to this country two hundred years ago they met the Christians of St. Thomas, who saluted them with a joyous welcome. They are still here, contending for the faith once delivered to the saints.

We now, in the good providence of God, respond to the call of dear Brother Norton, Bishop Taylor's old missionary at Dhond, Poona, a beautiful railroad city. In my peregrinations I was permitted to visit his work several times, and to preach for his three hundred orphan boys, whom he gathered up during the famines. I found them exceedingly bright and promising. The Lord poured out His Spirit upon us and gave us many souls. To my best diagnosis the whole three hundred seem to make a clear profession of conversion; while they were all seeking sanctification before I left, and a goodly number professed to receive it. They all told me they were going to preach. Do pray for them, that God may make flaming heralds of the Gospel out of every one of them. Oh, what a sunburst on dark India will these three hundred prove, by the sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost! This great orphanage is supported entirely by the free-will offerings of the Lord's dear people. Ask Him what He will have you do. There is no trouble about sending money to India. When you write to Brother Norton, Orphan's Home, Dhond, Poona, India, slip in your letter a cheque on any national bank in America

for the amount you want to send, and he will get every cent of it, as Cook's Agent gladly cashes every cheque without charging one cent for collection. This statement applies to every place in all heathen fields.

We now reach Sister Ramabai's great Widows' and Orphans' Home, built at the cost of \$1,000,000, by the philanthropy of the Lord's dear people. She has fifteen hundred girls and three hundred boys, teachers and workers. This institution is a miracle of God's providence. Sister Ramabai is the daughter of a Brahman priest belonging to the high caste of India; her parents perished in a famine in 1873-1875. Her husband died after two years, leaving a bright and promising daughter, Mono-Ramabai, now an efficient teacher in the institution. Widowhood in India is such an awful calamity that those that understand it are not surprised at her wanting to be burned, at her voluntary choice, on her husband's funeral pyre. Since the British Government has been established in India, it has abolished this cremation of the widow. Widowhood is considered the greatest calamity possible, and the priests have taught that it is a just punishment inflicted by the gods by way of righteous retribution for some sin committed in some former incarnation of which they have no knowledge. This silly heresy has been a settled doctrine of Brahmanism during the last twenty-eight hundred years. They believe that all souls were created for luck in the beginning of the world, and that when a person dies that soul enters the body of an infant, or it may exist in an animal of any kind; *e. g.*, they say Buddha was first a fish, then a reptile, then a swine, then an ape, afterward

a gorilla, an ourangoutang, finally a human being, but a savage, then a barbarian, until the last time that he was on earth, when he did his preaching and which was his ninth incarnation, he was a sinner like all others until he passed through his great reformation and became the light of the world, and died at the age of eighty. But they say that he is coming back again in his tenth incarnation; when he will be born of a virgin, and come from the west, riding on a white horse. You see from this prophecy, that they say his people hold, that they ought to receive Jesus Christ as the tenth incarnation of Buddha, because He fills the description; born of a virgin, in a western land, and brought to them by the white people, who would represent the white horse.

The moment a woman or child in India is left a widow, she is denounced and anathematized by her nearest relatives, who blame her for her husband's death, saying that it is due to her awful sin she has committed in some former incarnation, and is a just punishment inflicted by the gods as a righteous revelation of her crimes. Therefore, she is not only forsaken by all of her friends and relatives, but robbed of everything she possesses, except a single coarse garment; reduced to slavery and subjected to the very roughest treatment, and, worse than all, she is exposed to a compulsory life of shame. So when Sister Ramabai was left a widow, this appalling doom stared her in the face like an avenging spectre eloped from the infernal regions to torment her through time and eternity. But fortunately her intellect, her beauty, and a splendid education, which her noble father had

given her by his own personal toil, teaching her from her infancy in his own house, and thus making her a fine classical scholar and erudite in that beautiful and wonderful Sanskrit language, cognate of the Hebrew and the thesaurus of the profound learning for which the high caste people of India have been celebrated in all ages; raised up friends who came to her relief and protected her from the awful degradation incident to widowhood from time immemorial, *i. e.*, abject slavery with abominable abuse, and, worst of all, brutal robbery of virtue.

These friends coming to her relief, protected Ramabai from the horrific fate of Indian widowhood. Meanwhile she wrote a book, which brought sufficient financial remuneration to enable her to visit England, where she taught the Sanskrit language and delivered lectures upon the awful condition of India's widows, which God used to arouse the people to sympathize with their unfortunate sisters far away in the Orient, brutalized and diabolized to the burning shame of the Christian civilization which is now blessing the western nations. Having been born in paganism, her father, a learned Brahman priest standing at the front of that mammoth superstition which has bound the Orientals in spiritual darkness from ages immemorial, she conceived the idea of doing something for Indian widowhood. Of this she unfortunately was a personal member, being still a pagan, not acquainted with God personally, but actuated simply by profound commiseration for the deplorable condition of her widowed sisters, and by sincere and disinterested philanthropy for their relief.

While she was teaching the Sanskrit language, and lecturing on the awful and horrific degradation of the widows in India, she was converted to Christianity and united with the Church of England by professing her faith and receiving baptism. From England she came to America, traveling and delivering lectures. As a result of these humble and faithful efforts to ameliorate the condition of her unfortunate sisters, God wonderfully responded, stirring up the great Anglo-Saxon heart to sympathize with the awful suffering and the brutal degradation of the Indian widows. Therefore the people in England, America, and other countries, nobly responded by liberal financial contributions to this generous philanthropy, enabling her to proceed with the establishment of her Widows' and Orphans' Home, which is now at Kedgaon, in the Poona District.

Sister Ramabai has been enabled by the Lord's help to add building after building, till now the visitor (and there are many coming from all parts of India to see these mighty works of God), is electrified and spellbound as he goes around through those splendid stone edifices and sees the schools all running, faithfully teaching God's Word and the branches of an English education. The inmates are taught to do all kinds of work, and there you will see a miniature industrial world; not only factories of all kinds, where they make their clothing with their own hands (except shoes, for, like other Orientals, they all go barefoot in that country where there is no winter), but also all kinds of mechanical arts being carried on. You will find a publishing house where

they are printing the Scriptures and other good books in the languages of India, so that the people can receive the Gospel in their native tongues. Then the school has fifty acres of gardens, where they grow vegetables and fruits, which are irrigated by a number of great wells, sixty to one hundred feet deep and twenty feet in diameter, a spiral stone stairway descending with the circular wall, so that you can walk down to the water, if you wish to do so. Of course it takes a vast amount to feed and clothe the one thousand eight hundred people identified with this great institution. While with their own hands they make their own clothing, and in their own gardens grow their own vegetables, still immense quantities of rice, which is their principal food, as well as breadstuffs and meats, of the last of which they use comparatively little, and their salt must be imported. I was informed that they need about thirty thousand dollars annually to run their institution. While with their own hands they make all of their clothing, yet they have to buy vast quantities of cotton and other material of which to make it. Cotton is cheap there because they raise it all over India. They use very little wool, because they have no winter.

Having given you a sketch of the temporal side of this great work, we proceed to a brief consideration of the spiritual. While this is an asylum for as many of the poor, oppressed Indian widows as they can accommodate, the end in view is not simply to take care of them physically, but to save their souls, and, in the good providence of God, to use them to save

thousands and millions who all around are sitting in darkness and the shadow of death.

N. B. In India it is customary to marry a girl in the cradle, the groom then perhaps having several wives and himself being middle-aged or past. He often dies before his baby bride gets old enough to form his acquaintance; then she is left a widow for life, and not allowed to ever marry again. Therefore she is reduced at once to abject slavery and exposed to a compulsory life of shame; consequently, among these fifteen hundred women and girls, though they are widows, many of them have no knowledge of ever having seen their husbands, as they were married in babyhood before the age of recognition.

In the customs of India you have a vivid illustration of what Satan can and will do when he has a chance. Of course the Christianization of this country will smash up the devil's iron-clad practices, which he has devised through his priests, foisted on these people, and fastened tight with chains of iron and fetters of brass. The Brahman priests have descended from that old Aryan stock who came from the land of the Oxus into India one thousand five hundred years before Christ, having descended from Japheth, the white man in Noah's family, and at that time the one distinguished for learning and intellect. After they came into India, by their shrewd device of castification protecting themselves from the degrading effect of miscegenation with the one hundred nations they found aboriginal in the land, they retained their superior hereditary intelligence; thus perpetuating their learning, and confining it to their own

race. So this day they would surprise you by their highly cultured intelligence. In the absence of the True Light, Satan and his myrmidons have played off on these Brahman priests in passing themselves on them for the true God, thus deceiving them, and through them the three hundred millions whom they control. Therefore cunningly manipulated by the devil and his demons, these shrewd and cultured priests have bound the people in chains of slavery by their diabolical legislation, and hold them with a giant's grip this day.

Sister Ramabai and other missionaries, during the famines, gathered up hosts of children at the point of death, who were consequently freely surrendered by parents, who happened to be alive. Many of them were already orphaned, as their parents had starved to death. Since the famine these orphans have grown up to the age of susceptibility, as many of them were babies when received. During the past year wonderful things have been seen and heard in this great home of the widows and orphans. While they were gathering in the famine children, Sister Ramabai took the girls and Brother Norton, her neighbor at Dhond, forty miles away, the boys. Our Sister only takes in boys enough to do the work for which they are more suitable than girls. However, we must remember that among the eighteen hundred in her home there are no idlers. The fifteen hundred girls, in addition to the prosecution of their studies, spin and weave all the clothing worn by the eighteen hundred, and also make all the clothing out of the cloth of their

own manufacture. Therefore, you may rest assured it is as industrious a community as you ever saw.

Sister Ramabai, having inherited a great intellect from her Brahman parents, and received a splendid education by the untiring personal labor of her priestly father, is in addition truly level-headed, not only in temporal affairs, but religiously solidly orthodox. She is never content with the superficial, but is constantly going for the deep things of God, *i. e.*, radical sanctification and the copious infilling and abiding of the Holy Ghost. With this conclusion she profoundly impressed me the last Sunday I was with her (as God permitted me to visit her home twice and preach to her people), when she told me she wanted me to preach to the unsacramental people, simultaneously with another meeting held by their pastor, Brother Franklin, of America, who would administer the sacrament to all who were spiritually qualified to receive it, as she seemed to restrict it to the sanctified. She told me that she wanted me to preach to them on entire sanctification and show them the absolute necessity of a holy heart and life in order to a well-grounded hope of Heaven. Therefore she wanted me to enforce on them the fact that at that very hour they were excluded from the sacrament because they had not the necessary qualification of inward and outward holiness, and to emphasize the fact that if they were not qualified for the Lord's feast on earth, they were certain never to sit down at the Lord's table in Heaven and participate in the marriage supper of the Lamb. My audience numbered about eight hundred; the great hall being packed

and running over. N. B. The very fact that they have no seats in their meeting-houses, but all sit on the floor, occupying much less room than a seated audience, gave me a multitude within good hearing distance. My interpreter was a nice little Indian girl, gloriously saved and sanctified, and really a splendid preacher, her voice clear as a heavenly bell, and sonorous as the silver trumpet will be on the resurrection morn. The Lord helped me to emphasize the great truth of holiness of heart and life as indispensable to heavenly citizenship. While the sanctified students were all about attending that sacramental meeting, quite a number of the teachers were in my audience, as they always go wherever their students go in order to keep order and take care of them, which is an important consideration, and hence the liability of confusion is avoided. The institution is noted for beautiful order; the students move in sections and divisions, all keeping in their own place responsive to the management of their teachers. Therefore, when I wound up with an earnest appeal to all of those who did not enjoy full salvation, which is indispensable to qualify them for the marriage supper of the Lamb, to proceed to seek it without delay as that was their glorious opportunity, (of course adding that all who were not clear in their experience of regeneration should by all means seek it with all their heart till they knew they had it, as the only guaranty of escaping Hell); when I made my appeal, calling all who knew they were converted but desired sanctification, to rise up, perhaps two hundred responded. Then when I made the appeal for all who

were not saved, but desired to be prayed for to rise, so far as I could discriminate, all the balance responded. Therefore we could only have them kneel in their places and pray for the blessing they were seeking. I quoted the promises of our infallible Savior:

“Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you; for every one that asketh receiveth; he that seeketh findeth; and unto him that knocketh it shall be opened.”

“In the day thou seekest me, I will be found of thee.”

Then I gave them 1 Thess. iv, 3, and 1 John 4th chapter: “This is my will, your sanctification.”

“If we ask anything according to His will, we know that He heareth us; we know that we have the petitions which we have asked from Him.”

Then I proceeded to tell them that our God is not like the gods of wood and stone worshiped in India, who have no power to answer the prayers offered to them. But our God is actually omnipotent and omnipresent, and is certain to fulfill all of His promises; there is no such thing as failure; and all they had to do was to give up all their sins forever and be so sorry for them that they would rather die than violate the law of God or disobey His commandments; if they would turn around and quit all of their meanness, their heavenly Father would forgive them now, and the Holy Ghost would give them a new heart and a clean heart. Jesus, the blessed Savior, had come all the way from Heaven to save them, and was right there and just waiting to save all the sinners and to sanctify all the Christians; so they actually

had nothing to do but to put themselves into His hands, soul and body, and cease to doubt His precious promises; just to believe for what they were seeking, and He was certain to give it to them. Then we all knelt before God. I prayed for them through the interpreter. Then she prayed for them in their own language. Then I told them all to open their mouths and ask God for what they wanted, confessing all their sins and promising Him to leave sin forever, giving Him their whole heart and life and promising to be true to Him the remnant of their days and to do His will in earth like the angels in Heaven. They took me at my word and began to pray audibly; voices falling in more and more and getting louder and louder, till it seemed like a mighty swelling sea was roaring on all sides. They manifested no inclination to stop, but got stronger and stronger, more and more gesticulative and demonstrative, till the tide did rise, swell, and roar, as on their voices clamored and reverberated as the scene became more and more intensified: a diversity of sounds began to intervene; shouts of victory broke out here and there, and intermingled with the loud cries and mournful wails pleading for the pardoning mercy and sanctifying power. They were all in their places on the ground, so none had to go away. Therefore we just let them alone. However, my interpreter and those sanctified teachers were moving about in all directions, exhorting them in their native language and helping them as best they could to seek and find the Lord, whether in His pardoning grace or sanctifying blessing. Now, the afternoon is fled away and the night meetings are coming on.

Therefore through the instrumentality of these teachers, I managed to get a testimony from them and found about one hundred, who claimed to have received the blessing they were seeking. The first time I preached there, I found it difficult to sleep because I could hear many of them praying and shouting all night, as conviction was resting on them on all sides so that they would get to praying, and become more and more importunate till they prayed through, winding up with shouts of victory.

Sister Ramabai told me that she had forty-eight bands of fifteen girls each, going out daily and preaching in the villages, throughout all the surrounding country. They do not go all the time, but each band about twice a week. One reason why there was so much praying at night was not only the fact that hundreds of the seekers frequently prayed all night, but each working band made it a rule to spend the night in prayer, preceding the day they went out and preached the living Word.

I spent three months in India, going on the railroads everywhere, traveling night and day. One morning quite awhile before day I started from Sister Ramabai's on my run to my next appointment. As we darted along at the full speed of the iron horse, beneath the twinkling stars, I heard a voice, which though in an unknown language, I felt assured was the familiar sound of the dear Gospel trumpet. Though she was speaking in the Marathi language, which I knew not, I well recognized the presence of the Holy Spirit in the message. As in the apostolic age, she was preaching in the Holy Ghost sent down from

Heaven, 1 Peter i, 12. When day sent God's beautiful light copiously through the car, so that they extinguished the human lights which were uncomfortable to my weak eyes, thus liberating me to look where I would, I at once took it on myself to see what that preaching had accomplished, as the girl was still pressing the battle with an enthusiasm which meant victory. Therefore, upon diagnosis of the environments, I saw an old woman, who afterward told me that she had passed her eightieth year, manifestly powerfully wrought upon by the Holy Spirit's sending the lightning shafts of His precious truths through her heart. I could wait no longer, but had to come into the fight; leaving my seat I came into the immediate presence of the preacher and the old woman, asking of the former permission to speak, and at the same time requesting her to serve as my interpreter, to which she gladly responded in the affirmative. Then I proceeded to interview this venerable daughter of Ham, who finally responded to my questions, informing me that she had never before in all her life heard the Gospel and no one had ever told her about Jesus, the sinner's Friend and Savior. This was the reason why the girl was so importunate and held on without a break till I came and took her place. She was preaching by the job, which was the salvation of that old woman, who had been born in pagan darkness and had spent her life in it down to that late hour, when God, in His mercy, sent this daughter of Jerusalem to preach to her the everlasting Gospel. I found her literally melted by the fires of the Holy Ghost, perfectly subdued and submissive to

God; glad of the chance to give up her idolatry for something better. I could see that her faith had taken hold of the precious promises, and that the gentle dove of heavenly hope had lighted down and brightened her sable physiognomy with the splendors of His radiant wings. As I talked to her the light shone brighter, as the electric flashes of redeeming love radiated from her countenance and sparkled in her eyes. I fully expect to meet her in the brighter upper world. I mention that as a sample of the kind of work Sister Ramabai's girls are doing.

When I was preaching in India, before I had gone to Ramabai's great work which I had heard so much about, I feared they had gone into fanaticism, and that I would realize on arrival my painful duty to put my foot on some things, by the help of God endeavoring to separate the vile from the pure. When I got there and diagnosed the situation, recognized my environments, and inhaled copiously the spiritual atmosphere, asking the Holy Spirit to put me in perfect harmony with His work in that place, soon the critic's cap fell off, or rather got burnt up by the fires of the Holy Ghost. When I found my eyes flowing like rivers and my spirit melted by the celestial flame, I got like the man whose fine horse was running away with him, when, having done his utmost to check him by pulling on the bit, and seeing he was not availing anything, throwing down the lines he shouted, "Go ahead; I am going that way, too."

During my travels I met Dr. Johnston of New York, a great Presbyterian preacher, who overtook me in Jerusalem and I heard him preach. Then we went on

to Egypt, where we all stayed and preached ten days. Then we rode on the same ship to India, disembarked together, and I heard him preach in Bombay. I found him to be exceedingly edifying, clearly evincing a deep personal experience in the deep things of God, and really a holiness man; but through deference to his ecclesiasticism, forgoing sanctified nomenclature. He also went to Sister Ramabai's work, feeling it would be his duty to correct fanaticism, which is seriously feared to be prevalent there. But having arrived, inhaled the spiritual atmosphere, and looked around, diagnosing the situation, and analyzing the elements, he began to recognize the footprints of Jesus on all sides, and soliloquized: "Holy Spirit, have thy way with me," actually finding himself in the banquet-hall and taking a Benjamin's mess of delicious heavenly manna. Sinking away deep into God, with gushing tears of heavenly gratitude flooding his face, he forgets all about the anticipated criticism, in the delectable realization, "It is good to be here." Therefore we all concluded to keep hands off, lest we should prove so unfortunate as to make Uzzah's mistake.

The wonderful revival which broke out in this great work about a year ago has affected all India. When missionaries arrive, they avail themselves of the first opportunity to go and spend a few days at Mutki, in order to receive the Holy Ghost and get ready for their work. India is a very large country; so that truly many of these missionaries come "from afar," like the Queen of Sheba in the days of King Solomon. She came because paradoxical reports had reached her; only to find all true that she had heard, and to be

constrained to say, "The half hath not been told." Thus coming thither to Mutki from all parts of this vast region, missionaries light their torches at this celestial fire, which seems to have plenty of fuel and no bent toward depreciation. God, in His great mercy, has actually made it the Jerusalem, not only of India, but of the great Orient; as I found it a household word, in China, Japan, and Oceanica.

I have given you my humble testimony to what I have seen and heard, in His good providence twice visiting this place so hallowed by His delectable presence. After thus giving you my candid opinion, I feel it superfluous to ask your prayers for the marvelous work of the Lord which is stirring the great Orient from center to circumference. Oh, that it may reach America and wake up our churches, so many of which have fallen asleep, resting in the delusive embrace of carnal security! Of course the readers of this book will make it a rule to remember Sister Ramabai's work before God night and day, and at the same time ask Him to bless you with the privilege of investing some of His money in this enterprise.

Sister Sunderbai, at Poona, also has a Widows' and Orphan's Home, she being in widowhood. The institution is like that of Sister Ramabai at Kedgaon, Poona District. Sister Sunderbai came to England and visited the British Parliament in the interest of the sufferers of India. At Poona, Sister Eddy, of Ohio, and Sister Wertheim, of Denver, Colorado, are doing a blessed work for the Lord. It was my privilege to meet Brother Stephens, presiding elder of that district, and receive from him an encouraging report of his work.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CENTRAL INDIA, BOMBAY.

This division of India also contains one hundred millions of people and eight hundred millions of acres. Bombay, with her swelling population, is the metropolis. At one time the Portuguese had important possessions in India, including the island of Bombay. In process of time a Portuguese prince wedded an English princess, and donated to her as a dowry this beautiful island. In that way it passed over to the English, who have owned it ever since. Two hundred years ago they founded a city on that beautiful green island, and called it Bombay. You must remember that India is a very old country, so Bombay is a comparatively very young city. It contains a million people and is rapidly growing. It is really the greatest steamship and railroad emporium in India, though Calcutta exceeds it in population. When I was there in 1905-06, the horse cars running all over the city were crowded, and they were vigorously preparing not only to supersede them by electric trains, but to run the same far out into the country on all sides, which will soon give a tremendous boom to the whole city. It is really the growing city of the continent, destined to rush on largely into the millions.

Bishop Taylor thirty years ago preached much in

Bombay, and here started the South India Conference. At present there are one hundred and fifty thousand Methodists in India, and six conferences. Pray for them all to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, and to turn missionaries in solid columns, actually adding their whole number to the evangelistic force in this needy land. There are two good Methodist churches in the city, and Brother Ayres, presiding elder, and Brother Mell, pastor, gave me an inspiring report of the work. Other denominations also are pressing the battle in this great and important city. Brother Havens, pastor of the "Seaman's Rest," is doing a grand work for the Lord. We also have noble saints in connection with this work, *e. g.*, Brother and Sister Guest, Brother Ward, and others not a few, whose names are in the Book of Life. Bombay is a grand center of missionary operations, radiating far out into the surrounding country; yet to this day the city is full of idolatry, temples and shrines being almost innumerable. The Indians are naturally a very religious people, and if they can get saved will give to Oriental Christianity the very impetus for which it has languished through all by-gone ages.

The Parsees, fugitives from Mohammedan persecution in the seventh century, flying thither found an asylum of security from Moslem cruelty, which in their native country, Persia, was slaying all who did not accept the Koran. They number one hundred thousand in India, and nearly all of them are in and around Bombay. They are an intelligent and educated people and all I met speak the English language.

Their physique and habitude constantly remind us of the English, whose brethren they are in the great family of Japheth. If they were only Christians, God could make them a wonderful blessing in India. They are not considered idolaters; they are fire-worshippers, the followers of Zoroaster, who launched this religion in Persia, where he was a native, 500 B. C., while Buddha was preaching his religion in India, and Confucius was also preaching his doctrines in China. These great and good men were contemporaries, and I do believe were walking in all the light they had, living as they did five hundred years before Christ came on the earth. I doubt not but that they walked in the full light of nature and conscience, illuminated by the Holy Ghost in absence of the written Word. I doubt not but they are all in Heaven. They have on the earth about one thousand millions of followers, who are now idolaters. If Zoroaster, Buddha, and Confucius were now living, they would not only be Christians, but flaming preachers of the Gospel. Their followers have idolized them and their work. Go into a Buddhist temple and you see Buddha's statue and the people bowing down and worshipping him. He never dreamed of such a thing, and if on earth would protest against it. His followers say they are not worshipping him, but simply manifesting respect like we do to the name and memory of John Wesley, and other saints, whom God has used to bless us.

These Parsees, who abound in Bombay, will not let you call them idolaters. They only worship God as revealed in the four substances, fire, water, air, and

earth, which in the days of Zoroaster, their founder, were considered elements, and the people thought they were all that exist in the material world. But Zoroaster with all his wisdom (for he stood at the front in his day) was egregiously mistaken in the elements of the material world; as none of these are elements. Fire is simply incandescent matter. Water is no element, but a compound of oxygen and hydrogen. The air is no element, but a compound of oxygen and nitrogen. Earth is no element, but a conglomeration of all the elements, *i. e.*, sixty-three. The Parsees pour out libations to these four objects of worship, believing that Zoroaster was correct.

The Parsees are prominently peculiar for their disposition of the dead. As they worship fire, they dare not burn the bodies, as the Indians do. As they worship air, water and earth, and the dead are utterly unclean, they dare not bury them in a grave, thus giving them to the air, water and earth. Consequently they expose them until the birds utterly devour their flesh, stripping the bones perfectly bare; then they just leave them exposed to the awful heat of the Indian sun, which is so potent as it pours down in fiery floods on those tender bones newly divested of their flesh that it utterly parches them up and breaks them all to pieces till they crumble back into lime and phosphorus, the earthly elements whence they came. These they shove down into a funnel and thus permit them to return to their original source in the earth. They have several towers on the mountain overlooking Bombay, which they call "Towers of Silence," where they expose their dead to the vultures,

which are always there in great crowds, awaiting the coming of the corpse that they may light on it and voraciously devour everything but the bones. The sexton in charge of these towers told me that it never took those vultures more than two hours to devour a corpse, not leaving a solitary vestige on the bones.

We proceed now to the Zoological Gardens, where we see the whole animal creation, so far as the torrid zone is concerned, which is the grandest home of the animal world, and the most of India is between the tropics. Here we see an infinite variety of animals, from the great elephant, weighing ten thousand pounds, to the beautiful little humming-bird. The Bengal tiger, a dozen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, is terrific to look upon. The leopard, panther, catamount, hyena, great roaring lions, growling bears, and an infinite variety of monkeys, apes, gorillas and ourangoutangs, we see leaping on all sides. Meanwhile we find the feathered tribes well represented; the ostrich, condor, a variety of eagles, vultures, pelicans, and an innumerable species of birds; parrots talking on all sides, numerous ravens of different species, and some of the most beautiful birds I ever saw. The splendor of their gaudy plumage actually dazzles one's eyes. The largest animals live in the torrid zone, also the most dangerous and the prettiest. In this garden you will also see an infinite variety of serpents, from the great rock snake, forty feet long and two feet around the body, whose bite is not poisonous, the danger being that he will make his dinner on you, down through all grades of magnitude to the most diminutive, including the

cobra, which is so rankly poisonous that his victim never lives more than twenty to thirty minutes. He is awfully dangerous because of his quickness; however, he has one favorable phenomenon, that is that he moves several times before he strikes you; but he does this so exceedingly quickly that he is very likely to administer the fatal stroke too soon for the escape of the unfortunate victim. I am not surprised that the British Government has put a prize on the cobra's scalp, so that his slayer will make more money out of his skin than he could earn in a week at the low wages peculiar to India. There is quite a variety of other poisonous snakes in that country. As the rank and file of the country always go barefoot, many of them lose their lives by the venomous reptiles.

The fruitfulness of Bombay island and the contiguous continent is wonderful in the extreme. Bananas grow spontaneously, and they are very hard to kill out when they want to till the land. They are actually cheaper in the market than you would have any idea. Oranges, lemons, olives, and other tropical fruits superabound. The mango, the most delicious fruit in the world, grows about Bombay in a species peculiar to that locality, which is pronounced the best in the world. This fruit comes about four times the size of the American peach, has the flavor of the peach, the plum, the pear, and the apricot, so as to make it really the equivalent of all these delicious fruits. The tree, in size and appearance, reminds me of the American oaks, being one of the largest and most stalwart trees I saw in India. It grows in vast abundance in all parts of the country, the land resembling a dense

forest as we travel through a great mango orchard. The natives are very ingenious in gathering this valuable fruit. They attach a sack to a bamboo pole, and standing on the ground reach up so manipulating that the fruit drops into the sack, thus saving it from the bruise it would receive in the fall, and at the same time protecting the tree from the damage it would receive by climbing it. This bamboo abounds throughout India and is of incalculable value for the quickness of its growth, its wonderful strength and its long slender trunk, perfectly straight and limbless, resembling cane, except that it is so much larger, growing up one to two hundred feet high. The poor people build all of their houses out of bamboo and mud. It is wonderful how God has provided in every country. Glory to His name!

In Bombay you will find the greatest depot I ever saw, and I have been in all the principal cities of the world. They say it is the largest in the world, costing fifteen millions of rupees, *i. e.*, five millions of dollars. The mind grows dizzy in contemplating the future magnitude of this city, as it is surrounded by three hundred millions of people; as in all the empire there are only eight acres *per capita*, the trend of population pouring into the cities is really incalculable.

On the B. B. Railroad, within three hours run we reach the Vanguard Mission, which was established by our excellent Brother Sherman, of St. Louis, and is conducted by Brother and Sister Ashton and Sister Angell, with two large and flourishing orphanages. The girls are at San Jan Thana and the boys at Pardi

Jugurati. God was wonderfully good to Brother Sherman in that country, stirring up the officers of the British Government to make him the handsome donation of thirty acres of beautiful, elevated, healthy ground at San Jan, on which, through the philanthropy of American saints, he has been enabled to build a splendid bungalow (mission house), and other suitable buildings. When I was there and preached to the students, Sister Angell interpreting, the Lord poured out His Spirit, saving and sanctifying souls, and giving us a precious revival. Constrained to cut my work short to meet other engagements, I immediately sent them the "Texas Boys," whose labors God signally blessed. I must here remind you that the boys' school at Pardi runs in rented property and we must make a specialty to remember that work before God, asking for suitable ground and money to erect the buildings. In that heathen land, we cannot make normal headway without real estate. We must have land and houses to carry on our schools and mission work. We will never get enough of our people into that country to evangelize it and save the inhabitants; all we can do is to get enough of the natives converted, sanctified and educated to push forward the work and capture India for Christ. If you could be there and see how God is saving the students in those schools, you would realize the importance as never before. We must help these missions, not only by our prayers, but by our financial support, as the Lord puts it into our hands. When I was in India preaching last winter, Brother Sherman was in America. You can give your contributions to him, or send them to the Van-

guard Office in St. Louis, Mo., or remit directly to San Jan, Thana, India. Throw away the idea which I have often heard that it takes a large per centage of what we give the missionaries to carry it to them in their fields of labor. It is Satan's falsification. It does not take one cent but a postage stamp. I have traveled in the old world during the last eleven years with Cook's Agents; send a check on any National Bank in America and they will cash it in Bombay or Calcutta without charging one cent.

Authorities certify that there are twenty-five hundred mission schools and colleges in the heathen world, and that they are attended by a million of students. Now suppose we get this million saved, sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost, which is neither unreasonable nor impracticable, because it is in harmony with the promise of God. There are a thousand millions of heathen in the world. You readily see that in that case we have a native preacher for every thousand heathen. I have often known American pastors in charge of a thousand or more members. On this line lies our only hope for the conversion of the world; therefore we must, by our prayers, our money and our work, do our utmost to get all of these pupils, whom God, in His providence, has committed to us, truly born from above, sanctified wholly and filled with the Spirit. The reason I traveled around the world was to acquaint myself with the missionaries in their fields of labor and to diagnose the unoccupied fields, in order to qualify myself to encourage the work in the homeland by speech and pen, stirring up the Lord's dear people to supply His army with

men and women. If I were young I would certainly be a missionary. The fire struck me too late in life to go in person, except as a transient visitor for the encouragement of the work. I expect to do all I can while I live for the evangelization of the world, and when I leave it, I will eveything I possess to the missionaries.

Now we reach the Southern Pentecostal Mission at Vasind, Thana, in charge of Brother and Sister Codding, Sisters Mattie Long and Florence Williams and others whose names are in the Book of Life. These were sent out by Scottsville, Texas, Camp-meeting, Ft. Jessup Camp-meeting, La., and "Living Waters," Nashville, Tenn., Rev. J. O. McClurken, Editor. These people have a grand field of labor, really an entire ancient kingdom which has been there from time immemorial, the Barlies, and not a solitary missionary among them until these people came thither in 1905. Since their arrival they have been doing much evangelistic work; but as they own no property they have a very small school. Hence it is of the greatest importance that we proceed at once and outfit and equip them for the greatest possible efficiency. With three thousand dollars they can build houses which would cost ten thousand in America. The best mechanics there work for from twelve to fifteen cents per day, while raw labor costs from two to four cents per day; nice stone superabounds which costs nothing but to prepare it for the wall. These people are now using the only bungalow in all that region, for which they, of course, have to pay rent. It is not in the most suitable place for their work, neither is it in the most

healthy location. While I was there Sister Florence Williams took fever and it seemed like she could not get rid of it, so they moved her away to the Pentecostal Mission, because of its location in a more healthy region. The territory commanded by this Southern Pentecostal Mission contains plenty of locations high and healthy, in some one of which they will build so soon as we can prepare them financially. Let the saints, especially in the great Sunny South, take the matter before God in earnest prayer that He may in a special manner put His hand on this work, preserve the health of the missionaries, bless their labors of love, and give them that ancient nation for their inheritance. Investment in this region will be financially profitable, because it is only two hours' run from the great and growing Bombay, directly north. Everything within that distance of Bombay is bound soon to command a high price. Let all the saints in dear old Dixie Land especially hold up this mission before God and ask Him to let them enjoy the blessing of even a small amount of stock in this glorious investment.

About one hundred and fifty miles on the Short Line from Bombay to Calcutta, turning off at Jalgon Junction and running out twenty miles on a branch road, we come to the Peniel Mission at Dharrangaon, in charge of our excellent Brother and Sister Scarf. This mission was established by Sister Ferguson, her noble husband and Brother Studd, of Los Angeles, Cal. This sainted trio have one hundred missionaries in the field, supported by faith alone. The government donated this mission a beautiful and most desirable

piece of ground, on which to erect buildings. It is high and healthy, and they have already dug a well and found excellent water in an abundant supply. They much need the financial ability to erect the necessary buildings. Three thousand dollars will meet the emergency.

The Lord let me go thither and spend a number of days, on two different occasions preaching for them. They have a charming mission school, consisting of twenty-five bright and promising girls. In my first visit to them, the Holy Ghost fell on them and they prayed all night, a number of them entering into victory. During my absence my young men gave them a meeting and saw the mighty works of God. When I went again I found a number had become preachers. We went to the city and preached on the streets. I heard them to my delightful edification. I am sure they are gifted and God will use them to save the lost myriads crowding around them. Within a radius of ten miles from this mission we reach one hundred thousand souls; and within a radius of fifty miles, we reach a million of people, this being the only mission in all that boundary. We need a strong force there, competent to send out preaching bands to the cities and villages, thus evangelizing all of this territory as soon as possible, so developing and commanding native workers as to establish branch missions to reach this million of souls. So soon as they can build a house they will establish a boy's school. This is the only available way we can permanently reach the heathen nations. We must get some of their people within our reach saved, sanctified and filled with the

Spirit, and use them to save the lost millions. Brother and Sister Scarf so much need the reinforcement of at least two more good missionaries from America. Who will go? I feel sure that the thousands of people attending the Peniel Mission on the Pacific coast and elsewhere will help me to pray for this mission, that God shall truly make it like a city built on a mountain, which cannot be hid. In your prayers night and day ask Him to let you bear an humble part by contributing to the temporal sustenance of the work, while you abide in lovely America; which, after my peregrinations all around the world, I must with a stronger emphasis than ever before pronounce the Paradise of the earth.

“Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own my native land;
Whose heart within him ne’er hath burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on some foreign strand?
If such there be, go mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concentered all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.”

Oh, how delightful to live in this country, after seeing the Old World, and how the people live there! What a glorious privilege for us to live here and send the money which God gives us over there to preach for us.

“And I say unto you to make to yourself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when life may

fail, they may receive you into eternal habitations." Luke xvi, 9. This meets the case before us, covers the ground and forever silences all cavil. God help us to obey this beautiful commandment of our Savior, to make to ourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. What is the mammon of unrighteousness? It is money. How can I make it my friend? By using it to save souls. This is well confirmed by the context; in order that when life may fail you, they may receive you into eternal habitations. Oh, how plain and beautiful is the teaching of our Savior! Now how does this apply to sending our money to India or any other heathen land? We labor in delightful America, this healthy country where money actually takes a liking to us and comes to abide with us. Your own banks will take it and give you a cheque on New York without charging you one cent. A nickel stamp will carry it to Dharrangaon, Kandish, India. Cook's Agent in Bombay will cash the cheque and not charge one cent. Twenty-five dollars of your money will support a native preacher a whole year. Platoons of souls will be saved by the mammon of unrighteousness which you, in the providence of God, send to India. Life in India is only twenty-four years on an average, half of what it is in America. So you see quite a lot of those Indians will die before you do, and be in Heaven shouting because you ever lived on the earth and sent them the Gospel; therefore, when you die the guardian angels will call your name in Heaven, proclaiming the glad news that you are coming now, which will be the notification to all of those people who have been saved by the Gospel which you sent

them, to sweep out through the pearly gates and meet you with shouts of welcome long and loud. Thus they will ring out the joyous acclaim, "Welcome home, Brother A; Welcome home, Sister B; for the money you sent to India brought to me the glad news of salvation. I never before had heard of Jesus the Son of God who came all the way from Heaven and died to save my soul." O, how glad you will be that God ever permitted you to bear an humble part in saving these people who will bless you through all eternity!

Now on the direct route to Calcutta, our next mission is the Christian Alliance, at Bhusawal, Kandish. There we have our noble Brother Banister, his good wife and two elect sisters in charge of our English church; a mission school of about one hundred, and some branch missions in the country. This city is a beautiful, growing railroad junction and this work is in every way prosperous and progressive. Brother Banister is wonderfully filled with the Spirit, the signal blessings of God resting on his labors in a peculiar manner. When I arrived, escorting me to his hired house, he halts one minute to show me the foundation of the splendid bungalow (mission house), near his beautiful church edifice and all exceedingly delightfully located; but he had only laid the foundation and his money had failed, and so the enterprise was halted *in statu quo*, till the arrival of money to push it on. He stated to me that he had no idea whence it was to come, as he had simply undertaken it by faith. He and his family were at the time suffering from physical indisposition, which he imputed to the unhealthy location of the hired house; therefore the

building of this mission house in a healthy location was imperative. I at once sat down at his table and wrote to American friends about it and prayed over it and felt that I heard from Heaven decisively in the affirmative. That was the winter of 1905. I believe the money has come and the house has been built. Let the saints everywhere pray for this encouraging enterprise, that God may continue to spread it out all around. Within reaching distance there are millions of people who have never heard the name of Jesus. Especially may the brothers and sisters of the Christian Alliance make a specialty of this work, holding it night and day before the mercy-seat for souls to be saved and the Lord's money timely and copiously to reach this great, growing and promising missionary field. At the same time, make the health of Brother and Sister Banister a special petition before God. They have been there ten years (good English people), and their usefulness is constantly increasing.

We now hasten on another hundred miles by rail, then I have to leave the road, mount the mail tonga, drawn by a pair of ponies at sweeping gallop and changed every five miles. We dash away twenty-eight miles into the interior to Buldana Berar, where we reach the Eastern Pentecostal Mission, sent out by the dear saints of good old Yankee Land. Brother Wood is a regular gem. Though in India thirty years, since the days of Bishop Taylor, and though having passed through all the famines, yet he is quite stalwart and exceedingly aggressive, along with his good wife, whom with her medical dispensary God

is using to bless the bodies as well as the souls of those dear people. Sister Perry and two other elect sisters and a brother, whose names are in the Book of Life, are heroically pressing the battle for God and souls. Their location is exceedingly eligible, on beautiful ground with fifty acres for gardens and meadows and two never-failing springs; the latter are very valuable in that land where they are bound to irrigate if they would have fruitful gardens the encircling year, which, with water, is feasible throughout that country, where winter never comes and summer ever lasts, flowers never fade and fruits never fail. Oh, so much like Heaven! Brother Wood had one large bungalow, capacious and commodious, complete and in use, and another one rather more capacious, under full headway, and I hope complete and occupied by this time. They have a grand mission school, more than one hundred students. I found the fire burning and the tide running high. Oh, what a glorious time of salvation and sanctification the Lord gave us! Brother Wood is an extraordinary interpreter, speaking with great life and energy as the Holy Ghost gives him utterance.

Brother and Sister Eicher and another elect brother have a mission in the city of Buldana. They were constantly in our convention, which was really a union of missions. I realized a most cheering phenomenon among the missionaries in all that country; it was their perfect love, unity, and co-operation. They reminded me of brothers and sisters in the bond of consanguinity, visiting and helping each other with glad hearts and joyous enthusiasm. The little differ-

ences which Satan uses to divide us in this country disappear when we reach that far away land where the heathen millions crowd around one, dying without hope and without God; the world, the flesh, and the devil combined against us, all these silly divisions are forgotten and it is glorious to see how the missionaries love one another. The Lord permitted me to attend several conventions and camp-meetings, it seeming odd, because it was our mid-winter; but there it was the best time of all the year for these great meetings. I found a joyous welcome and grateful appreciation everywhere I went and the three months of my ministry in India I can never forget. I can hardly persuade myself now that I am not in great India traveling and preaching night and day. Oh, how delightful to be young again; to go thither to live and die. This part of the country is two thousand feet above the sea level and consequently healthy and delightful. It has a rich soil, weary of cultivation for thousands of years; crops need the quickening of fertilization. Let all of the dear saints pray for the missions at Buldana, and of the Pentecostal and Christian Alliances, and feel it a glorious privilege, if you cannot go and preach the Word, to support those who are there by your prayers night and day, and by your finances, as He willeth.

I now have to leave the railroad again and dart off on the mail tonga, twenty-eight miles south, to Yeotomel, the Free Methodist Camp-meeting, where it is my privilege to hear Bishop Sellow, from New York City, who, with his good wife, is traveling around the world in the interest of missions; also quite a num-

ber of the dear missionaries gathered there to enjoy the Feast of Tabernacles, whet their swords, and light their torches, the more effectively to press the battle for God and souls. This mission is in charge of Brother and Sister Taylor, Brother E. F. Warren, and a corps of fire-baptized workers. Though I am not a member of the Free Methodist Church, I honestly believe it to be the best in the world, from the simple fact that it is easier for people to go to Heaven and harder for them to go to Hell through that church than any other in all the world, and that is the only utility for any church, to keep people out of Hell and to take them to Heaven.

They have about one hundred and fifty students and two Bible Schools. The girls are at Yeotomel, and the boys at a village in the vicinity. They have excellent buildings at Yeotomel, and much need them for the boys' school. This mission is in a healthy portion of the country, densely populated with a solid million of people to save by preaching the everlasting Gospel, and you know that the Free Methodists are the people to do it. All pray for them night and day, and let us be as wise as the children of this world, who in time of war always support their armies with men and money. You who desire a field of labor or a place to glorify God with the resources which he has put in your hand, will find a grand opening here.

We now hasten on to the camp-meeting of the Pentecostal Bands, sent out by Brother Nelson and others from 223 North New Jersey Street, Indianapolis, Ind., where we meet Brother and Sister Good, Brother

and Sister Wiley, and Brother and Sister Whittle, in charge of this great work, and quite a number of others whose names are in the Book of Life. They have two splendid orphan schools, numbering jointly several hundred students. These crowded the church so that the citizens of Rajnondgaon, the mission home and location of the girls' orphanage and leper home, that of the boys being in the vicinity, were almost crowded out. However, they showed a due appreciation by standing about the doors and windows and in the aisles. In connection with these two orphanages and Bible Schools, these Western Pentecostal people have several other evangelistic stations, where they are preaching the Word and God is saving souls. This work is already large and growing; a great center of missionary operations. It is a splendid region of country, with rich soil, healthy climate and teeming millions of people, a grand opening for you to glorify God with your finances and your personal labor, if called to the heathen field. We are forced to have three separate detachments of Pentecostal Holiness people in India. Here at Rajnondgaon, the Western Pentecostal people, Brothers Good, Wiley, and others; at Vasind, Thana, Brother Coddington, Sister Mattie Long and others from dear old Dixie Land; while our Eastern Pentecostal people, Brother Wood, Sisters Perry, Sprague, Tracy, and others, you will find at Buldana, Berar. Thus we have the great East, West, and South represented by the Pentecostal Churches and bands.

Our camp-meeting at Rajnondgaon for twelve days, was wonderful for the outpouring of the Spirit

in showers of blessing on the dear saints, and exceedingly fruitful in many conversions bright and clear and sanctifications triumphant and glorious. It was really an oasis in my pilgrimage.

We now hasten away on a branch road off into the south country, to Dhamptaron, C. P., where it is our privilege to attend the American Mennonite Mission, with two great orphanages and Bible Schools; two hundred and ten boys at Sunderganz; in charge of Brother and Sister Burkhart, Brother and Sister G. F. Lapp, and Brother Congleman, and at Rudri, three miles distant, two hundred girls in the orphanage Bible School with Brother and Sister B. C. Lapp and Sisters Schurtz and Stalter. You see our Mennonite brethren are doing a great work for the Lord in this great dark land, for which our hearts have long sighed and prayed that the Sun of Righteousness might arise with healing in His wings. Oh, how wonderfully are our prayers now receiving an answer of mercy, as the light is coming and the day of salvation is breaking on India's millions. Light is destined soon to interpenetrate the dismal void and blend in one grand solid sunburst, driving away the long, dreary night of pagan darkness, ignorance and superstition, and ushering in the long prayed-for glorious day of India's redemption from the chains of bondage with which Satan has bound her for the last four thousand years!

How I did enjoy preaching the everlasting Gospel to the four hundred and ten sable children of the Orient, in the good providence of God, and through

the instrumentality of our Mennonite brethren, gathered in these Bible Schools. I feel sure you will all pray for them and rejoice in God for the privilege of answering your prayers by sending money and missionaries, to strengthen their hands and cheer their hearts in their labors of love and patience of hope as they toil for the redemption of dear old India. I claimed these four hundred students for preachers without a single exception. They responded with enthusiasm.

God has blessed these missionaries with valuable lands for farming and gardening enterprises, which are such important auxiliaries in all of these mission fields. While with them, I strolled away on a peregrination through a great mango orchard, with which I was charmed and electrified and, returning to the mission, delighted to learn that it had been donated by the government. I do feel that it is the imperative duty of every lover of Jesus to pray night and day for the British Government, which now rules six hundred millions of people in the interest of God's kingdom in all the earth. She is the leading colonizer, educator and Christianizer among all the nations of the earth; her administration being in harmony with the blessed Bible and the establishment of God's kingdom throughout the whole world. She has ruled India for one hundred and fifty years, which have been marked with constantly increasing light on those people who through the ages sat in darkness and the shadow of death.

It is now our privilege to visit our dear German

Lutheran brethren at Rai Pur, C. P., and to preach for good old Brother Stoll, one of the oldest missionaries in India. I was delighted with his mission school, where it was my privilege to meet not only the young immortals and preach to them the living Word, but some of the dear missionaries. These dear people have ten missions dispersed in that region. Do pray for them night and day and help them financially as the Lord prospers you.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

NORTH INDIA.

North India is bounded on the north by Turkestan and Thibet; on the east by Burmah; south by Central India, and west by Beloochistan and Afghanistan. It contains eight hundred millions of acres and a population of one hundred millions. As the Aryans, the first people to come into India having a written language and history and considerable proficiency in the arts and science of civilization, entered India at the head waters of the Ganges from the northeast, having ascended thither from the Oxus, this part of India was first in civilization and culture. Therefore the oldest cities are in this region.

Delhi, the capital of the Moguls, has a population of two hundred and fifty thousand. It was the ancient residence of Achbor, the great contemporary of Tamerlane, the celebrated Tartar conqueror, who was his great military comrade in founding the Mogul Empire, which brought India to the front of the world, where she stood for two hundred years. Though these two men were illiterate barbarians, intellectually and influentially they were the greatest men in the world in their day, the fourteenth century.

We have in this region Lucknow, with a population of two hundred and sixty-four thousand. This is the great center of Methodism in India; the residence of

Bishop Robinson, a most excellent man, with whom I was permitted to associate. He told me the Methodists had one hundred and fifty thousand members in India. Do pray for all of them, that God may so sanctify and fill them as to make them all flaming preachers of the Gospel. There they are so much needed, and their opportunities to win a crown of glory that will never fade away are so broad and the field so inviting, the harvest so great and the laborers so few.

Isham Das, the first native Methodist preacher ever in India, in 1857, on the fifteenth day of May, was preaching to an audience of six men, from Luke xii, 32, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," when the Sepoy Rebellion suddenly broke out with the roar of many guns in all directions. The Sepoys were doing their best to kill all the English people as quickly as possible and to take the government into their own hands; so his audience all leaped and ran for life, and he climbed a tree. It did not look much like his text was going to be fulfilled, yet it has been wonderfully fulfilled already, and while then he was the only native Methodist preacher, now we have them by the thousand. We ought to have the entire hundred and fifty thousand Methodists, who should every one unhesitatingly take the silver trumpet and blow with all his might, like Isham Das was doing when this awful bloody war suddenly broke out, threatening the utter destruction of all the English people and the annihilation of the British Government. How wonderfully God came to our relief, and the war, though bloody

and terrible, wound up in a glorious victory for Britain and the kingdom of God.

At Cawnpore the massacre of all the British people, men, women and children, by order of the cruel and barbaric Sepoys, after they had all given up their arms upon the native leader's solemn promise and oath to protect them and to send them away in boats down the river to Allahabad, but which he diabolically violated, was shocking beyond all possible description. When they had embarked on the boats to go away, they were fired on by the order of the cruel Sepoy, captured and brought ashore; then he ordered his soldiers to massacre them indiscriminately, sparing neither age nor sex. The soldiers refused to do it. Then he sent for the butchers, whom he hired to massacre them and cast them into a large well. This they did, piling in many of them while still alive, there to die of suffocation. They actually exterminated the English population of that city. When the war wound up with universal victory for the English, they built a monument over that well, superscribing on it many beautiful Scriptures. Among them we read in a conspicuous place, "These are they who have gone up through great tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." The beautiful statue of the resurrection angel stands on the monument.

We have a flourishing Methodist Church in that city, in charge of Brother and Sister Calkins; the latter a Gospel daughter of mine whom the Lord used me to call to the ministry, Miss Ida Vornholtz, of Cincinnati, who preached very extensively, especially

in Kentucky, along with her excellent mother, who is now playing on her golden harp. Cawnpore has one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants.

Agra, with two hundred and fifty thousand of a population, is one of the celebrated capitals of the Mogul Empire. There the traveler pauses, lost in unutterable bewilderment as he contemplates the Taj Mehal, the finest and most costly tomb ever built by mortal hands; the great mausoleum erected by Shah Jahn, the mighty Mogul, in honor of his queen, whom he loved so dearly, who died in the parturition of a son. This mausoleum cost the labor of twenty-two thousand men for twenty years. It glitters all over with the dazzling splendor of diamonds, pearls, and precious stones gathered from the mines of the Orient; therefore it is a thing of beauty, which holds every traveler spellbound while he contemplates its radiant splendors and gorgeous glory.

Benares, with one hundred and sixty-five thousand population, is the Holy City of India, constantly visited by pilgrims from all parts of the empire, thronging the fifteen hundred temples which adorn this Jerusalem of paganism. The Greeks were pagans, having no Bible; yet their idolatry was elevated and inspiring compared with that of the Indians, which, sad to say, is low, groveling, brutal, and diabolical. Humanity is progressive in all phases and environments. Paganism is literally Satan's religion. He is their great god and his innumerable demons their subordinate divinities. Therefore his religion normally progresses from bad to worse. Two thousand years have flown since Greek idolatry was in the meridian

of its glory. At that time these Indians doubtless had a much more elevated and humane religion than now. They have actually deified their vilest lusts, and they worship the gross sensualities and the most revolting debaucheries, which are personified and revered by the ignorant people. The Brahman priests, descended from that lofty Aryan stock, have always been gifted in poetry and oratory. They have subsidized these gifts conservatively to the perpetuity of their idolatry among the people, whose trend is sensual and diabolical; like the ever-flowing river constantly descending from the higher to the lower level. This city of Benares, whither they resort by millions to worship their gods, is really a pandemonium, where the vilest lusts and passions are inflamed and intensified, as the trend of idolatry is only to the cultivation of the lowest nature, to which the intellectual and the spiritual are shamefully and suicidally subordinated.

Allahabad, with her two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, stands at the junction of the holy Ganges River with the holy Jumna. While Benares is the regular ancient Jerusalem for all India, situated on the holy Ganges, in which the millions of pilgrims from the ends of the earth plunge and wash away their sins (as they superstitiously believe), Allahabad is also a holy city, presenting the glorious facilities of two holy rivers coming together at that place. The juncture of the Jumna with the Ganges is the favorite place of all India's millions for the holy ablutions so much appreciated by pilgrims. In this city they have a grand convocation of the entire Hindu Church, two hundred and seven millions, occupying

the whole month of January, once in twelve years. During this celebrated holy convocation, the twenty-fourth day is the holiest of all. My young men were in this city at that time, and told me that the crowd was so great that actually hundreds, and perhaps thousands, fell amid the moving throngs pressing to the hallowed spot, the junction of the Jumna with the Ganges. They were going thither that they might enjoy the holy ablution and get all their sins washed away, but were trodden down and suffocated. The English soldiers had to come out on their horses and take command of the overwhelming multitudes, in order to protect them from inadvertent homicide. My young men said that on this day they saw a procession of five hundred "holy men," their bodies covered with ashes and in a state of absolute nudity. You must not think Satan has no holiness people. His holiness people are as prominent in India as God's are in America. Just as God's holiness people are the best in His Church, so Satan's holiness people are the most satanic, *i. e.*, the worst in his church. Here is the great Hindu Church of Satan, with her two hundred and seven million members, worshiping the devil and believing that he is God. In this great church there are many holiness people, who are actually the worst people, the most brutal and diabolical, in all the land; dominated by the vilest lusts and most brutal and demoniacal passions, they delude the people with the most unblushing falsehoods, claiming sinless holiness, when they are actually incarnate devils.

Darjiling is a beautiful city of one hundred and fifty-five thousand people, situated five to seven thou-

sand feet above the sea, built amid the crags and precipices of the Himalaya Mountains. It was built mainly by Europeans in India, who find the climate so intolerably hot that they must have a summer resort. Most of the missionaries go to this city and enjoy a rest from their arduous labors during one or two months of the hottest season, when the thermometer stands at 115 to 120 degrees, as you can see, far above blood heat, when Europeans are in great danger of dying from the sheer heat. Take notice. All foreigners in India, as well as from Europe, are called Europeans; there being no distinction recognized in common parlance, as Americans are of European extraction.

Darjiling is quite a curiosity to travelers, from the fact that it has no level sites, but is all hewn out of the slopes and ravines, the craggy steeps, frightful precipices and yawning chasms of the Himalayas, the greatest mountain range on the face of the earth. I saw but few streets where wagons could run. You would naturally infer, under the circumstances, that pack animals, horses, mules, and donkeys, would be all the go; as in a city of this magnitude there must be an immense amount of transportation in carrying building materials, merchandise, and everything else. But in this conclusion you are mistaken. I saw but few pack animals. Then you conclude that men do this arduous work. Again you are mistaken. To be sure there are some packmen, whom you would possibly see serving in the city. But to my unutterable surprise I found the women, by dozens, scores, and hundreds, serving in this awful drudgery, carrying

stone, brick, lumber, and building materials, indiscriminately, hither and thither throughout the city; as well as coal and wood for fuel, and all sorts of merchandise, edibles, *et cetera*. I was literally astounded to see those toiling women carrying their awful loads. Each one has a paraschute of some kind, suitably constructed to contain the load she proposes to carry. The load rests on the back and is supported by a strong strap around the forehead, and so arranged that the weight rests entirely on the strong bones of the lower limbs and the spinal column, which is kept perpetually straight by the strap extended over the top of the head. While the women of India are the greatest workers in that country, and are wonderfully strong for their size, yet these porters throughout Darjiling are mostly Thibetans, as the city is near the border of that country.

Those Thibetan women are much larger and stouter than the Indians. Of course in that mountain city they have to go up and down the stone stairways from street to street, as you must not conceive it like an ordinary city, on a plain with streets running at right angles. Here they run parallel, the crossing being effected by stairways. Of course many of the streets, especially in the ravines, are dovetailed into each other. I was delighted with their cheerful and happy spirit, generally manifested by frequent singing as they always move in groups, a matter of convenience among themselves in helping one another. They often walked along singing beautiful songs, and I was much cheered upon hearing them sing the good religious songs which sounded familiar, though in an unknown

tongue, because I had heard them so much in the missions. I thanked God and took courage, in the glorious hope of evangelizing that dark land, Thibet, which is said to be the last in all Asia to receive the Gospel. About ten years ago the Gospel got in from China, when that empire extended her government over Thibet; our missionaries were enabled to enter from the Chinese side, but to this day they utterly prohibit us from entering from the west, as the governments are entirely different, and the Chinese Government still intercepts all ingress from India. So you see the wonderful providence of God in the coming of the Thibetans into Darjiling as laborers. They are being converted, and will of course carry the Gospel back into their own country.

Setting out at four o'clock in the morning, we rode our ponies six miles up the mountain to Tiger Summit, where we enjoyed a most conspicuous view of a thousand snow-capped summits, which is especially coveted by travelers at the rising of the sun, when his effulgent glory pours in from the great Oriental horizon, lighting that world of snowy summits with a splendor and beauty absolutely indescribable by mortal tongue. Among these summits Mount Everest, the highest on the globe (twenty-nine thousand and two feet), towers in his majesty, monarch of all he surveys; great Godwin-Austen, second, and Kunchinjinga third only to Everest himself in their lofty altitude of twenty-eight thousand, two hundred and fifty, and twenty-eight thousand, one hundred and seventy-six feet, seem to bear upon their heaving bosoms a world of perennial snows; whence the rivers rise and never run

dry, whose gelid floods are an everlasting benediction to the thirsty millions toiling on the plains below. Meanwhile, looking far away into the land of Thibet, where pagan night has reigned from time immemorial, we are electrified with the splendor and beauty of a thousand towering summits wrapped in eternal snows. These send out the great Yang-tse-Kiang and Hoangho Rivers to gladden the millions of China, as well as the beautiful Indus, the sacred Ganges and Jumna, and the limpid Brahmaputra, to irrigate great India.

In this immediate vicinity, we have the highest bridge in the world, a wire suspension extending across the Rangit, six thousand feet high, which is the highest in the world, hence it is truly a river of wonders, having the highest cataract and the highest bridge on the globe, a suitable concomitant of Mount Everest and his companions, the highest mountains in the world, and all harmoniously located in Asia, the largest grand division of the globe. There is but one discount on all these wonders and stupendous majesties; that is the dark reign of Satan over all the Himalaya range, the top of the world, being the center of the greatest empire Satan has on the globe.

We now leave the romantic scenery of the Himalayas, mount our ponies and hasten back to the depot, where we gladly exchange them for the iron horse, awaiting us at Darjiling. We return as we came, over the narrow-gauge; wending our way down the mountain slopes, amid craggy steeps, yawning chasms and frightful precipices, by zigzags, letter S's, and loops, and winding through the tea plantations, bright, green, and flourishing on all sides. Down,

down we roll till we reach the dense jungles where the tall bamboo and a variety of forest growth with densely crowded brambles give the tiger, hyena, panther and the bear ample hiding from the keen eyes of the hunter.

God, in His great mercy, permitted me to visit a number of leper homes and preach to the poor afflicted people at Rajnandgaon. It was my privilege to preach to forty of these dear sufferers. How the grace of God radiated from their haggard faces, maimed all over with the cruel tread of this loathsome destroyer. At Dhamphoron, with the dear Mennonites, I enjoyed a similar privilege, and was delighted to find sixty poor lepers happy in the triumphs of redeeming grace. It was my delightful privilege to spend a number of days with pastor Paul Wagner, at Purulia, where we have the largest leper asylum in the world, containing seven hundred. Oh, how I was delighted in preaching to them the glorious Gospel of the Son of God, who, in His earthly ministry, always manifested such ardent sympathy for the poor lepers, invariably cleansing them and sending them out to tell their suffering comrades the glad news. Consequently they thronged to Him from all points of the compass, and hung spellbound upon the words of His eloquent lips, falling before Him and saying, "If thou wilt, thou art able to cleanse me." Then He would respond, "I will, be thou clean," and immediately the leprosy was cleansed.

Leprosy is the most vivid symbol of inbred sin; this sin is a vile and loathsome impurity of notoriously pestilential character, a deadly disease intolerable in

the sight of God and utterly incompetent to endure the severity of His judgments. Therefore, it is not simply an ailment to be healed, but a foul and loathsome putrifaction to be cleansed and expurgated.

I found myself surrounded by those seven hundred, many of them handless and footless and diversely eaten up by the unmerciful destroyer; they have a church of their own on the asylum grounds, which contains twenty acres and are occupied by many buildings, so that they resemble a city. The church is large and commodious but has no facility for nocturnal illuminations. Therefore all the meetings were held in the day time, a circumstance exceedingly congenial to my weak eyes. I found them exceedingly prompt at all hours, and oh, when have I seen such an appreciative audience? Once during the series of days I was there, I used for a text, Romans viii, 28, "All things work together for good to those that love God with Divine love." I proceeded to show them how God is everything to His true people, in a wonderful and mysterious way making apparent calamities a blessing. I was reminded of the three hundred millions of poor heathen in India sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, bowing down to wood and stone, while these lepers are shouting in the light of God, and enjoying *bona fide* membership in His kingdom; looking into the wide open door whither He is inviting them to enter and to participate in membership in the Bridehood, even the glorious honor of heavenly queenship. I portrayed them shouting jubilantly in Heaven among the angels and the redeemed spirits, and praising God for ever in His providence, permitting the leprosy to come on

them, because it was essential for bringing them into that Christian asylum where they have heard the Gospel and followed the Savior; whereas in case the leprosy had never struck them, they would most likely be to this day in heathen darkness without hope and without God in the world. I also assured them that while their hands and feet are eaten off, and their bodies terribly maimed and lacerated by the awful destroyer, the Lord is soon coming back to take up His Bride and raise the bodies of the buried saints, and if He tarries the resurrection trump will soon sound anyhow, when this mortal shall put on immortality. Therefore I exhorted them to rest assured that they would soon get their bodies back, the lost members restored and all invested with the transfiguration glory, when they shall descend with the glorified Savior when He comes to take up His Bride and receive these bodies, no longer leprous nor mortal, but resplendent forever in transfiguration glory. Oh, how the few eyes left in the congregation did light up with the electric flashes of Heavenly hope.

On Sunday I preached to them morning and afternoon throughout my stay with them, devoting the evening to Brother Paul's orphan asylum, and early morning hours to the shining group of bright little children thronging Sister Wagner's Kindergarten. Oh, how abundant a laborer is dear Brother Paul Wagner, pastor not only of these seven hundred lepers, but of an orphan's home of sixty or seventy and of a congregation of nine hundred converted heathen, to whom he dispenses the Bread of Life, assisted by his good wife.

Their family are all preachers in different parts of the earth; all of them, native Germans, are members of the dear old Lutheran Church; and responsive to the call of God for missionary work, labor in Asia, Africa, America, and Oceanica. In this city (Cincinnati), I, pursuant to her request, visited her sister, the wife of Dr. Lange, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, who told me that her bright little girl, to whom I was then talking, was born in Africa, while she was doing missionary work. It is very encouraging thus to find a family like my own, all preachers; however they are specialists on the missionary line, encircling the world with the friarian arms of their evangelistic philanthropy.

As Brother Wagner had notified me that quite a number of the members of the leper church who had received baptism on Sunday afternoon, requested me to preach on that subject for their instruction, I therefore took for my subject the baptism which our Savior gives with the Holy Ghost and fire, which is the only baptism in all the world; the ordinance of water being no baptism, but the symbol of the real, saving baptism which Jesus Himself administers with the Holy Ghost and fire. In my discourse I showed them the absolute essentiality of their receiving the baptism of Jesus; while they were passing through the impressive ceremony of the symbolic baptism of water, it was a good time for their faith, inspired by their senses, to receive and appropriate the baptism which Jesus gives. The native pastor followed me by administering the baptismal service. I was delighted and edified, though his speech was all in the Bengali

language which I knew not. But I realized that the Spirit of the Lord was on us and present to do His own work, and actually felt that Jesus was there baptizing with the Holy Ghost. He baptized about one hundred, administering the ordinance by trine affusion. Having the subject stand up and lean over the fount, he meanwhile took up the water with his hand, and thrice dropped it on the head, repeating the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, with each affusion. The scene was exceedingly beautiful and profoundly impressive. I know not that I ever enjoyed a baptismal service more. I take it for granted you will never forget these lepers. My dear friend, Sister Emery of New York, now a missionary in India, remembered them enough to contribute the big end of the liberal sum of money with which Brother Paul built the most handsome edifice in the asylum, and called it Emery Hospital. These lepers all live by the Christian benefactions sent to them from Europe and America. While you are praying for Brother and Sister Wagner and these dear lepers, their orphanage, their kindergarten and their great congregation of saved heathen, sincerely ask God to bless you with the privilege of sending a contribution to Rev. Paul Wagner, Purulia Leper Asylum, Manblum District, India.

In the good providence of God, we now reach the "Sent of God" Mission at Raglumathpur, Manblum District, India, in charge of Brother and Sister Martin, assisted by Sisters Anna Graybill and Grace Garrett. There is another department of this "Sent of God" work at Bripal Perunia, Bankuria District,

Bagal, India, in charge of Brother and Sister Zook. These beloved people have two orphanages; that of the girls at the first mentioned place, and of the boys at the latter. When I was with them I realized that the Lord was very nigh. He convicted the people of the need of the work of grace in the heart so intensely that they prayed night and day; bright conversions and glorious sanctifications showed up the delectable fruits of our humble labors. These people show up a beautiful type of holiness to the Lord, walking with Jesus in meekness, lowliness and simplicity. God is wonderfully using their humble instrumentality. In His providence they are solely dependent upon the financial support sent to them by the dear American saints. Here is an open door for you to glorify God and receive a hundredfold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting. Of course you will pray for each one of these working groups, the one with Brother Martin and the other with Brother Zook. Holding up these noble men of God night and day before the mercy-seat, yourself join Jesus in His intercessory prayer for the great host of India..

We now haste away to Arrah, a city of forty-seven thousand people in Shahabad District through which the sacred and beautiful Ganges rolls its swelling tide, while the benighted millions of India look to its waters to have their sins washed away, ignorant of the cleansing blood, which alone has the potency to execute this mighty work. The great valley of the Ganges has an exceedingly fertile soil, and under judicious cultivation, though worn by the constant tillage of thousands of years, would soon regain its

virgin vitality, flooding the land with the fruits of the earth. The Sone, a beautiful river tributary to the Ganges, also irrigates this district. Our excellent Brother and Sister Grey are in charge of a small but growing and prospering orphanage, and at the same time are vigorously pushing the evangelistic work. Our beloved Sister Miller, sent out from the "Mount of Blessings," Cincinnati, Ohio, and Brother Vaughan, of the Friends Church, are helping to press the battle for souls. Brother Sampson, whom I believe to be the most efficient native preacher I ever met, really my choice in great India, through which I traveled six thousand miles preaching night and day, in the good providence of God is with Brother Grey. I tell you he is a jewel, a splendid preacher and a most excellent interpreter, for I tried him thoroughly. His son, in his teens, is exceedingly bright and promising, and when during my sermon I put my hand on his head and told him God wanted him for a preacher, to help and to succeed his father, and I wanted my mantle to fall on him when I left India and that he must get sanctified in order to meet these grand and glorious responsibilities, he sprang to his feet, tears gushing from his eyes and asked me to pray for him that he might get sanctified there. I stopped preaching, opened the altar, and the saints rallied around him and others. He soon prayed through and rose with shouts of victory.

The Shahabad District is one of the most important in India, especailly for the fertility and fruitfulness of the soil and the round million of people who there sit in darkness and the shadow of death. I preached in a

number of villages in the district where they told me the name of Jesus had never been spoken nor the blast of the silver trumpet heard. This is the only mission in it. We ought to enlarge it with all possible expedition, supplying Brother Grey with an ample force to locate bands of his missionaries in all parts of the district. He already has one mission in which I preached with great encouragement. We must raise the money to buy land and erect suitable buildings for the mission. Brother Grey is on the outlook for a suitable location, which it is difficult to find, as the Ganges is here near his efflux into the sea and so large that with his tributary, the Sone, he overflows nearly all of this country, so in the rainy season much of it could only be reached by Europeans in boats; the natives, accustomed to nudity, can go all over it wading and swimming. This circumstance augments the great fertility and possible productiveness of the soil, and is consequently a circumstance in our favor; but still it is really indispensable that we find an elevated location far above water-mark, on which to locate the mission home. For this, Brother Grey is on the lookout constantly. Doubtless he will be ready to make the purchase by the time we can raise the money, which is really a *sine qua non*.

Brother and Sister Grey, Sister Miller and Brother Vaughan have been sent out by the Revivalist Family. I doubt not but that you will hold them up, along with their native helpers, before God night and day, that He may keep His hand on them, His everlasting arms about them and His providence beneath them in all their toils for the establishment of His kingdom in

far off India. At the same time ask God to let you bear an humble part in the burdens, as well as share when the spoils are divided, the battle having been fought and the victory won; I feel sure you will want your name called in the grand review when we shall shout the harvest home.

Calcutta, with her one million one hundred and twenty-five thousand is not only the metropolis of North India, but the capital and metropolis of the empire. It is situated on the Ganges at his great swell for the ocean, where he is the Hugli, really a great arm of the sea, through which the largest ships run up from the Bay of Bengal one hundred miles to the city. The age of the English influence in India began when, in the sixteenth century, Queen Elizabeth chartered the East India Trading Company and sent the traders out, which proved the beginning of an influence which has grown and developed into the dominion over the great empire of India, of that little island of the sea ten thousand miles distant. In the olden times Delhi, Agra, Lucknow, Benares and Allahabad were the chief cities of India, as the nations which ruled her were not so potent by sea as by land; but since she has become Anglicized, Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, maritime cities, have come to the front to stay. Even since the Anglican dominion, Warren Hastings, the British Governor-general, shot tigers on the very ground where the great solid commercial blocks of Calcutta now stand. It was then so thickly grown with bamboos, brambles, and all sorts of undergrowth, that tigers and panthers found ample hiding convenient to come out and prey on the people

of the town and their domestic animals. Since the great victory over the Sepoys, fifty years ago, the city has grown with marvelous rapidity; those jungles have been drained and become beautiful building grounds; and the city has broadened out into marvelous dimensions and is now rapidly growing. The British Viceroy lives in the city; it is the seat of government for all India and Burmah.

If you ever visit Calcutta, do not forget to go to the Museum; there you will be edified beyond all expectation. I assure you my edification and surprise mutually culminated while I was walking around contemplating the wonders on all sides. When you first enter you see the hundred nationalities of India represented before you in life size exhibiting all of the original races in their diversified complexions; there are all sorts of colors from the ebony to the white, showing clearly that India, far back in the primitive ages (as this dates from the coming of the Aryans, B. C. 1500), received the due appreciation of Noah's three sons, as in this panorama we see Shem, Ham, and Japheth well represented. You will be astounded at the wonderful artistic inventions of the Indians; manifesting shrewdness, intellect, profundity, genius and patience, beyond your most vivid imagination. Having visited the Museum of Arts and Sciences and infinitesimal artistic souvenirs, now go to the Zoological Gardens and contemplate the natural hemisphere: thus you will be given the clue to all in these hemispheres, the one including the artistic and the other the natural world. In the Zoological Gardens you not only see all India represented, as she came from the creative fiat, but

the whole of the torrid zone, which is the great home of the animal creation where the largest, most ferocious, dangerous, and beautiful animals live. There you will see the great rhinoceros, the unicorn of the Bible, mentioned so frequently as the maximum of physical power. With that one short horn between his nose and eyes, he tosses up the great Bengal tiger or the roaring lion into the air like a schoolboy throwing up his ball; therefore he is actually the monarch of the world. Really his skin is so hard that he is proof against the tusk of the wild boar or the claw of the tiger. There, as well as everywhere in your peregrinations in India, you will see the great elephant weighing ten thousand pounds, hear the lions roar, the panthers scream, and the bears growl. You can go to their cages and get so very near them that you will enjoy the most satisfactory inspection with the utmost impunity. The vast diversity of animals you will see is far beyond my space to mention. There you will see the infinite varieties of the feathered tribes; from the great ostrich, condor, and eagle, down to the beautiful little humming-bird, and parrots talking on all sides. Some of the last named birds are the most beautiful you ever saw, their plumage being so bright and gaudy that they actually dazzle your eyes. You will be interested in the biped department, the intermediate link between man and the quadrupeds: monkeys leaping on all sides; apes, baboons, gorillas and ourangoutang, looking so much like people that you feel like saluting them courteously. You cannot afford to neglect the reptile department, though obnoxious to behold and fearful to contemplate, these awful

symbols of sin. The great rock-snake, forty feet long and two feet in circumference, is shocking to look at. He is not poisonous, but is ready to take hold of you and eat you for his dinner; there you see the cobra, so rankly poisonous that if he only gets a stroke at you, twenty or thirty minutes are all you can live. I am glad the British Government has put out so liberal a prize for his scalp that a poor coolie can get a whole week's wages for killing one cobra and presenting his skin to the government officer. It is to be hoped that this will result in his extermination. He kills many people, because the Indians are too poor to wear shoes or even to clothe their bodies so as to protect them from his stroke. Though he motions to and fro several times before he strikes, thus giving warning, yet he is so quick that he is exceedingly dangerous after all. A number of other snakes in India are rankly poisonous. We meet snake charmers all over that country, who make their living by charming these poisonous snakes, extracting their fangs, and then exhibiting them for the entertainment of the people. A missionary told me that his neighbor discovered a poisonous snake in his house, and sent at once for the charmer. On arrival he quickly caught the monster, extracted his narcotic fangs, and carried him away with him to use on exhibition.

In Calcutta, at Wellington Square you will find the great orphanage of dear Brother and Sister Lee, who came to that country more than thirty years ago, in the days of Bishop Taylor, and have been there ever since, wonderfully used of God in preaching the Gospel and saving souls. Now they have two large

orphanages, numbering jointly about two hundred or more pupils. These they gathered up during the famine and are preparing them to preach the glorious Gospel to their lost consanguinity in that land of Satan's dark reign. You cannot make a better disposition of the resources God puts in your hands than to send to them the temporal support they must have in order to push this great work of saving lost souls. Never forget to hold them up in your prayers, along with their faithful comrades, who are serving with them so heroically in the work of the Lord. When I preached for them, those bright young mortals won my heart, which lingers with them to this day. I found them all responsive to the blessed Holy Spirit; evidently under His precious influence, seeking salvation or, if consciously saved, pressing on for entire sanctification. There seemed not to be a dissenting voice among them. An American lassie served me as interpreter, showing herself an adept.

They told me about a woman in that country whose life and experience were so remarkable that I believe I ought to give you a sketch of the same, as a convenient looking-glass revelatory of the Indian life. Bishop Robinson, with whom I traveled on ship and had ample opportunity to converse, told me that he was well acquainted with her personally, and that she is still living, though upwards of ninety. Her name is Chundra Lela. She is a native of the ancient kingdom of Nepal, and her father, a Brahman priest of the highest caste, enjoyed financial wealth, and was really identified with the royal family; at times he actually reigned over the kingdom of Nepal. In the

providence of God she entered into wedlock, and within a couple of years incurred the greatest misfortune possible for a Hindu woman, *i. e.*, was left a widow. However, her husband, who had quite a lot of money, handed his key to her father before he died, ordering him to unlock his trunk, get all of the money and give it to her. Her father also soon died, leaving her ample financial resources. In India the law appertaining to widows strips them of all their possessions, reduces them to abject slavery, and even adds a compulsory life of shame. Therefore we do not wonder that the widows voluntarily burn themselves on the funeral pyre of their husbands rather than survive and succumb to the awful doom that awaits them. This custom they heroically perpetuated till prohibited by the British Government since it got control of India. So Chundra Lela was left alone, but, in the providence of God, was in good fix financially, which finances it is a wonder she was able to keep. She shows peculiar and extraordinary financial shrewdness. Her father was a noble, upright, Brahman priest, and by his personal labors gave her a splendid education, teaching her the classical Sanskrit, which is the sacred language of the Brahmans, in which the Vedas and Shastras, containing the holy oracles of their religion, are written. Therefore she enjoyed the superior advantages of a splendid education, which is very rare in India and really confined to the high caste Brahmans.

From her earliest recollections she had a deep conviction of sin and a longing desire for God in His pardoning mercy. So she sets out with all her heart

to seek the forgiveness of her sins and the reconciliation of God. The priests advise her to resort to pilgrimages, to appease the wrath of the gods and find their pardoning mercy. As she is alone, she hunts up two girls who are in the same condition, convicted of sin and longing to know God in His pardoning mercy, and to get intelligently saved. So, taking them with her for company, she sets out pursuant to the advice of the priests on a pilgrimage to Juggernaut, whose temple is in extreme northeast India. When she visits the temple and sees the image of the god, she is affrighted at his sheer ugliness. His head is disproportionately large and his great mouth wide open; his body is robust and out of all symmetry and his arms and legs are only stubs, with no hands nor feet; therefore his image actually looked frightful. The solution of this which the priests give is the statement that when shot by a hunter for a deer in that country and left unburied, Krishna's bones were put in a box by a farmer and preserved till the gods concluded to manufacture a divinity out of him. Therefore the divinity maker, employed by the gods to do this work, said to the king, who was deeply interested in it, to be sure not to give him any attention until he reported the work finished, but the king's solicitude was so great that, having waited on him quite awhile, he could no longer forbear interposing and seeing what he had done. But the very moment the king comes and looks on him, the workman evanesces away, never to return, leaving the job unfinished. If he had let him alone he would have finished the god's limbs, made his hands and feet, and

closed his mouth, trimming him down and adorning him with pertinent symmetry and comeliness.

Chundra Lela presents herself to the priest of Juggernaut, giving him a cow and a liberal cash donation besides, thinking certainly he can take away her burden of guilt and give rest to her soul, but it all proves a failure. While she is there, a great festival comes off. A mighty host of people assemble; they put a huge pile on a wagon-bed, and the image of Juggernaut on top of it, and wheels under it; then they attach many ropes to pull it through the streets with the most hideous yells and terrible screams that she ever heard; all, old and young, great and small, try to get hold of a rope and pull, and not a few of them actually throw themselves prostrate under the great wheels, which crush them to death; meanwhile the rains are pouring down and the vast multitude is pulling the car of Juggernaut through the streets with the most terrible excitement she ever saw. But her pilgrimage proves a total failure as far as the getting rid of her burden is concerned.

Then the priests tell her to go far away toward the noonday sun, five thousand miles to the temple of Ramanatha, and she will surely find there a priest who will give her the needed relief. So, after the India style, they walk barefoot for two thousand miles through strange lands, wending their way along their lonesome, wearisome pilgrimage, till after years of toil they reach the venerable temple of Ramanatha, far down on the peninsula near the island of Ceylon, out in the sea. Here Ram, the popular god of India, was born and reared, his parents being wealthy high

caste people. The father wanted to bequeath his unbroken estate to Ram; but he had the fortune to get a wife whom he so loved that he lost all appreciation for all other possessions, being delighted with her alone, saying to his father to give his estate to his brothers and sisters. About this time an interloper comes from Ceylon, the son of the king, and purloins his charming wife and carries her away. In his perplexity he gets the monkey to swim across the sea and so manages to bring her back, for which he was deified and admitted to a place among the gods. Here Chundra and her girls avail themselves of the blessings of the priest. She denotes a cow and a liberal money contribution to him and he does his best for her, but still there is no relief; the burden is as heavy as ever.

Then they tell her about a great and venerable temple in the far west and advise her to go on another pilgrimage thither, as she will certainly find the god who can give her the needed relief. Therefore they trudge away two thousand miles more over the burning sands and beneath the blazing sun, till, after years of toil, they reach the venerable temple in the far off west where Krishna was brought up, a sinful youth, frequently stealing fruit, milk and butter, and other things. There they availed themselves of the temple service, doing their utmost to obtain the relief for which they had gone sighing and crying on those three long and laborious pilgrimages, consuming years of toil and hardship, their burdens getting heavier instead of lighter. The priest does the best he can, but, like his predecessors, Juggernaut and Ramanatha,

signally fails to administer the desired relief from the awful burden which is like a millstone, dragging her down to the bottomless pit.

She has all of her life heard of Benares, on the holy Ganges, where there are fifteen hundred temples. Thither all her friends advise her to go, feeling sure that she will be enabled to make a finale of the enterprise on which she has been so long toiling night and day. Therefore, again they trudge on beneath the burning tropical sun and over the fiery sands, till they find themselves really in the Jerusalem of India's religion. Now they go from temple to temple. Oh, what a journey to peregrinate the city and pray in all the fifteen hundred churches and receive the oblation of the priests! How sad the heart when the quest is ended and the burden of guilt comes heavier than ever.

Having made liberal contributions to the priests, pursuant to advice, they now go away to a venerable temple high up on the Himalaya Mountains, amid the perennial snows, ten thousand feet above the sea level. As they trudge on their way towards the north, after many days of wearisome journeying they reach the foot of the mountains and begin to climb. Terribly rough and steep is the ascent, and oh, how wearisome the journey! After awhile they reach the snow-line and it is so cold on their bare feet that they have to take cloth and put bandages on them to keep them from being frostbitten. Their path is through snow and ice, amid rocks and precipices, where they have to hold to shrubs and roots and stones, and some places to icicles, to keep from falling in the awful

chasm that yawns beneath. Ere long they reach their destination and the gloomy old temple looks down on them. They go in and bow before the images and pray to the gods to forgive them their sins, telling the priests all their troubles. Chundra donates a cow to the priest, a liberal sum of money for his support, and yet no peace, rest, mercy and reconciliation is heard from the *sanctum sanctorum* of the ancient temple. Now, with heavy hearts, they bid it adieu forever, despairing of soul relief. Before they get away from that world of ice and snow, one of her girls freezes to death. She and the other one having descended from the mountain, traveling along, fall in with other pilgrims who interchange with them the sad story of repeated disappointments. They have now spent fourteen years on these pilgrimages. Young womanhood is wearing away. One of her girls is dead and the other is so exhausted by toil and exposure that she, too, soon dies, leaving Chundra Lela alone.

Now she is passing through an ancient kingdom with other pilgrims, and falling in with some of the members of the royal family they find out that she is a learned priestess by heredity, her father having been a Brahman priest and having given her a splendid education. Therefore they plead with her to stop with them, and serve in the priestly office in the family and kingdom, teaching them the Sanskrit language and the theology of the Vedas and the Shastras. Therefore she acquiesces and they treat her like a queen, sitting at her feet and delighted with her teaching. Five years roll away in this, to all external appearances, delightful situation; she has everything that heart could

wish, as they actually believe that she is a goddess more than mortal and really worship her. Eventually she became dissatisfied, because she knew that she was not saved and that the people were all mistaken about her. Yet they were so delighted with her that she knew that they would not let her leave them if they had any idea she was going. Consequently she stole away and subsequently fell in with the fakirs, who practise all sorts of austerities and asceticisms.

It is the custom of these fakirs to choose their own punishment, by which they would kill out sin in their bodies and reach the longed-for purity. Some of them spend the hot day under the burning sun with fires built all around them, so they may almost sweat themselves to death, and at night punish themselves by staying in water up to their necks. Others put up their arm and let it stay there until it gets paralysed. Others walk on their knees over very rough rocks and keep them bleeding. Chundra Lela had tried the toilsome pilgrimages fourteen years, and now had served as a priestess for five years, and still her heart is ill at ease and there is a crushing mountain on her soul. So, as a last resort, she turns fakir and goes into all sorts of self-torture. She adopts the fire and water punishment; spending the day out in the sun with five fires burning round her and ashes on her body. Meanwhile the people crowd around her, anxious to hear her teaching, as she was constantly teaching them the pedigree of the gods and the doctrines of religion as revealed in the Vedas and Shastras, and teaching them the holy Sanskrit language, to their infinite delight and ardent apprecia-

tion. They wait on her in every possible way, and gladly furnish the fuel to keep her five fires burning, bowing around her and kissing the ashes from her feet; believing that she was a goddess.

Eventually, she becomes terribly suspicious that the religion which her father had preached all his life, and which she thought was the only one in the world, after all had nothing in it. One thing that shook her up exceedingly was that she caught some of the priests playing off stratagems and falsifications and deceiving the people. One said, if a person told a lie and passed through a certain jungle a tiger would meet him and eat him up. To test the matter she made a false statement and proceeded to pass through that jungle, but saw no tiger. In another case she heard a priest say that at certain times an idol, which they worshipped there, discharged blood and would stain the cloth on which it was standing. She was so anxious to know about it, that she had him tell of the time it would do this. But she saw nothing of the blood, and the priest reprimanded her for coming too soon, and said to go away and come another hour that day and she would see it. But she having gone away, slipped back and concealed herself where she could watch the temple. She actually saw the priest kill a goat and drop the blood on that cloth until it was stained thoroughly. Then when the people came in and saw the blood, they were filled with reverence for the priest and the idol, believing that it had discharged the blood. When the priest cut up the bloody cloth they readily bought it at an enormous price, each one wanting a

piece. Other things also she saw in the priests which awfully shook her confidence.

On one occasion she was sailing on a ship on the Bay of Bengal when an awful storm came up. There was a general outcry for mercy, calling on Ram and Vishnu and other gods to deliver them, when an old Englishman who was on board lifted up his hand and said, there is a God up there who will take care of the storm. It surprised her, for she did not know there were any other gods besides the gods that belonged to the temples. Different things began arousing her suspicion that she had been mistaken in reference to God, as to where He is and what He is. At that day there were the fewest number of missionaries in India, as that was a long time ago, and this woman is nearly ninety years old. She had heard some talk incidentally about the missionaries, and had spoken to the priests about them, but they warned her not to have anything to do with them, for they were in that country for bad motives.

But eventually, in her travels she heard that there were some missionaries at that place, and through curiosity went to hear them. Then they told about Jesus, who has come from Heaven, and died in place of all of us sinners, and so atoned for all of our sins, so that there is now no trouble in receiving a free pardon for the past, and a new heart so that we will not want to sin, and certified that they had this new heart themselves, though having once been sinners and actually ruined by sin. And then they gave their experiences, telling how they had been so long in sin, had come to God in the name of His Son Jesus, the

sinner's Friend and Savior, had thoroughly repented of all of their sins and cast themselves on the mercy of God, and how He through Christ had granted them a free pardon and given them a new heart, and Jesus had actually saved them from all their sins and taken all their burden of guilt and sin away, so they no longer had any burden of sin, but felt light, free and happy, contented and joyous all the time because this wonderful Savior had taken their sins away, and was actually carrying all their burdens and all their sorrows, and they were having constant victory in their souls. Meanwhile, those missionaries by their very looks and deportment powerfully convinced her that the very things they told her were true; that they had tested this Jesus whom they preached, and knew that everything they told the people was perfectly true and reliable.

The result of attending the meeting of the missionaries was a powerful awakening. She was all stirred up and enthused with the good and wonderful news she had heard about the Savior, and over everything they had told her. She now settled down to the conclusion that He was seeking, in all of her long and weary pilgrimages and in the terrible sufferings she had endured as a fakir, punishing her body those long years, to get sin out of her. She had actually spent twenty-seven years, all told, seeking the God that could save her soul from sin. As this Jesus described by the missionaries was the one whom they certified had done the very thing for them that she had been seeking the gods of India to do for her all of these twenty-seven years, she told the missionaries all of her troubles,

and they, unlike the priests that she had been trying all those twenty-seven years, gladly told her how to give her heart to their God, assuring her that He had actually come into the world and died to pay the debt she owed, which she had been trying to pay by those long pilgrimages and terrible austerities and asceticisms which she had been practicing.

As she was an old teacher among the people, well known as a priestess, when she returned from the missionary meeting they thronged about her, astounded that she would do such a thing, and told her that their priests were all opposed to such a thing and were warning them to keep away from the missionaries. Therefore, as she was a teaching priestess, they thought it awful for her to be going with the Christians, and told her that they would do their best to get her to join them, and if she did she would break her caste and actually lose her standing among the people, and her influence for good would be ruined forever, and that those missionaries were a floating class of people and that they would soon cast her away, and then when she had lost her caste she would actually have no people. Then she just called on a low caste person present to bring her a drink of water, and taking it from her hand she drank it there in the presence of them all. Then she beckoned to another coolie to hand her her pipe and let her smoke. Thus in two instances there in the presence of them all she broke her caste, so that they would all know that she had actually joined the Christians. She smoked then, as all heathen do, but as soon as she got into the clear light of salvation she saw it was wrong and quit it

forever. She then proceeded to receive baptism and fully identified herself with the Christians, and as she had been a teacher among the Hindus for those twenty-seven years, she at once began to preach Christ to them, everywhere telling them that among those Christians she had learned about Jesus, and that He had taken away her burdens and had given her the salvation she had been seeking those twenty-seven years while she had been teaching them their religion; though herself not saved. Then they undertook to refute the new doctrine that she was teaching them. A leading Hindu told her that he knew a priest that he could bring to her who would have no trouble to show her that she was utterly mistaken in all of that new doctrine she was teaching and that there was nothing in it. Therefore he went out and hunted up the priest and brought him to a meeting; but when he arrived she was delighted to see him, because he was one of her old students whom she had taught the Sanskrit language, the Vedas and the Shastras, and thus prepared him for the priestly office. He was also delighted to see her, for he had not met her for several years, and instead of refuting her Christian teaching, for which they had brought him, he became much interested as she told him that since she used to teach him, when she really did not know the way of salvation, she had been so fortunate as to find the very thing she had been seeking all her life. Then she went right along witnessing for Jesus, and having laid aside the sacred books of Hinduism proceeded at once to read and study the Bible, which she had received from the missionaries, the first time she ever

saw it. That was more than thirty years ago, and she has been preaching the Gospel ever since.

This notable case is exceedingly profitable to all of the missionaries as an illustration of the real and genuine sincerity of the heathens. Many of them, like Chundra Lela, are honestly walking in all the light they have and doing their very best to find God and get saved. Now, when we remember that millions of sincere, devout worshipers of the heathen gods, like this woman, are so anxious to find the true God and get saved, what an incentive should it be to all people who know the Lord in the joyous realization of their own salvation, to do their utmost to bring the light to these poor people who still sit in darkness and the shadow of death!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

INDIAN MISCELLANIES.

Indian widowhood is an awful citadel of Satan. There are twenty-one millions of widows in India, who, by the rigor of law, custom and religion, are forever interdicted from a second marriage. Millions of these widows have no knowledge of ever seeing their husbands. In babyhood they were married to old men, perhaps having several wives at the time, and they died before the baby wife got old enough even so much as to form their acquaintance. Then the baby widows were utterly denounced, even by their nearest relatives, as awful sinners; all believing that the terrible calamity of their widowhood was a just punishment for sins they had committed far back in some other incarnation, when they had lived on the earth in some by-gone age. Thus millions of poor girls never know they are widows until they reach the age of recognition and hear the sad information that they are widows for life, which is to them more terrific than their own funeral knell, as widowhood in India is regarded as more calamitous than death. For this reason, until the recent prohibition of the British Government, it was customary for the widow to burn herself alive with her husband on his funeral pyre. These widows are not only reduced to the most abject slavery, but are exposed to a compulsory life of shame. Thousands and

multiplied thousands of them are employed as dancing-girls in the Hindu temples, where they are all prostituted in the financial interest of the temple,—most horrific to contemplate and an awful illustration of the revolting diabolism which characterizes heathen worship. No wonder Sister Ramabai at Kedgaon, and Sister Sunderbai at Poona, both widows of the high caste, and women of splendid intelligence and learning, have taken it on themselves to establish asylums for the unfortunate widows, jointly accommodating more than two thousand. But what are they among the twenty-one millions! Hardly a drop in the bucket. There is absolutely no remedy for this awful, withering, blighting curse on Indian society, except Christianity. When the Bible and its religion shall prevail over superstition and idolatry, then infantile marriage will be done away with and widows will be eligible to a second marriage, and the awful custom of exposing them to a life of shame will be abandoned.

Child maternity is another awful calamity which is actually conducing to dwarf and run out the human race in India. It is perfectly common for a man to marry a girl while a baby in the cradle, and wait till she is eight or nine years old and then take her into wifehood, consequently she becomes a mother at the early age of ten, and a grandmother at twenty-five. This horrific violation of nature's laws has so dwarfed the race that many of them never grow to ordinary stature, but abide in perpetual dwarfhood. This awful domestic maladministration has cut down the average life in India to twenty years, against forty-four in England, and about the same in America.

Truly Christian civilization is the only remedy for this terrible detriment to the human race in consequence of violating nature's laws.

The women of India, as a rule, are exposed to hard toil and drudgery from early childhood, with the exception of the high caste, which is but an insignificant per cent. of the whole population. They are entirely destitute of education. It is a common thing for a man to have several wives, using them as servants to do his work. The habit of carrying all the burdens on the head, keeps the spinal column perfectly straight, giving their bodies a beautifully symmetrical form. Fortunately they are saved from the suicidal corset, to our shame worn by American women. It has filled our land with consumptives, and ought to be prohibited; to wear it ought to be made a penitentiary crime, which would probably send one woman to the penitentiary, and the balance would hear of it and quit. India's women are not only symmetrical in form, but handsome in features and very active and sprightly. The use of a corset and the murderous habit of lacing, in America, not only destroys the symmetry of the chest, but conduces to make women hump shouldered, causing the neck to bend forward and the head to droop—all seriously detrimental to that corporeal symmetry which is essential to personal beauty, and contrasting so unfavorably with the perfectly erect posture, symmetry, beauty, and activity characteristic of Indian women.

Indian men, like the women, have seriously shared in that domestic maladministration which has stunted the race during the roll of the ages and the transition

of many generations, having brought down the stature and minified the physical magnitude from the giant-hood which characterized the sons of Noah, to the size of men and women one-half that of the happy day when they evacuated the ark. This is the reason why the plague, which is more or less prevalent in India at all times, is so much more detrimental to the natives than to Europeans. The former are much more likely to be attacked and seldom recover, often dying in a few minutes. This is doubtless the result of that constitutional debilitation which has been superinduced by the above-mentioned woeful domestic maladministration. Doubtless this same line of suicide has superinduced the obvious and observable servility characteristic of Indian men as well as women; *i. e.*, an indifference in reference to their political destination, apparent absence of all thought and aspiration for their national independence, and a perfect resignation to the rulership of other nations; a hundred thousand Englishmen have no trouble to rule the three hundred millions of natives. They seem really adapted to the servile social relation, contented with wages so low that many of them cannot clothe themselves at all, except the loin apparel enforced by British law, and have to content themselves with eating one meal a day; doubtless in this way they more and more superinduce the diminutive stature and the dwarfhood which everywhere so obviously characterizes the Indian people. They really not only remind me of our negro slaves before they were emancipated, who were so very obsequious and deferential to the white people, but seem, if possible, more so.

The effect of all this was to elicit the profoundest sympathy and evoke my most earnest prayers for their salvation. These people actually won my heart by the civility, humility, and veneration for those whom they regard as their superiors, and these traits everywhere characterize them.

The domestic animals in that country are few contrasted with America, because their places are so largely substituted by human muscle. They have some horses, camels, and donkeys, but the principal work beast is the ox which everywhere abounds. You see no carriages drawn by horses except among the nobility scattered about over the country, who are comparatively very few, and are generally government officers. I saw the fewest number of four wheeled wagons,—scarcely any at all. The transportation is all made on the two-wheeled tonga drawn by a yoke of oxen. Missionaries do all of their traveling when they leave the railroads on these tongas with oxen; so if you ever go there, you will soon get used to riding on this two-wheeled tonga, drawn by a yoke of oxen. The natives do not eat beef, as the cow is sacred in the Hindu religion. When I left the railroad and went off into the interior to help the missionaries, I found the turnpike lined with these tongas all the time and with camels, carrying their cotton to the depot to ship away.

The wild animals, *e. g.*, the great Bengal tiger, and the smaller varieties of tigers, panthers, hyenas, leopards, bears, wolves, foxes, and deer, as well as elephants and monkeys, still abound in India in a wild state. You wonder over this. The explanation is in

the fact that the natives are not allowed to use firearms. India, unlike other countries, was not settled by one race but by about a hundred which have never united in an effort to establish an independent government; consequently they have in all ages been ruled by foreign nations, who will not permit them to keep firearms, lest they might revolt and give trouble. For this reason, those ferocious animals have always remained in the jungles, feeding on the herds and flocks of the poor people and frequently killing and eating the people. The kings and nobles who own the jungles where these wild beasts are permitted to remain, frequently go and hunt them for their own recreation, eating the bears and deer and perhaps some others, and making oil out of the flesh of the tigers, hyenas, and panthers, and saving the hides of all they kill, with special appreciation. When I was traveling through the Nizam's Dominions in south India, a man riding in the car with me entered into conversation and informed me that we were then running through a wild beast jungle, where these ferocious animals above-mentioned abounded, and stated that the jungle was reserved for them by the Nizam (who was the king of that dominion in the ancient succession, but now subject to the English Viceroy). He prohibits all other people from coming in there and hunting and shooting those wild animals; reserving the privilege for himself, that he with his royal friends may often come in there and shoot tigers, bears, panthers, and hyenas. But my friend informed me that those wild beasts often went out of their jungles and made inroads into the settlements, devour-

ing the cattle and other domestic animals, for which the poor people got no remuneration. He stated that recently a farmer was out herding his cattle while they grazed, and seeing a great tiger approaching one of his work oxen, ran out to scare him off, when rushing to him the beast struck him a single blow with his paw and killed him; then immediately dashing off, killed the ox and proceeded to eat him. He also stated that recently there was a case of a tiger breaking into a house occupied by an old woman and her daughter, killing both of them and devouring them. They often come out of the jungle and kill a person, and throwing the body upon the back carry it off into the jungle and eat it there. A missionary told me that the monkeys are so bad where he lives that he can not have a garden as they would devour it, and you can not do anything with them because the natives worship the monkey and they would do violence to any person who would hurt one of them. The monkey god is very prominent in their idolatry. It seems to me that it would pay to transport all these wild monkeys off to America where the people would readily buy them for pets and shows.

Snakes still abound in India, many different species. These serpents would kill many people, as the people all go barefoot in that hot country and wear but little clothing to protect their bodies, were it not for the fact that the snakes lie up in their holes during the the long period from October to July while there is no rain. During this period the snakes hibernate, as they do in the winter in cold countries. I was there for three months, traveling constantly, and never saw

a snake except in the Zoological Gardens because I was there during the dry season. The rains in that country seem all to be brought in by the monsoon winds, which only blow during July, August, September and October. Hence these four months constitute the rainy season. When the thunder begins to roar, the lightnings to flash and the monsoons to blow, then the snakes come out of their dens and, if you do not watch them closely, they will come in and bite even the inmates of the houses. They remain in motion till the rains are over, *i.e.*, four to six months, which you may regard as the snake season, and which is India's summer. While they lie up during their winter, in our sense it is no winter, as the sun shines so hot that if you do not wear a tope on your head and an umbrella spread over you, he will knock you down. During the rainy season the people all work hard pitching and cultivating their rice crops, which are the great dependence for food. When the monsoon rains do not fall sufficiently to grow the rice crop, then the famine always comes along.

The fruits of India are vast in variety and splendid in quality. The banana grows in great abundance and in many places spontaneously, so that in case they want to cultivate the soil with something else they find it difficult to kill it out. Oranges, lemons, figs, and olives all do well in this country. The mango, doubtless the choice fruit of the whole world, abounds in India. It grows on a beautiful large tree, resembling our American oak. A great mango orchard reminds you of an immense oak forest. The fruit is in the shape of a peach and these are four times as

large as the best American pears. As the fruit is so valuable it would be a great blessing if transported to other countries, but hitherto they have not found an available method of its transportation. The papeia, which grows on a beautiful tree resembling the palm in the fact that it has no limbs but only long, heavy leaves on top, is the full size of the American cantaloupe, resembling it in shape, taste, and smell; but is milder and more delicious to the taste, and regarded by physicians as exceedingly healthful and really ranking as a hygenical tonic, helpful to the digestion of other food; therefore it is a most valuable fruit. It grows in great abundance, bending the tree with its weight. It also grows at all times in the year, with no discrimination of seasons whatever. It is transported with great convenience. We ate it on all the ships after we left India till our arrival in California. It needs nothing but a warm climate, rich soil and irrigation to produce it in vast abundance. I saw it all over India, but in the splendid garden of C. B. Ward, at Yellandu, Nizam's Dominions, India, I saw it in such vast quantities on the trees, ripe and in all stages of growth, that I asked him if he could use all of them. He answered me in the negative, stating that they used all they could and sent the balance to market. There certainly was a great quantity, as including his orphanage, he has about eighty people to feed. N. B. He told me it would grow all right in Florida and Southern California and to tell the people in those countries to write to him and he would send them seed. I have no doubt but that fortunes could be made out of it by

growing it in those localities and shipping to our cities throughout the continent, which is perfectly feasible, and when the people get a taste of it, they will certainly set great store on it.

The famine problem has not only been a great puzzle in India, but in all parts of Christendom, through sympathy with India. I believe I can give you its final solution. India has splendid soil and is level and beautiful, really an exception to all other countries in which I have traveled in those respects. As rice is the great staple, when the monsoon rains fail the rice crop also fails, and the famine always comes. There is another farinaceous grain suitable for bread, which does well in this country, *i. e.*, the joawry. Wheat grows here, but is too valuable for the poor people to live on; therefore they ship it away in great quantities, selling it to other countries for money and depend on the rice and other cheaper edibles. This joawry is cultivated like corn, and you would mistake it for sorghum cane. It produces on the top a great ball of grain resembling sorghum or broomcane seed. The poor people grind it and make bread out of it. I have often eaten it and am very fond of it; could live on it like a king. It does not cost more than one-tenth of its equivalent in wheat or barley.

The great thing to do to forever prevent famine in India is to irrigate the soil which is rich, level, and nice, and will, with the needed irrigation and cultivation, produce an abundance of grain responsive to the hand of industry, economy and frugality. Rice is quickly grown, and is sown and grown during the

monsoon rains, which occupy July, August, September and October. The other eight months are equally well adapted to the growth of the joawry, as well as a number of other farinaceous and leguminous edibles, and an infinite variety of fruits, including the delicious and inestimable papeia, which grows on the melon tree and needs nothing but rich soil and plenty of water to produce it in superabundance the entire encircling year. Now, if we can solve the problem of irrigation, the whole famine dilemma spontaneously evanesces. In India we have four great rivers, all rising in the Himalaya Mountains, fed by the eternal snows and ice fields. These are the Indus, the Ganges, the Jumna, and the Brahmaputra. While these rivers contain seas of water, they do not flow south of the Himalaya mountain range, which cuts off the great peninsula constituting south India to itself. Besides, in north and central India there are regions which have in by-gone years been smitten with the famine, as well as the great Deccan, central in the peninsula, which has suffered more than any other section of the empire. Now let us see how we can manage to irrigate all of this country so as to perpetuate an ample supply of food throughout the year. Among other places in south India which have suffered severely during the famines, we may mention those lands within the watersheds of the Godavery River.

A few years ago the Canadian Baptists launched a mission in that country and have done a great work for the souls of the people. But, as John Wesley says, we are to care for bodies as well as for souls, these good people led off the enterprise of damming that

river, so as to retain all the water which is gotten throughout the range of its tributaries. They put dams along at different places, the one located nearest the mouth being very large and strong so as to retain all of the surplus water of its predecessors. With this arrangement, retaining the water which in former years had been wasted in the sea, and using it for irrigation as needed, they have not only been able to produce an ample supply of food for all the people, and utterly to do away with the famines, which in former years were frequent and sore, but the news of their prosperity having gone abroad has actually quadrupled their population; but still they have no famine, but plenty of food. I received this report from one of the leading brethren of that mission, whom I saw face to face. The Lord let me travel through their country, and it seemed to be very flourishing. I saw the finest crops of joawry on which I ever laid my eyes; whereas on the same tour in passing through other countries with the same fertile, black soil, the crops were very stinted for the want of rain. This joawry, which is the bread of India, can get along with very little water and do well.

Now what is true of the Godavery River, is equally practicable all over India. In south India we have the Adyar, Koum, Krishnu, Godavery, Melar, Pennar, Canvery, and Bema. These rivers are felicitously dispersed throughout the great Deccan, which occupies the whole interior of south India, *i. e.*, the great peninsula. It is two thousand feet above sea level, and has suffered more from drought and famine than any other part of this great country. It contains three hundred

millions of acres and a population of forty millions. It is healthful and delightful. If adequately irrigated it would actually compare respectably with any other section of the continent. You see above, eight rivers, and the wonderful results of damming the Godavery and husbanding his waters for irrigating purposes. The same can be done with these other eight rivers. I have traveled through that country and have seen them. Their beds all abound in stone, nicely stratified and eminently suitable to build the dams with but little trouble, little hauling of rocks, as they are right on the spot. I know no country on earth where labor is so cheap; stout, able-bodied men working gladly all day for four cents, and women and children all delight to labor with their hands at two cents per capita, and the best mechanics, such as we would need to superintend and execute the important work in the erection of the walls, for fourteen cents a day. As it would so largely augment the revenue, it would actually pay the government richly to have this work done.

In central India, which reaches from the Vyndyah Mountains conterminously with the central provinces, we have, besides the mouth of the great Indus, which comes down like a flood, the Indrawati, the Tapti, the Waraha, the Nerbudda, the Lagournji, and the Alemandi,—six beautiful rivers, which are small enough to dam and retain their waters for irrigating purposes. These rivers are also amply supplied with stone in their beds, precisely of the right kind, elegantly stratified and nicely workable. Therefore all of these regions could be so irrigated as to produce

an abundant supply of food. In north India, besides those great rivers, Indus, Ganges, Jumna, and the Brahmaputra, which are too large and strong to dam, and of course not necessary, as they always afford an abundant supply of water, there are among their tributaries the Sone, Rangit, Chenaub, Chenanga, Munga, Gogra, Sind, Sutleg, and Jhehun. These eight beautiful rivers are all suitable in size to be arrested in their flow away to the sea by dams and the water retained for irrigating purposes. During the eight months of the year between the monsoon seasons, the water in these rivers is so low as not to interfere with the work of building the dams. Therefore we have eight months every year, or six at least, in which these dams could be built with all convenience. Besides these twenty-two rivers which I have mentioned as suitable to be utilized and appropriated by the judicious use of dams across them, there are many more of a similar character, which I have not mentioned.

N. B. Do not forget to remember this famine problem which has swept so many millions into a Christless eternity. Join me in prayer that the blessed Holy Spirit may wake up the good people and concentrate them in this glorious enterprise, and especially that He may move the officers of the British Government to give it the necessary encouragement and financial help to secure its execution.

The railroads of India are a glorious God-send to that dark land, and oh, what a blessing to the missionaries! The British Government has built them throughout that great country. I traveled six thousand miles on them during the three months of my

evangelistic work in that country. The reason I did not evangelize China was because she is not supplied with railroads sufficiently for evangelism to amount to anything; and of course I had no time at my age (seventy-two years) to stop and learn a language, as the missionaries all do. I preached night and day, not in their native tongue, but through an interpreter. India is actually the best evangelistic field I know. Therefore her Pentecost is at hand if the Church will be true to her glorious trust and vast responsibility. How you will be surprised when I tell you I traveled all over India at one-third of a cent a mile on the regular passenger train and one-half a cent on the mail trains which make better time than the passengers. I know you want me to explain myself, as you are utterly bewildered as to how I could travel so cheaply that I could not miss my railroad expenses.

Since the Lord sanctified me thirty-eight years ago I have preached constantly and lived by faith without so much as insinuating a contribution. Of course, in that heathen land, helping the missionaries, who are dependent on the American saints for their support, I would not permit a word to be said about my remuneration; however, the people at different places would informally, now and then, just stick a little money in my hand. In that utterly unexpected way plenty came in to defray my traveling expenses. But you are puzzled over the secret, why I could purchase tickets for so insignificant a sum. In that country they have four grades of fare. The first class is about what it is in America; the second class is about one-half; then comes the intermediate class, which is less

than half the cost of a second class ticket. Last of all in the financial grade we have the third class passage, which is what I have told you, only one-third of a cent per mile for the passenger train and a half a cent for the mail. The reason why this third class is so very cheap is because it is designed for the poor people who constitute about nine-tenths of the whole population, the coolies, who almost dispense with clothing and live cheaper than you could possibly think. They constantly throng the trains in great multitudes. They dump them in much like we do sheep, swine and cattle, with naked board seats, crowded together like sardines in a can, actually getting five times as many into the same space as in America. Well, you think, surely I did not squeeze in with them and travel in so uncomfortable a plight. You are correct. I did not, though I traveled on that same third class ticket for just what those poor coolies go. Now you are prepared to see the great favor which the British Government confers on the missionaries. They carry us for the same price which they charge the coolies, but do not put us in with them. We go in a third class car, but it is an European compartment and none others permitted to enter it. It has room for ten persons. Frequently I had the compartment all alone, from the simple fact that I was the only European on board, except the rich people, who travel first class. Those poor coolies travel in such great crowds that they would fill all the third class cars tight as they could cram, and running along hunting a place to get in they would look into my compartment and see me there alone. (The cars

are all entered from either side, all along the line, and not from the end as in America. All the cars are numbered, so you can tell where you belong, and have nothing to do but hunt the grade and get in wherever you can find room.) These coolies, about to be utterly crowded out and left, would come and look in at me sitting there alone with a whole apartment to myself. Well, I was so deeply in love with them and so earnestly praying for them that I would just bid them welcome, and they would pour in and fill the car. Soon a train guard would pass along, whose duty it is to see that every one is in his own place, and looking in would see me and know that those coolies had no right to get in there. So he would immediately skedaddle them all out and leave me with a whole car to myself to make the run. In India they do not have extra beds for guests, travelers and visitors; but we all carry our own beds. Therefore I had mine, and those seats, being ten feet long, were just ready to put down the bed and go to sleep. If you have a trunk or any other baggage, the coolies are just ready to pick up everything you have, bring it and put it in your car, and though they expect you to give them a quarter of a cent apiece for their service, you do not have to pay the railroad anything for carrying all your stuff—bed, trunk, valise, lunch and everything else. So I know you will frankly admit with me that the British Government has brought us under obligations to pray for them night and day for their wonderful kindness to the missionaries. The reason why I give you this information is because I want to present to you all the possible encouragement to go

and evangelize India, the greatest field I know in all the earth, and really I do not believe it has an equal. If I were not too old, I would take all India for my field of labor. I would not have to learn a language to serve it with the greatest efficiency, as I could turn evangelist and preach through interpreters.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BURMAH, RANGOON, ADONIRAM JUDSON.

While India, China, and Thibet have only eight acres per capita, Burmah has sixty, as her population is only ten and a half millions. She has a good productive soil, yielding abundantly to the hand of industry. I interviewed my good old friend, Dr. Phinney of Rochester, N. Y., who has been there fourteen years, in reference to the cause of the sparse population in this country comparatively with her neighbors. He gave me two explanations: one, the intestine wars, which had prevailed among the different nations of that country from time immemorial until the British got possession of it, through whom God had blessed it with peace and prosperity; the other, the awful prevalence of smallpox and cholera raging throughout the country, and killing off the inhabitants who had survived those bloody wars, for the people have not found out the pertinent remedies for healing those awful diseases. I can corroborate his testimony as to the cholera for it struck me there at Rangoon, the great and flourishing capital and metropolis of Burmah, and almost killed me. I surely did get face to face with the king of terrors; but Jesus had robbed him of his terror, and I found him meek and innocent as a lamb, having no power to hurt me but simply to take this frail body, the legitimate trophy of the victory he won

over my progenitors in the garden of Eden. But after he takes it he cannot hold it, for the Lion of the tribe of Judah shall break every chain, not only from my soul but from my body; but if He tarrieth I must await the resurrection to receive the benefit of the victory He gained over the latter.

The climate of Burmah is very enervating to natives of northern latitudes; besides we ran directly on the equator, where I had to wait ten days for a ship; meanwhile the awful, suffocating equatorial heat was exceedingly hard on a man over whom cholera had trodden rough shod. Hence the difficulty and prolixity of my convalescence; having to wait my north-bound sailing for the gelid breezes of Boreas to revive my prostrate constitution, as we steamed through the stormy Sea of China. The sparsity of population in Burmah has made her an asylum, open wide to the almond-eyed Chinaman, the sable Indian, and the tawny Malay, as well as the crowded denizens of Oceanica. So Burmah is really the asylum of the Orient, where all the crowded peoples can come and find ample room. She not only has no famine but exports large quantities of food to China, India, and other countries. Our ship carried away five million pounds of rice for other people to eat, besides large supplies of other edibles.

In 1812 Adoniram Judson and William Jewel were ordained to preach the Gospel in Massachusetts. Accompanied by their wives, the ensuing year they sailed for the Orient, landing at Rangoon, the capital and metropolis of Burmah, then but a small seaport town, but now a flourishing city of three hundred

thousand inhabitants and growing rapidly. They landed on the thirteenth day of July when it was so exceedingly hot and sickly. Brother Jewel and his wife did not tarry long, but Brother and Sister Judson were the very people for the place. They preached heroically for seven years without having a single convert or receiving any special encouragement. The physicians decided that their children would surely die if they stayed there, and advised them to return to America with them forthwith if they would save their lives; but they could not get their own consent to give up that awfully dark, hard field. Therefore they sent their children to America and stayed, preaching Jesus to those poor lost people. When they committed their little ones to the sea captain to carry them to America, having prayed for them and kissed them, they handed them out with these significant words, "Jesus, I do this for Thee." As they had no visible encouragement, having no converts, their friends all advised them to leave; but they held on with the pertinacity of a drowning man. Ere long the angels came and took the little sister (Mrs. Judson), but the brother's work was not finished; so he held on thirty-seven years longer, when he also received his heavenly passport. Brother Phinney, who has been there fourteen years, told me they now have four hundred and seventy thousand members, eighty-six churches, eight hundred and twenty-six preachers, one hundred and seventy-five missionaries, and missions without number. It is the most wonderful missionary success in modern times. How do we explain it? Judson went there and just held on despite all discouragement, verifying the an-

cient motto, "*Perseverantia omnia vincit.*" "Perseverance conquers all things." Oh, that all the missionaries in all lands would emulate this heroic example! Judson saw much fruit of his labor before the angels came for him; but only by faith did he catch a glimpse of the great harvest which has been reaped by his successors. Brother Phinney told me that every interest has multiplied about ten times since he came there fourteen years ago. At that time there were only four thousand, seven hundred members, against forty-seven thousand now; eighty-six preachers, as against eight hundred and twenty-eight now; twenty missionaries, against one hundred and seventy-five now; and eight churches, against eighty-six now. Hence you see the great harvest that has been reaped in the last fourteen years. Brother Judson was only permitted to gather the first fruits.

We now find a great publishing house there, printing Bibles and Testaments in several different languages spoken in the great Orient. These are carried by missionaries into all parts of those dark lands. Besides, they are printing good, religious books in vast quantities, and Sunday school literature which they send out to the many Sunday schools which they have organized throughout that country. Rangoon stands on the great Irawadi River, at the junction of the Sing Sang. The former is amply voluminous for the largest ships to ascend up from the sea seventeen miles.

In Burmah the Baptists are not alone in the great missionary enterprises, but other denominations are there lending a helping hand. Among them, the Meth-

odists have a conference in that country, which was in session when I was there, presided over by Bishop Robinson, of Lucknow, India. Christianity has a stronger hold on Burmah than on any other Oriental heathen land. While the climate with its indigenous diseases would present a more terrible front than any other, yet Christianity has walked steadfastly on, and this day occupies the pre-eminence. Her unparalleled success, from a human standpoint, must be imputed to the indefatigable perseverance of Brother and Sister Judson, who absolutely suffered nothing to disturb them, but toiled the harder as formidable storms of discouragement accumulated against them. Thus they have left all their successors the valuable example of inflexible stickability, as a condition of success. In your prayers remember this work before God and walk in the light He gives you in reference to the encouragement you administer, assured that Heaven will reward you.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SINGAPORE AND OCEANICA.

Sailing from Rangoon to Singapore, our ship stopped only at Penang, a beautiful city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, situated on the Malay Peninsula. This has recently, in the good providence of God, come under the government of Great Britain, which is really a sunburst in the way of encouragement to the friends of the Lord's kingdom. Cholera still had his heavy grip on me, though somewhat relaxed, consequently I did not go ashore; but my young men spent the time of the ship's tarrying in the city, and had the good fortune to meet the Methodist presiding elder, and brought me the good news that we have a real encouraging missionary work on that peninsula. Oh, what light burst in on those thirty millions of Mohammedans and heathens! A few years ago they discovered lead ore on that peninsula, which they have wrought and brought into market, greatly to the financial prosperity of that whole country, and it has proved exceedingly helpful financially to the missionary enterprises which the Methodist Church has brought into that country. My young men said that the presiding elder reported a big work there; quite a number of prosperous circuits, with their pastors spreading out through those teeming populations bearing the light of God's truth and the Holy Spirit. We

also have a Christian school of six hundred pupils in the city; which, in the providence of God, ought to prove a lighthouse transmitting hallowed illuminations throughout that whole peninsula. The government was Mohammedan about a thousand years, until the recent fall into the hands of Great Britain; not *vi et armis*, but by colonization and diplomacy. This Malay peninsula has hitherto had no missionaries, but the Moslem prophet has held undisputed sway while the dark centuries have rolled away. We should all take these thirty millions of deluded people on our hearts before God, that we may reinforce the missions which have already been launched in that country and multiply them a thousand fold.

We now land at Singapore, which belongs to Great Britain and stands on an island of the same name. It has a population of three hundred thousand and is the great commercial city, not only of the peninsula but of Oceanica, which dots the sea all around with those large, fertile, beautiful, and populous islands, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, *et cetera*, containing jointly a population of one hundred and fifty millions, all conveniently centralized in Singapore. When I arrived I saw the streets thronged with jinrikishas, nice little sedans on two wheels, protected from sun and rain by a buggy top, and drawn by a Chinese coolie whithersoever the passenger willeth, trotting off with the velocity of a fleet horse, and seemingly as active and indefatigable as the quadruped. There under the equator the sun has much power and his heat is always intense. The climate is one also addicted to much falling rain, descending copiously

every day, and keeping gardens and fields abundantly irrigated and the kingdom of nature flourishing on all sides during the encircling year. Meanwhile these coolies never stop; but run, regardless of sun or rain, with their bodies in a state of nudity in either case, except the loin apparel required by law. There I saw a clear case of animals being literally superseded by human muscle. The coolies convey you so cheaply that no cabmen can possibly compet  with them, therefore horses and donkeys all retreat before these Chinese coolies who have left their own country and migrated thither to seek their fortunes. They are very inconsistent in their notorious attitude against immigration, when they are doing so much of it themselves, *i. e.*, not only pouring into America, but more so into those different Oriental countries, Japan, Burmah, Malay, and the islands.

God, in His good providence, put me in the house of Dr. West, presiding elder of the district, and his good wife, my neighbors from Crawfordsville, Indiana, whom He has sent into this far off land, accompanied by our excellent Brother and Sister Buchanan, and Brother Wiley, to preach His glorious Gospel to the sable thousands, long sequestered in these dark regions of the antipodean world, where no missionary had preceded them, that, like Paul, they may not build on another man's foundation. The great Physician wonderfully used the kind and humble instrumentality of Brother West in my convalescence from cholera, which had held me in his cruel clutches eleven days before my arrival. Fortunately for me my ship delayed her sailing ten days longer, giving me the

best hospital in the world there in the family of our beloved presiding elder, and his noble companions, Brother and Sister Buchanan, whom God sent to my relief as ministering angels.

On the night preceding our landing, a thief stole from me all the money I had, fifty-seven and a half dollars in British gold. It had been given to me during my peregrinations in India to pay the postage on my Translation of the New Testament, which I everywhere donated with great pleasure to God's people, while they kindly gave me postage money. Therefore, on arriving in Cincinnati, when I sent away the books I enjoyed a double blessing; the one in the donation of the books to God's faithful workers in India and elsewhere in my world missionary tour, and the other in the privilege of paying all the postage on them which they had kindly given to me, but which the thief had stolen. Therefore I enjoyed in my own experience a verification of Romans viii, 28, "All things work together for good to them that love God with Divine love." When I sent off that great lot of books, Testaments and Commentaries, to the Lord's dear missionaries and, through the thief, not only enjoyed the privilege of sending the books, but of paying the postage on them (which, to my surprise, was much less than I anticipated), I actually rejoiced in God for the privilege. The thief was aboard the British India steamship with me. As you know, he never can get to Heaven without a true repentance, which invariably restores all ill-gotten gains, and as the crime was committed in the uttermost part of the earth, twelve thousand miles from my home, therefore, if the thief

gets convicted and wants to make restitution, he cannot reach me to do it. Consequently I now request you all to pray for his conviction, and when he makes his confession tell him just to restore the money to any missionary he can find. Rest assured it will be satisfactory with God, for that will be the very same as if he restored it to me, since I have already willed the missionaries everything I shall leave in this world when I reach my translation, which can be nothing but my books and the royalty that will normally accumulate on them till the trumpet blows.

Dr. West there at Singapore is presiding elder of the district and president of the Bible College in that city, in which he is educating about one hundred young people preparatory to the evangelization of the peninsula and the islands dotting the sea round about, which have been more neglected by the missionary societies than any other region in the great heathen Orient. The importance of this Bible College there in the center of this vast heathen population is so great that I must recommend it to your prayers and benefactions. In this college they are teaching the Bible in Chinese and in the Malay languages, and some others which are spoken in these regions, and preparing the students to go out and preach the Gospel in the different tongues of their nativity. As we find it so difficult to reach the Chinese in their own country, here in Singapore there are myriads of them, also in the peninsula and the islands, with no such obstructions in the way of reaching them as in their own country. Here we have a grand open door to educate them, not only for the peninsula and the

islands clustering around this great and growing English metropolis, where we have all the liberty we want and ample protection of the civil law, but they will also go back to China and preach there.

For Dr. West and the missionaries, we need an ample endowment for this college to establish it on an independent basis, as those students who are all converts out of those heathen nations have no ability to pay tuition. It is really important that this college should be taken in hand by the missionary society, adopted and provided for. I wrote to Bishops Thoburn and Oldham on the subject, hoping that God would use them to help me to call attention to this enterprise which is fraught with incalculable value to the Kingdom of God, as we are laboring to establish it in the great, dark Orient. Let us all make a specialty of this Bible College for God, and at the same time let us ask Him what He would have us do by way of lending a helping hand. Dr. West has work scattered about in those densely populated islands, as well as on the peninsula, whence bright young men and women whom God has saved are coming to this Bible College to qualify themselves to preach the everlasting Gospel to their own people. As those countries are not only in the torrid zone, but are directly under the equator, the heat is so intense as to disqualify Americans and Europeans to work there without imperilling their lives; but it is not so with the natives who have been born and reared on the spot. To them, the climate is healthful. Therefore this Bible College in Singapore is our grand opportunity to supply all of those neglected countries with native preachers of the Gospel, and at

the same time the best opportunity to reach China, as the fight on the part of the Chinese is not against the Gospel, but simply against foreigners. Therefore, when we can prepare their own people to preach to them, there will be no impediment.

This region of country stands high in the commercial world. The island of Java, directly under the shadow of Singapore, with a population of thirty-seven millions, has notoriety for producing the best coffee in the world, while China supplies all nations with tea.

Take these toiling brothers and sisters, with their arduous labors, on your heart before God night and day, and tell your friends about this grand open door to glorify the Prince of life and send the light across the two greatest oceans in the world, the Indian and the Pacific. Thus there may be rejoicing in Heaven over the rising of the great Sun of righteousness on these dark lands, which have hitherto been neglected by the missionary societies which have established work in India, Africa, China, and Japan. Address Dr. West, Singapore, Malaysia, S. S.

CHAPTER XL.

CHINA AND THIBET.

Thibet is under the government of China and only open to missionaries entering from that country; our way is still blockaded from India, therefore in this cursory reference I take them together. They give us a population of about five hundred millions of the most inaccessible pagans on the globe. Till very recently Thibet had been fast closed up from ages immemorial; then some of the missionaries got in from China. Therefore our hope for that Satan-ridden land is through the territory of her strong neighbors.

I did not spend much time in China, only visiting Hongkong and Shanghai; this from the fact that I am so exceedingly fond of preaching that I am not satisfied anywhere unless I am at it. For that work I have two impediments in China. The most formidable one is the absence of railroads, without which my length of time could not have been utilized to much advantage, and the other, the constant reports meeting us in India that they were killing the missionaries. Therefore it would perhaps have been impossible to have explored the country away from the coast, as they actually would not have permitted me. Therefore I delightfully spent the time in India, and becoming very homesick expedited my homeward bound tour as much as I could, even leaving my young

men preaching in Japan. When I arrived with all possible expedition, out-traveling correspondence and reaching my dear "Old Kentucky Home" at midnight, after an absence of nine months, I first learned from the lips of my dear wife that our beloved and only surviving daughter had gone to Heaven while I was in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Then of course I felt that, with all my expedition, I had tarried too long and the angels had stolen a march on me, capturing the one whom I expected long to survive and represent me and her sainted mother on the battle-field.

Hong Kong is a great and beautiful city, built much after the European style, as it belongs to Great Britain. It is the grand center of English merchandise in China and contains a population of about seven hundred thousand. I was much gratified to find the Anglo-Saxons thus permanently established in that great heathen empire; not only owning the city but a section of the contiguous country. Therefore the Lion has already got his paw on the Dragon. I saw much of the country from the ship but only disembarked at these two great cities. In Shanghai I was delighted to meet Bishop Bashford and Doctor Parker, and would have much enjoyed a longer stay, but the homesickness already confessed expedited me. I visited in that city the great work of the Southern Methodists which was launched about thirty-five years ago. With a beginning small and insignificant, we now have a college of two hundred students, preparing to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to their people who have bowed to wood and stone from ages

immemorial. They told me that twice that number were anxious to enjoy the benefit of that college if they only had room. A hint to the wise is sufficient. Let us see at once that none of these bright children of the Orient are excluded from that Bible College. When it was first launched, the ground was a bog and cost very little. They tell me that it is now, with the improvements on it, college, church, residences and other conveniences, worth five hundred thousand dollars. The site which when purchased was in the suburbs amid a dismal morass, is now in the solid city, thoroughly drained, ornamented, and a real charm to every passer-by. Therefore we must take this matter at once before God, and especially do I appeal to the saints of dear old Dixie Land. It is an absolute *sine qua non* that we double the capacity of our college building and welcome the other two hundred who are willing to become students of the blessed Bible, that they may preach to the people of their consanguinity that glorious Gospel of God's interceding Son, which is now the jubilee of their own souls.

As it is so difficult to utilize foreigners in that greatest heathen nation on the globe, let this fact be an inspiration to us to all the more appreciate all the native help that we can get; therefore, let none of these children of the "Celestial Empire," be for any consideration excluded from this Bible College. Not only must we utilize this Bible College to the greatest possible advantage in the Christian education of these Chinese youths, and in qualifying them to teach their people the blessed Bible, but we must, by the grace of God, get that Anglo-Chinese College wrapped in the

fires of the Holy Ghost; thus getting back to the Pentecostal age. If we can bring their ability and Pentecostal power to evangelize great dark China and Thibet through the instrumentality of their own people, that will be light in darkness sure enough. Pentecost was not simply a day, but a dispensation, and we are still living in that dispensation, which is for the Chinese and Thibetans as really as it ever was for the Jews and Samaritans. Let all the Southern Methodists, and all others whom the Lord shall call, rally to the support of this Anglo-Chinese Bible College in Shanghai, as never before; unhesitatingly contributing all necessary money for the accommodation of the four hundred students and as many more as we can get, if it is four thousand. Then put in a corps of sanctified and Spirit-filled teachers, who will be capable, through the endowment, not only to teach them the Bible, but to get them beautifully and intelligently saved, wholly sanctified and copiously filled with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven. Rest assured this is the true economy by which to evangelize those five hundred millions of Mongolians, whom we have on our hands by the positive command of our glorious risen Savior, Acts ii, 9, and dare not go back, as it is the irrevocable and inestimable *ipse dixit* of the Almighty. We are already well established in our own property worth a half a million dollars, there in Shanghai, a city rapidly approximating a million of people. They dare not molest us as we have the ample protection of international law.

Those Mongolians are the most exclusive and most unapproachable race of people in the world, as we see

now manifested in their repellency and even hostility to all the other nations of the earth who migrate into their country; hence the wisdom and plausibility of evangelizing Mongolians with Mongolians. You see the contract is so heavy, including five hundred millions, that we have no time to lose. Therefore let us take hold of the work in good earnest. Also let us augment the corps of teachers in proportion to the additional work needed for the faithful instruction of this great host of pupils, and as many more as we can get; and besides make it an absolute *sine qua non* to have all the teachers so sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost as to qualify them, not simply on intellectual and educational lines, but especially that they may be endued with the Holy Ghost and power requisite for their efficiency as spiritual guides; so as to keep the institution constantly wrapped in a Pentecostal flame. Then, so fast as the students graduate in the Bible curriculum, send them out as missionaries throughout that vast empire, to preach Jesus to the millions who have been degraded by idol worship from ages immemorial. Let there be a union of prayer going up from the millions of hearts fired with redeeming love, for the evangelization of these five hundred millions of Mongolians.

We have a great encouragement in China owing to the unity of the language spoken by those teeming millions throughout that vast empire. In India one hundred languages are spoken. When the missionaries learn one, they are all right for that nation; but if they want to go and teach in another nation, they have the great work of learning another language.

As I did all of my preaching through interpreters, on the railroads I would run from one nationality into another before I knew it, till some one would tell me. But since the Chinese all speak one language, you see the great convenience enjoyed in our Anglo-Chinese Bible College. We actually have but one language to learn, and then we are ready to preach everywhere. However, there are different dialects of that language used in different localities, but it is nothing to learn a dialect comparatively with the great work of mastering a language, so that you can preach in it readily and fluently. In our college in Shanghai the pupils all know the Chinese language, as it is their vernacular; but we have to teach them the English language so that they can have access to English literature and read our good books, explaining the Bible to them. When they get saved and filled with the Holy Spirit they are ready to go out and preach Jesus to their people in their own language and be better understood than ourselves in case we have studied it ever so long.

China and Thibet constitute not only the greatest missionary field in the world, but in many respects they are the most interesting. The unity of language already mentioned is a great consideration in our favor. Again, the climate is congenial, as the entire field is in the temperate zone, stretching over the latitudes of the United States of America, and hence is comfortable and agreeable to our health.

When the cholera struck me at Rangoon, Burmah, I was in the torrid zone and sailing towards the equator, where I had to wait for a ship ten days. Though the paroxysms lasted but an hour, and I

thought I had survived the cholera, yet it clung to me in a sense, because I was nauseated and repelled all nutriment, and it seemed that I would starve to death. Meanwhile I was full of pains and suffering awfully. In that condition I must have died pretty soon of sheer inanition; but that noble presiding elder, Dr. West, with whom I spent the ten days at Singapore, urged me to go north as quickly as possible, assuring me I could not recuperate in that climate. During the days I had to wait for my ship, by his medical skill, he kept me alive and largely mitigated the pains from which I was suffering; yet I could not regain my strength and must soon have died of weakness. When we sailed for China, the northern breezes meeting me soon began to revive my faint and apparently dying body. While sailing through the China Sea for several days the voyage was really stormy, and nearly all on board suffered terribly with seasickness; meanwhile I was reviving rapidly under the effect of those north winds. As I was so feeble, Bishop Sellow, of the Free Methodist Church, who was sailing with me and suffering from sea sickness, said it was God's signal mercy that was saving me from seasickness, for it certainly would have killed me as, in my extreme feebleness, I would have sunken under it. But I must say, to His glory, that I never do have seasickness. Therefore I am a good sailor and well adapted to plow the ocean. If I could recall the meridian of my manhood, doubtless I would continue to help the missionaries in all lands by my personal labor. It is perfectly delightful to preach to those poor heathen who have never heard of Jesus, whom I

found so very appreciative that, with unflagging interest, they listened spellbound just as long as I would talk to them; and when I made my appeal for seekers, responded by dozen, scores, and hundreds, according to the size of my congregation. In this country, the elect having largely been reached already, we are wasting much ammunition on the non-elect, who have already rejected the Holy Ghost and grieved Him away, crossed the dead line, and will never be saved, but will go from the blaze of Gospel day into the dismal midnight of endless woe, there to spend their eternity. But among the pagan millions we have access to the elect who have never heard the Gospel and are consequently ready and waiting and hail it with enthusiasm. I do not wonder that the Apostle Paul made it a rule to avoid the track of every predecessor, that he might utilize this fleeting life as fruitfully as possible, preaching the Gospel to those who had not been hardened by rejecting Him.

When I stood on the Himalaya Mountains, I enjoyed a grand view of Thibet, but was not allowed to enter it. The country is only accessible from China, and is in the temperate zone, like China. The most of our mission work is in the torrid zone, which includes four-fifths of Africa, the most of India, all of Australia, all of Oceanica, and the most of South and Central America. During my tour around the world, I spent four months out of nine preaching in the torrid zone.

The plague peculiar to the torrid zone is always in India and many other countries in that climate. It consists in the fever rising so high that it burns up

the vital organs and superinduces immediate death. People having a weak heart, take it and drop dead in a minute or two. There is a bowel trouble peculiar to the torrid zone which is really terrific. In that climate there are poisonous germs which one is liable to take in food or water, which develop these dangerous diseases. Dr. West, of Singapore, said I got one of them some way and it gave me cholera. In the same way, this incurable dysentery is contracted. The germ hatches out a bug, which gets into the intestines and multiplies exceedingly rapidly. It will soon eat through the intestines, and in that case it is utterly impossible to save the life of the victim. 'Our people who go to live in the Philippine Islands encounter this serious trouble. During my homeward-bound tour I sailed from Hong Kong, China, to San Francisco, Cal., with a man who had gone from Indianapolis to Manila, Philippine Islands, and had been attacked with this dysentery, and his physician told him his only chance to live was to come to America. He aimed to go to the hospital in San Francisco and receive treatment for the removal of these microbic bugs from his intestines. He said he knew he had them, for he had seen them by a microscopic examination. He told me about a neighbor of his in Manila who had the same trouble and, pursuant to the same advice, was sailing to San Francisco for treatment and died the day before the ship landed. Those cruel bugs had eaten through the intestines, after which there was no possible remedy.

The torrid zone is so exceedingly hot that foreigners are very liable to contract some of these terrible and

fatal diseases. But here we have China and Thibet, in the temperate zone like our own country, and with one great common language spoken throughout. There is nothing to do but to learn it thoroughly and then in your peregrination pick up the different dialects, and you are all right on the languages, which is a consideration more important than you are likely to apprehend. As language is the vehicle of thought, and the only method by which we can transmit the Gospel message to the people we are commissioned to evangelize and save, therefore it is the great *sine qua non* of the missionary. When you have but one language to learn you are likely to become exceedingly proficient in speaking and writing it. Therefore China and Thibet, with their five hundred millions of benighted pagans constitute a most charming field of labor for our people. The above arguments all apply to Japan also, thus adding fifty millions more to this great heathen world, which we can so conveniently reach by simply crossing one ocean, the beautiful and placid Pacific. Do join me in prayer night and day that God shall lay these five hundred millions of heathen like mountains on the hearts of American Christians.

CHAPTER XLI.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH CHINA AND THIBET ?

We dare give but one answer to this question. That answer you can read for yourself in Matthew xxviii, 19, which is our Lord's commission, "Go, disciple all the heathens." There is but one way to make a disciple of the heathen, and that way is to get them truly and genuinely saved. The wrong translation of this in the E. V., "Go teach," has led people astray. The teaching comes in after the commandment to make disciples of them. Therefore our first work is to get the soul really born from above, regenerated by the Holy Ghost.

All the time I was preaching in India, the papers were flooded with reports about the massacres in China. Six years ago (1900) the Boxers, *i. e.*, revolutionists, sprung up in China with a determination to drive all foreigners out of the empire. That is the end for which all these massacres are perpetrated. They determined to rid their country of foreigners. As we sailed along between China and Japan, we passed close by Massacre Island, so named because six years ago two hundred and sixteen missionaries were diabolically murdered on that island. They persuaded the missionaries to embark on a ship, telling them that they would give them a chance of transit to go away from the country. Therefore, knowing

their lives were in danger in China, as the Boxers had already been killing some of the missionaries, they got aboard the ship and were carried away to that lonely island in mid sea, and there all were compelled to disembark. The island does not contain more than four or five acres, and is surrounded on all sides by the deep sea; therefore, of course, there was no chance for them to escape. Then the Boxers turned in on them and butchered every one of them, and sailed away, leaving the bodies for the vultures to devour.

A few days before my arrival at Shanghai a lot of Roman Catholic priests had been murdered but a short distance from that city. Bishop Bashford, who seemed anxious to mitigate the matters, which were calculated to intimidate missionaries from coming thither, stated that they did not attack the Protestant missionaries, but it was especially Jesuites whom they murdered. We can take no comfort over any discrimination made on the occasion between the Catholics and Protestants. Those ignorant pagans really know no difference between the people who are called Christians. That time they happened to kill the Roman Catholics. I trow next time they will get a lot of Methodist preachers. The truth of the matter is, missionary work in China at present exposes every one to martyrdom. Then shall we not desist for the present? By no means, but we must press the battle harder, and be the more courageous. No one has any business going off as a missionary who is not ready for martyrdom. The Baptist missionary motto—an ox standing between the plow and the altar, ready for sacrifice or service—is very beautiful. According to

history, two hundred millions of our predecessors have sealed their faith with their blood. We are no better than they. Jesus Himself was a martyr, standing at the head of the row. We should all be ready every moment to do two things: the one, to witness for Jesus; and the other, to die. In India we have terrible fevers, small-pox, cholera, and plague, which kill the people quickly. No one is fit to go as a missionary thither unless he is willing to die of any of these diseases for Jesus. You say, "O, Brother Godbey, you put the standard too high; I am afraid you will scare off all who would be missionaries." You need not be afraid. The great Holiness Movement now girdles the world, preaching entire sanctification with the infilling of the Holy Ghost and perfect love, which casts out fear; therefore you can stay at home and make money to carry them across the great Pacific, and God will raise up plenty of missionaries who are ready for martyrdom in China, or for those awful diseases in India.

So the matter is settled; Jesus settled it on the shore of the sea of Galilee one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three years ago, when He gave the commission to His apostles and their successors till He comes again. When He speaks all cavil must cease forever. He tells us to go and make disciples of those people. While we all ought to be ready to suffer martyrdom, and I am satisfied that many are now saying, "Lord, send me, and if Thou dost need a martyr, I put in the first bid," yet God has given us intelligence as well as the grace needed to prepare us for martyrdom. When the teeming millions of by-gone

ages suffered martyrdom, Christianity was young in the world and the political powers were in the hands of her enemies. Now it is not so; but to our infinite consolation the reverse is true. As, in the providence of God, we have fleets and armies, why not use them for His glory?

When I was in Joppa, Palestine, in 1895, Rolla Floyd, an American Christian, who has been in that country forty years and was serving me as guide, pointed out a house to me, stating that in 1852 two American missionaries were murdered in that house. I asked him if our Government paid no attention to it. He proceeded to state that information was at once sent to Washington City, to the President, who forthwith ordered a warship to go directly to Joppa. On arrival the captain of the vessel sent for the governor of Joppa, stating that he wanted to see him. When he came aboard the ship, the captain demanded him to surrender to him the murderers of our missionaries. He excused himself, saying he knew nothing about it and could not find them. Then the captain told him he would give him three days to find those murderers and bring them to him, and if, he failed, he was going at that time to turn his cannons loose on the city. A couple of hours before the time expired, the governor sent him the murderers. The captain hung them on the bars of the ship till they were dead, tied rocks to them, sunk them in the deep sea, and sailed away.

We have missionaries at Joppa now at work. I preached for them on the tour. We have them at Jerusalem, Hebron, Ramallah, and other places in the Holy Land, and they are not molested. If we had not pro-

ted them, they would have murdered every one of them; as that country is under the Turkish Government, which would kill every Christian in the empire if it was not afraid.

In 1860, the Druses, a very barbaric Mohammedan sect, massacred fourteen hundred Christians in and about Damascus. A French army was at once dispatched to Damascus. On arrival the commanding general arrested the governor and his officers, not for committing the massacre, for they knew they had not done it, but for his delinquency in protecting the Christians from the Druses who did the slaughter in cold blood, and they knew it. He hanged them all, not for the massacre, but because they did not prevent it. When the Sultan supplied his place with another governor, the first thing the new governor did after arriving at Damascus was to join the Christian Church and receive baptism, lest the sad fate of his predecessor might overtake him. If the French army had not thus retaliated, the Mohammedans would have murdered all the Christians in the empire. Immediately after this massacre, the Christian powers forced the Sultan to give the Christians in that country an asylum of refuge. This he did by cutting great, rich, fruitful and delightful Mount Lebanon out of his empire and turning it over to the Christians with an independent government; the governor being appointed by the Christian powers. I passed through it twice last October. It is really a delightful home for all the Christians who prefer to live under an independent government of their own, there surrounded by the Turkish empire.

Shall we not profit by these happy illustrations and resort to a similar policy in China? Do you ask: "O Brother Godbey, do you mean that we should take their government from them?" I mean no such thing, nor that we shall in any way interfere with it; but simply that we shall require that government to protect our people sojourning in their country, whether missionaries, merchants, railroad and telegraph men, or travelers. How shall we do this? More conveniently than you think. Let the great powers of Christendom, Britain, America, Russia, Germany and France, form a quintuple protectorate for China; partitioning her territory among them according to their convenience; each furnishing her quota of soldiers, Britain locating hers in Hongkong which belongs to her; America, hers in Manila, which belongs to her. Russia borders on China and could select her own place in her own territory. Let Germany and France locate theirs at their own convenience. Now this would be no additional expense to these different powers, because they have their soldiers on hand anyhow and could keep them about as cheaply at one place as at another. This done, let them respectfully notify China that she must protect our people in her territory or we will do so. Then, in case of a massacre, let them demand the surrender of the murderers.

Will not the organization of this protectorate provoke a war with China? Nay, verily. You need not think China has grown so oblivious to the awful thrashing the little Japs gave her only ten years ago, as now to undertake the five greatest nations of the

world: in that case she knows she would suffer certain and signal defeat and actually jeopardize her own national existence. Then let us have the quintuple Christian protectorate dropped over great China; with the distinct understanding that she must protect our people. In this procedure, there is nothing meddling as regards China's national rights and interests; it is simply a scheme adopted in the interest of all Christendom, conservative of our Lord's commission to evangelize all nations.

Perhaps some of you halt over the character of the Christianity in Russia, where we have the Greek Church, and in Germany and France, where there is the Roman Catholic. You must remember that there is a sprinkling of Protestants in Russia and France, and multiplied thousands of them in Germany, where the Protestant movement originated with Martin Luther. Besides, as it appertains to our Lord's great commission to preach the Gospel to all the world and to disciple all the heathens, Greeks, Romans and Protestants are all in perfect harmony, alike recognizing that commission in its full force and sending their missionaries to the ends of the earth. An apology in this connection is due the great Russian Empire with her three hundred millions of subjects, and that is, that in all probability the majority of them are in a state of barbarism, and a large per cent. of the minority only half civilized; while the Czar, the nobility and many others are members of the Greek Christian Church, they generally are in a very low spiritual experience, if any at all. In this we are not reflecting on them, because they have made great

progress in civilization from the Goths, Huns, Vandals, and Heruli, all wild barbarians, who conquered the Roman Empire A. D. 476, and became the ancestors of great Russia, the predominant power of Asia. In union there is strength. "United we stand, divided we fall," the United States' motto, is worthy the appreciation of all nations. It is high time we were all united in the evangelization of the world.

These Mongolians, the most numerous race on the globe, are exceedingly worthy of our appreciation, aside from the pre-eminent consideration of the inestimable value of every human soul, regardless of race or nationality. Jesus gives us an everlasting verdict, proclaiming forever the indisputable fact that the meanest, most ignorant and ignoble soul is *per se* of inconceivable value; from the fact that He vacated the throne of His glory in Heaven, came to this world and laid down His life to redeem that soul. Besides, these Mongolians are really a noble people. We see this illustrated in their unflinching integrity, indefatigable perseverance, and untiring patience. They beat all the people you ever saw to hold on and stand firm.

Bishop Bashford, while we were in China, related to us some thrilling and notable examples illustrative of these stirring traits of character, which transpired during the persecutions. On a certain occasion the mob had come into the mission and killed all the Americans. Having captured two Christian Chinese girls who were helping in the mission, they undertook to make them recant, but finding them solid and inflexible, and thinking to scare them into submission,

they turpentine them in order to burn them. Still they could not scare them into acquiescence. Then they proceeded to cut off the foot of one of them, and the hand of the other, thus maiming and mutilating them in hopes of scaring them into submission. But it all proved utterly in vain, so they proceeded to burn them. Numbers of similar cases transpired during the persecutions, in all of which the native Christians showed a most beautiful heroism and left the world in glorious triumph. Rest assured that those people are of infinite value in the sight of Him who laid down His life to redeem them from sin, death, and Hell. They are people notorious for their immutability, retaining the same customs and habits and institutions for thousands of years. When we get them saved, you will find that they will stand solid as Gibraltar. In that respect they are like the Germans, who put us Anglo-Saxons to blush by their stability and perseverance.

The royal family of China are Manchu Tartars, who were placed on the throne by that great conqueror, Tamerlane, who, in the fourteenth century, rolled his conquering tide over large parts of Asia, and among them subjugated China. It is said that while pushing the war against the Chinese, the tide turned terrifically against him, and they whipped him twelve times in succession. Then, while the rain was falling and he had taken shelter in a ruined building, his attention was arrested by a spider building her web. He saw her climbing up a pillar to a certain altitude and then swinging off, making for a beam to which she wanted to attach her web, but not quite able to reach

it. Resuming her undertaking, she climbed the pillar again, swung off and made another effort, only again to fail. So she continued until she actually made her twelfth effort and failed. Then the thoughts of the great man, if he was a barbarian, began to revolve vigorously as he soliloquized: "Have I not fought the Chinese twelve times, and suffered an equal number of defeats? This spider has made twelve fruitless efforts to reach the beam and attach her web, and now enters again the thirteenth one, so I will see how she comes out." So he now most intently watches the spider, and sees her climb the pillar and swing off of the beam, and, behold, she reaches it, abides on it, and attaches her web, so that she can run hither and thither *ad libitum*. Then he thanks God for sending the spider to reveal to him his coming victory and to cheer his despondent heart. Rising he goes at once to his army and tells them the good news that God is going to give them victory, and had revealed it to him by the patient spider, which he saw make the twelfth effort, failing every time, but finally reaching a glorious success in the thirteenth effort. It had the desired effect; it enthused new life and energy into his men. They fought with unprecedented energy and heroism, won the day, and seated a Manchu Tartar on the throne of China, a successor of whom sits there to-day.

CHAPTER XLII.

JAPAN.

During the demiurgic days of by-gone eternity, long before man was created, and the sun, which measures man's day, had received his glorious luminosity, and rode out on his fiery chariot, monarch of the ethereal world; when God's days measured the world's chronology (2 Peter iii, 8), at an epoch we know not when, several thousand volcanoes broke out on the bottom of the Pacific Ocean and continued to roll up their burning lava till vast territories mounted high above the rolling billows. Some of them were so high that when I passed through Japan the other day I saw them capped with their snowy diadems. This was in the ages when "one day with God was about a thousand years." While God's day approximates a thousand years, it is not definite like man's days; as He carries no embargoes. The days mentioned in the first chapter of the Bible, before the sun took his place in his flaming palace and became recognized as the king of day, were not twenty-four hour days, but creative periods. This follows as a legitimate sequence, since there was no sun there to measure them.

These volcanoes that rose from the Pacific formed that vast series of islands which now constitute the Japanese Empire, which consists of four large islands and many small ones. The largest island, Hondo, con-

tains the most valuable territory and the great cities of Tokyo, with her two millions; Yokohama, with her nine hundred thousand; Kobe and Yeddo, about the same size, and many other large and flourishing towns. Kiushiu, in the southwest, contains nine counties; Shikoku, in the south, contains four counties; while Yezo, in the north, is the land of the Ainos, who are said to be the aborigines.

This great and beautiful island empire slumbered in the recesses of historic obscurity till the days of Nebuchadnezzar, B. C. 660. Then it first moved out in the national panorama which that potent monarch caused to pass before the eyes of the world. As this empire is entirely of volcanic origin, having been raised from the bottom of the ocean by the dynamics of Vulcan, far back in the pre-Adamic ages, you are not surprised when I tell you that it is still quite volcanic, and, as a normal consequence, earthquaky and typhoonic. Japan is celebrated for her beauty, an infinite variety of most charming flowers blooming and brightening on all sides.

The religion of Japan, primitively nature worship, was exceedingly simple in its character. There were no gorgeous temples nor splendid pageantry of ritual ceremonies; but generally a simple shrine in a hewn stone with no ornamentation but a few significant figures, or a very cheap, plain temple. They had no idols in the paganistic sense, but worshiped their ancestors and heroes, and poured out libations to the sun, moon, and stars. This simple, primeval mode of worship of the Japanese had the complete monopoly of the people through the primitive ages, which run

back beyond all history and into the blank pages of by-gone and unknown eternity. In the fifth century of the Christian Era, Buddhism and Confucianism were brought over the sea from China. Buddha almost swept the country, receiving many followers and influentially superseding Confucius, who received, however, a few followers. At the present Buddhism and Shintoism are about equal numerically; the former far transcending the latter influentially. Buddha has, in all, four hundred millions of followers, but mostly in China. Confucius, who was a native of China, five hundred B. C., has a considerable following in Japan.

These three great and good men—Buddha of India, Confucius of China, and Zoroaster of Persia—were all contemporaneous in five hundred B. C., and were great reformers in their day and generation, doing vast good. They taught the ignorant people to seek wisdom, to love one another, and to practice virtue and philanthropy, rather than to run after their idols which they had made with their own hands and which had no power to save them. They all had great followings of multiplied millions, who, after they were dead, drifted again probably into deeper idolatry than ever before, carrying with them the names and memories of these great men and idolizing them. Oh, how they would have rejoiced in the glorious light of God's revealed Word! How they would have hailed His Son with shouts of welcome; how they would have received Him into their hearts and lives, gladly turned preachers of His glorious Gospel, and gone to the ends of the earth, telling the good news of redeeming grace and dying love, could they have but known of Him!

Oh, how they would plead with the millions who bear their name, and not only worship their memory, but their statues, to receive with glad hearts God's blessed Book and to rejoice in the discipleship of His glorified Son; gladly turning their backs forever on idolatry, they would go to preaching to the lost millions of earth.

Buddhism was exceedingly popular with the Japs and is yet the prevailing religion of the empire. A. D. 1549, a Portugese Roman Catholic priest came into Japan preaching Christ; telling the people they had nothing to do but come to Him and believe on Him, then receive baptism, and they would sweep into Heaven with a shout when they died. The Buddhist priests had been telling them that if they did not reach perfection in this life, so they could get back into the divinity, whence they had emanated, they would die and be born again on earth in another body, and might come back to the world as some animal, or even a tree or stone. And there was no telling how often they would have to go through this painful process of births and deaths. Both the Brahman and Buddhist priests teach that old doctrine of transmigration, *i. e.*, that our souls were created far back in by-gone eternity, and have animated thousands of bodies before this one. They say that if we do not obey the priests and live perfect lives, when we die, instead of going into the divinity whence we came, we will have to be born into some other body, suffer through life, die again, and go on through this alternation of births and deaths indefinitely. They actually teach that you are liable to eighty-four million eight hundred and

forty thousand births and deaths, in this indefinite run of metempsychosis. In this way the priests present the greatest possible incentives to the people to be obedient to all of their commands, so that they may get back into the divinity and be happy forever. They are very particular in their requirements; telling you that a small irregularity, either socially or religiously, may so mar your life as to disqualify you for admission into the Parametma, where all is bliss and rest forever.

Buddha started out preaching love, wisdom, virtue, benevolence, and philanthropy, which were so cheering to the people that they followed him in multitudes, hoping for relief from the old Brahman yoke, which was so heavy. But, as the Brahmans had actually enslaved the people by their priestcraft, holding up before them this indefinite run of births and deaths through the limitless range of metempsychosis, and knowing no final and perfect rest, peace and happiness until they could get back to the Parametma, who had created them far back in the beginning of the eternal ages; after this these Brahman priests so pressed on Buddha that he admitted their doctrine of re-incarnation into his curriculum.

The Theosophists of America, who are simply Buddhists, are now preaching boldly this doctrine of re-incarnation, *i. e.*, the old metempsychosis of the Brahman priests, who invented it when they launched the different castes, nine hundred B. C. These Brahmans are of the old Aryan stock, the descendents of Japheth, who came from the region of the Oxus, northwest of the Himalaya Mountains, fifteen hun-

dred years B. C. They were then learned in the classical Sanskrit language, and they have been distinguished for their learning ever since, though wofully degenerated in morals. Through the devices of castification and metempsychosis, they have held the poor Indians in bondage these two thousand eight hundred years, and this day rule them with a rod of iron. Buddha, though beginning so nobly, breaking down under the over-mastering tide of their influence and power, spoiled his religion by adopting these two pestilential heresies, transmigration of souls and the recognition of caste.

Fortunately, in China and Japan they have no castes, from the simple fact that they never accepted the Brahman religion. But they did take Buddhism with its awful heresy of metempsychosis. Therefore, when this Roman Catholic priest preached to the Japanese that if they would just repent of their sins, receive the Lord Jesus as their Savior and get baptized, instead of going through this indefinite range of births and deaths, through the illimitable series of transmigration, it pleased the Japanese so that they fell in with it in a hurry and the new religion was carrying everything before it so that it looked as though it would take the country. One reason why it took so fast was because the shogun who was on the throne at that time did not like Buddhism. Therefore he fell in with the priest, giving his religion a glorious boon. But it was not long till they found the Jesuits, *i. e.*, these Roman Catholic priests, were engaged in plotting against the government. This raised an awful hubbub, resulting in the expulsion of all the

Roman Catholics and of a few Protestants who had then come into the empire. They actually made a clean sweep, killing every one that did not skedaddle, leaving not a person in all the empire who dared to wear the Christian name. They proclaimed aloud in their papers the utter extermination of the "evil sect."

The emperor in Japan is called the Mikado. He claims direct descent from the sun goddess. The present emperor claims to be the one hundred and twenty-ninth in the succession from Jimmu Tenno, the first Mikado, and the immediate posterity of the sun goddess, who in the beginning of the ages established himself on the throne of Japan. After the flight of centuries and ages, it so supervened that the shogunate, *i. e.*, the nobility, manœuvred to supersede the Mikado by establishing one of their number on the throne, recognizing the sovereignty of the Mikado but relieving him of the labor and responsibility supervening on his administration. This change took place A. D. 1273, and continued six hundred years; meanwhile one of the shoguns occupied the throne in lieu of the Mikado.

When they detected the stratagem of the Jesuits to get hold of the government, they expelled them with all foreigners from the empire, and kept the doors locked tightly against the whole world for two hundred years. Eventually in 1873 Commodore Perry, with his magnificent fleet, steamed into the harbor of Yeddo, at the time their capital, and asked admission, but was rejected; however he did not leave, but remained till the ensuing year, pleading with them to enter into a treaty of peace, amity and commerce with the United States. He finally succeeded, and purchased

some land from them on which the Americans could build some mercantile houses and residences. After he had succeeded in making this treaty in 1874, he sailed away. This treaty with the United States was followed by a treaty with a number of the western nations. Therefore, that country that had been shut out of the world from time immemorial was awakened from her long slumber, and enlivened by the presence of strangers of different nationalities.

Then the priests took advantage of the excitement superinduced by the foreigners on all sides, to harangue the people everywhere and arouse their old-time prejudices against foreigners, telling them that they would all be ruined if they did not get rid of them. At the same time they laid the blame of admitting the foreigners on the shoguns, who had been ruling the country six hundred years, and everywhere labored to convince the people that the Mikado was the legitimate leader and that the shoguns had usurped the government out of the hands of the Mikado. In this way they succeeded in arousing Yeddo and in creating a popular revolution. The Mikado had managed to make out his genealogical tables, tracing his lineage back to Jimmu Tenno, the first emperor who in the beginning of the ages had fought his way to the throne which he had inherited as the legal heir of the sun goddess. Thus aroused into a general revolution by the priests, the people rose up, dethroned the shogun and enthroned the Mikado, who has been on the throne ever since. Though the end of the revolution was to run out all the foreigners, they soon found there were so many they could not get them all out. At the same

time the popular mind underwent another revolution, changing right about and concluding that they did not want to run the foreigners out, but needed them there to teach them the arts and sciences of western civilization. Therefore, changing their policy, they not only concluded to keep all foreigners that had come, but to give all others that wanted to come a hearty welcome, and they have been at it ever since. So rapidly have they made progress in the adoption of American arts, sciences, inventions and civilization, that they have actually been denominated, "The Yankees of the East."

Amid these great and rapid social revolutions, they had actually changed the government from a despotism to a constitutional monarchy, with a House of Representatives and a House of Peers, thus really adopting the government of Great Britain; this is a grand movement in the direction of Christian civilization. They presented to the Mikado a written obligation restricting his power and dividing it with the House of Lords and the House of Representatives, which he cheerfully signed,— a noble step out of heathen despotism in the direction of Christian liberty. This new government was inaugurated in 1889 and the first session of these two departments of its representation was held in 1890. This new government was really a sunburst of better things for the Japanese Empire.

Japan has a population of fifty millions. She has fewer animals I suppose in proportion to her population than any other country on the globe. Her territory is so densely populated, with a person to every

four or five acres, that there is no room for wild animals. There are also fewer domestic animals than I ever saw in any other country—exceedingly few horses, cattle and sheep—more swine and goats than almost anything else as they are used for food. Ploughs are drawn by human muscle. The soil is black and loose and has been very fertile, and is so yet, when quickened by a fertilizer. On the streets of Tokyo, with her two millions of people, I do not think I saw a vehicle drawn by animals; but the jinrikisha, a nice little two-wheeled vehicle with one seat and a buggytop, is drawn by a man as fast as a horse would pull it everywhere you want to go. The same is true in the transportation of luggage. I almost concluded that draught animals in other countries were a nuisance. It is astonishing to see the extent to which animals are superseded by human muscle in all of that country.

The Japanese are bright, active and sprightly; exceedingly sociable and friendly. They won me on all sides. Oh, how much I fell in love with them! That nation in the last dozen years has wonderfully and even paradoxically moved up to the front of the world. At this point they need our prayers, lest getting very inflated by their victory over the Chinese ten years ago, and by their triumph over the Russians two years ago, they become belligerent, get into trouble with some great nation and incur a great downfall. When I was there and they were boasting of their victory over the Russians, I warned them to keep humble and lie low; humility is the secret of power, political as well as spiritual. I assured them that they would

make a mistake in ascribing their victories to the wisdom of the Mikado and his council, and the bravery of his soldiers. I told them that while I admitted they are brave in combat, and wise in council, yet those things did not give them the victory over that nation which outnumbered them six to one. Russia deserved the thrashing for her maltreatment of the Jews, and God simply used Japan to give it to her; thus humiliating her in the eyes of the world by raising up a small, weak nation to give her the chastisement she so richly deserved.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE HOPE OF THE SUN-RISE EMPIRE.

In 1871 there was not a Christian in all Japan that anybody knew, as they had made it a specialty to expel every one of them and to close the door against the whole world for two hundred years antecedently, when they found those Jesuitical Roman Catholic priests plotting against the government. While the Japs want our civilization, arts, and sciences, and are favorable to Christianity, yet they are determined to hold their government tight in their own hands, and will not tolerate anything looking like intrenchment on the sovereign independency of the island empire, which they believe to be the top of the creation and the pick and choice of the whole world. There the first rays of the Oriental sun pour in from the eastern horizon, put old Erebus to rout, chasing the dreary night away, and flood the world with the glories of the rising sun.

In 1873, when Commodore Perry with his magnificent fleet, steamed into the harbor at Yeddo and asked permission to enter Japan, and, though positively refused, held on till the ensuing year, when he finally succeeded in unbolting the door which had been locked tight against the whole world for two hundred years; he made a treaty pursuant to which the Yankees were permitted to come and trade with the Japanese. We

are safe in the conclusion that then there were not ten Christians in all the great Sun-rise Empire; now there are fifty thousand and they are rapidly increasing. The government officers all encourage Christianity, the Mikado himself having out of his own purse made an exceedingly liberal contribution to the Y. M. C. A. for the especial benefit of his army; meanwhile every door is thrown wide open.

While I was preaching to a splendid audience in Brother Cowman's mission in Tokyo I told them how they are called the Yankees of the East, and we Americans the Yankees of the West, so as we have the same name, we ought to be faithful brethren in the work of the Lord, establishing His kingdom in all the earth. I wanted them to be our blood brothers, helping us to carry the Gospel to the Chinese, Indians, and Oceanic islanders; they responded "Amen" from all parts of the house. I opened the altar and seekers promptly came. Those Japs went to work like heroes to lead their fellow-citizens to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." I found Brother Saka, the native pastor, who was converted and educated in America, a noble Christian, a fine scholar and in every respect a most excellent leader of his people. He served me as interpreter, but I saw that he was encumbered with work, that he really did not have time to give me all the service I needed. When he told me that they were really short of interpreters, I gave special attention to that interest and the Lord came to my relief, imparting the gift of interpretation to a number of the young Christians, and among them the son of our noble Brother Kilbourne, a youth but in his

teens, who came to the front ready to serve in that important work of interpretation.

But an absence of nine months from my dear ones in the "Old Kentucky Home" had already filled me with solicitude to reach my native land; therefore, bidding my friends in Japan a loving adieu and leaving my young men to press the work with these young people on whom the gift of interpretation had fallen ready to serve them, I embarked for America.

The mission launched by Brother and Sister Cowman four and one half years ago, who during my visit were absent in America, is in an exceedingly prosperous condition. It is heroically led by our excellent native preacher, Brother Saka, who is well educated in his native literature, and also a splendid English scholar; while Brother and Sister Kilbourne, Brother and Sister Whitney, and Sister Minnie Upperman are courageously pressing the battle, jubilant in the work of the Lord, along with a very bright cohort of native workers.

I was delighted in teaching them the Bible and found the whole school earnestly seeking sanctification, with the exception of a minority who already enjoyed it. The Bible School in that city of two million is the glorious hope of all that region. It has this vast population from which to draw patronage, and to prepare with salvation, sanctification, and the endowment of the Holy Spirit; filling and firing them, and edifying them with Biblical knowledge, so as to send them out as flaming heralds of the glorious Gospel, proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation throughout the beautiful green islands of the Orient. They have a

large, flourishing mission in the city, where I met so many native Christians that I could hardly realize that I was in a heathen land, but unconsciously drifted away and settled down in the conclusion that I was preaching to an American audience. In the car I fell in with a native Japanese, elegantly dressed in full American costume, so I could scarcely identify him as a Jap. I found him speaking the English language as if it were his vernacular. I was delighted with his acquaintance. He told me that he had spent eight or ten years in America, had been converted and educated in the Moody School and returned to his own country to preach the Gospel. He was holding evangelistic meetings in Tokyo and said the Lord was wonderfully blessing his labors, and converting people daily in his meetings.

Our ship was crowded with Japanese coming to America and Honolulu. I preached in the latter place and found many saved Japanese. In my precipitate flight for home, I, as usual, kept the Sabbath, stopping and preaching in Los Angeles and there, among others, found a Jap seeking at the altar, who prayed through and gave us a cheering testimony. We should hail all of these Japanese welcome to America, as they do us to their country, and invariably make them a specialty in our prayers, always bringing them into our Sunday schools and getting them saved and sanctified and then sending them back as missionaries to evangelize Japan like the young man above mentioned. There they have no trouble about studying the language as it is their vernacular; therefore they will make the most efficient preachers for the evangelization of their own country.

Brother Kilbourne and others told me that they had quite a number of out-stations where they constantly go and preach. Therefore you see this Bible School in the great city of Tokyo, close to Yokohama and within striking distance of three millions of people, is the very best thing to evangelize all of that country. I claimed all of the students, male and female, for preachers, and told them that God was using me to call them. Sister Minnie Upperman reported to me that a number of the girls told her that they are going to preach and some of them went at it before my short visit had expired. I found the students all bright, intelligent, susceptible and exceedingly promising.

As we find it so difficult to reach China, while Japan throws every door wide open, and bids us all welcome to the land of sunshine and flowers, therefore the available economy on the part of Christendom is to make Japan a specialty and to press the battle with all possible expedition, rolling the Gospel tide over the great island empire, then utilizing them in the evangelization of their neighbors in the great "Celestial Empire." We have fifty thousand Japanese already living in Shanghai, and fifty thousand more scattered elsewhere in China, not a few of them serving as teachers in the schools. I told Brother Kilbourne that they should by all means establish a Japanese mission in Shanghai with all possible expedition, in order to get them saved, that they being already on the ground, may turn missionaries and evangelize that country. Of this there is a glorious feasibility, from the fact that the Japs are so quick and susceptible. Therefore, with due effort on our part, we can speedily prepare

them for the great and beautiful work of evangelizing China. To this end let us all pray and labor that God may put His hand upon Japan, speedily rescue her from the heathen Orient, and utilize her as a grand and glorious recruit to His evangelistic force for the salvation of the five hundred millions of Mongolians in China and Thibet, the one hundred and fifty millions in Oceanica, the three hundred millions in India, and the two hundred millions in Africa. Oh, what an accession will these fifty millions of bright and sprightly Japs prove to our evangelistic force in the great Orient, where they are already convenient to run hither and thither without crossing the great ocean! Besides, they are not only acclimated but are naturally so susceptible to education and action, and are so sprightly and hardy, that they are pre-eminently adapted to Oriental evangelization, which proves detrimental, difficult and perilous to Americans.

Therefore let us hold up this great missionary center established by Brother Cowman and his helpers, in the capital and metropolis of the empire, with the facilities of the Bible School to educate preachers by dozens, scores, and hundreds, sending them into all parts of the beautiful island empire. May we night and day invoke the hand of the Almighty to rest upon the work in all of its ramifications. In His providence, they will doubtless establish hundreds of out-stations which, in due time, will develop into vigorous citadels augmenting the permanent work in all parts of the country, till those beautiful, rich, flowery islands of the sea shall all be illuminated by the glorious rising of the blessed Sun of righteousness, and be inundated

with the salvation which He, with His own precious blood, purchased on Calvary, for all the sons and daughters of Adam's ruined race. He honored us with the glorious commission to carry the glad tidings to the ends of the earth; leaving it with us, not as a permissive privilege, but as a positive command to "disciple all the heathens." We are left without a choice; we absolutely *must* obey this great commandment, or meet an awful responsibility when we shall face the lost heathen millions at the Judgment seat of Christ, and account for their blood, clinging to our hands by reason of our shameful delinquency. It is high time we should awake from our long sleep of hundreds of years. We will soon see Him coming in a cloud, accompanied by His mighty angels, to receive His waiting bride from every nation under Heaven. O how we should all be at our post, diligently toiling to get her ready for her heavenly Spouse who certainly will not much longer delay. Let all of the saints in all lands make the "Sun-rise Empire" a specialty before God; at the same time entreating Him to let us all enjoy the precious privilege of lending the most efficient helping hand, prayerfully, influentially and financially. In behalf of Brother and Sister Cowman's work; while it is of course the normal work of every true heart in all Christendom, yet especially we expect all the dear saints who are identified with the "Revivalist Family" and the International Apostolic Holiness Union to show their hand in the special interest of this great and growing enterprise. Fortunately it centralizes at the capital and metropolis of the empire; a suitable center from which to radiate

in all directions and carry the Gospel throughout that land. Constantly pray for that Bible School, that it may be so flooded with the Holy Ghost that all those bright sons and daughters of Japan, so fortunate as to enjoy a place in its consecrated halls, shall actually prove Scriptural ministers. Hebrews i, 7, "He maketh His ministers a flame of fire." Oh, that the Spirit may so fill the teachers in this school that they will see that every pupil is sanctified wholly and filled with the Holy Ghost, so that, gladly recognizing their heavenly calling, they will all go out as flaming heralds of the everlasting Gospel.

The Lord permitted me also to visit the great Southern Methodist work at Kobe, in charge of Brother Newton and his good wife, my old comrades in arms. For years he was the beloved pastor of my dear family, and afterwards, in the providence of God, was sent away by my good old conference to the far-off land, then without a hundred people in the whole empire professing the name of Christ. Brother Newton is now assisted in his superintendency by our excellent Brother Matthews of Tennessee, who, in the absence of Brother Newton serving the work in his peregrinations in their many encouraging stations, kindly served me during my sojourn; patiently, to my unutterable delight, escorted me round about and showed me the different departments of that great and prosperous work of the Lord. The situation is most delightful; on a beautiful eminence, adorned with evergreens, and not only overlooking that magnificent city, approximating a million, but commanding a most conspicuous view of the harbor (which, by the way,

is first-class), and all the shipmen. Brother Newton, on arrival in the city, looking around, in the providence of God, reached this spot, at that time, unencumbered with settlements, and purchased it with the favor of the authorities, in order to secure the Bible College which he contemplated founding. He was enabled to secure it very cheaply. At the present the capacious college buildings, and quite a number of nice residences occupied by the teachers and missionaries, with commodious outbuildings, really present the aspect of a beautiful little city *per se*. This place is on the opposite side of Hondo, Japan's largest island, from Tokyo; Kobe, also being a great commercial center. Therefore, like Brother Cowman's work in Tokyo, this is an important center; rays flashing out in all directions will illuminate that whole section of country.

This Bible College is in an exceedingly prosperous condition, attended by about two hundred students and fast growing. Here the sons and daughters of the great island empire are coming from all directions and are delighted to enjoy the blessings of these sacred halls. I am intimately acquainted with Brother Newton, superintendent of this great missionary work. He is a man of high culture, with a mind enriched by a thorough classical education, and his heart filled with the blessed Holy Spirit; certainly the right man in the right place.

Now while we commend this great work to all the saints for your prayerful and financial support, we especially appeal to our brothers, sisters, and comrades in dear old Dixie Land to rally heroically to the

rescue of the lovely "Sun-rise Empire" from the black hand of pagan night, which has held it in an inflexible grip, to our clear historic information, from the days of Nebuchadnezzar, 660 B. C., and the Lord alone knows how long antecedently. Now at this late day of the Christian Era, the Sun of righteousness, with healing in His wings, is rising on these flowery islands, which have nestled in the bosom of the deep since, responsive to the stentorian voice of Jehovah, uttered in volcanic thunder-peals, they leaped from the bed of the ocean, long before Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden ever looked out on never-fading flowers and never failing fruits.

Now that the glorious Sun of righteousness has risen on these beautiful islands, let us all wake up and move harmoniously with His progressive splendor. May we joyfully labor to take away every obstruction that impedes the rolling waves of these glorious illuminations, which, to our infinite gratification, are now lighting the dark Orient from thousands of rising missionary centers, which serve Him as obedient satellites, reflecting the light which He transmits in all directions. Be sure you hold up your brothers and sisters in this distant heathen land, toiling night and day before God, that He may keep them radically emptied of everything out of harmony with His sweet will, and copiously filled with the Holy Ghost. May He make them a perpetual inspiration to the young immortals thronging those literary halls from day to day, and to all the people whom, in the providence of God, they shall meet in the out-stations. The hope of Japan is in these young people whom God has given

the missionaries. If they can get them thoroughly saved, radically sanctified and copiously filled with the Holy Ghost, thus making them Pentecostal preachers, they will save this great empire from the crushing trend of idolatry. Our work is to prepare the Japanese to do their own preaching. God save us from the heresy of denying to our contemporary heathens the Pentecostal blessing, which He has for them just so certainly as He had it for the Jerusalemites, Acts ii, 39, "For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even so many as the Lord our God shall call." He is now sending us to bless the Japanese with the Gospel call; therefore we dare not withhold from them the gift of the Holy Ghost, which you can clearly see God has for them. The Pentecostal revival at Jerusalem is as fresh in the mind of God to-day as the events of yesterday; therefore we must see that the heathens in our ministry all receive it.

God will not dwell in an unclean heart; you must get Him to sanctify you wholly so that He may come in and fill you and use you to save others. Therefore let all the saints of the Sunny South constantly hold up our brothers and sisters in heathen lands before God, impleading Him to keep them radically emptied of carnality and copiously filled with the Holy Ghost, that they may have power and grace to lead the heathen auditors into the same experience, so that they may be like the Pentecosteans of New Testament times, who "went everywhere preaching the Word," inundating Judea, Galilee, and Samaria with the glad tidings of salvation and the fires of the Holy Ghost.

These Japanese converts may roll the same tide of Gospel grace over Hondo, Kiushiu, Shikoku, Yezo, and the many smaller islands constituting this beautiful empire. What has been done once, through the same unchangeable, omnipotent grace, can be done again. Therefore, let us all thank God, take courage and set out afresh to execute the work our Savior gave us at the beginning, *i. e.*, the evangelization of the whole world. Let us hurry to augment Christendom with the accession of beautiful Japan, that we may have a firm foothold and a strong citadel in the great Orient to fortify us, encourage our hearts and strengthen our hands, while we push the war to the glorious finale. In the great day coming

He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea and shore;
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

Now, remember, it is the glorious privilege of all of us who cannot go to help our comrades on the field, to do so night and day by our prayers, and ever and anon by our financial support.

A question as to the origin of the Japanese very naturally arises. Of course a very considerable element of them are Mongolians, having come from China. I doubt not the correctness of their claim, which they themselves maintain, to Hebrew origin. God led Abraham out on the plain of Mamre, beneath the heavenly hosts as they twinkled and flashed brilliantly in that Oriental sky, telling him to look up and count the stars. He said to him, "So shall thy seed be." While to our infinite consolation, this promise has its

glorious fulfillment in the countless millions saved by the blood of His omnipotent Son, we have no right to restrict it to the spiritual realm, when God was so clear and explicit in His promises of temporal blessings bestowed on Abraham. Not only did the ten tribes remain dispersed in the Chaldean Empire, which, under Nebuchadnezzar, covered the earth; but we must remember that the Ishmaelites, the Edomites, and the children of his second wife, Keturah, have been multiplying and dispersing in the earth in all ages. The latter were all settled by Abraham in the east country. As the ten tribes are lost, certainly the normal conclusion that they were dispersed throughout the Chaldean Empire legitimately supervenes. Europe, the wild west, sparsely populated and little known, was too insignificant to attract the attention of Nebuchadnezzar. The argument that the ten tribes went to the west is rather strained; whereas the conclusion that they dispersed freely throughout the Chaldean Empire, which included all Asia and northern Africa, is normal and encumbered with no objections. Therefore there is no doubt but that all these Oriental countries have multiplied millions of people who are truly the consanguinity of our father Abraham. Consequently, that the Japs can claim kinship with him, we certainly have no right to call in question. As a people, they are noted for their small stature, activity and valor in combat. These have brought their nation to a place at the front of the world within the last dozen years. This increases the urgency on our part to take them from the dark roll of paganism and place them in the shining catalogue of Christendom.

CHAPTER XLIV.

HONOLULU AND THE HAWAIIANS.

This group of beautiful islands in the midst of the Pacific Ocean, like Japan, originated entirely from volcanic action, which began long ages before man was created and continues to the present day. The ascending smoke constantly reminds us that the great interior of the earth is in a molten state, all on fire and ready in a moment to disgorge the consuming floods and melt this earth by fervent heat; not only burning all sin out of it, but all the effects of sin, and sanctifying it for the descension of the New Jerusalem, Rev. xxi, 10, which shall descend to view after this earth has been sanctified by fire, 2 Peter 3rd chap., and after it has been renovated by the intervention of the omnific fiat, Rev. 1st chap., and has become the final inheritance of the glorified saints, Matt. v, 5. These Hawaiian Islands, like Japan, are floriferous in the extreme, abounding in beautiful verdure, mosses and ferns, which survive with innumerable other evergreens the encircling year. They are down near the Tropic of Cancer, where winter never comes and summer ever lasts.

Honolulu is a beautiful city of forty-seven thousand. On these islands we have forty thousand natives, sixty-five thousand Japanese, twenty thousand Chinese, ten thousand Americans, and five thousand Koreans.

These Hawaiians, like the American Indians, had no books when discovered by our people, consequently they are utterly incompetent to give any account of their origin. They resemble the American Indians much, and are doubtless the same race; but, while it is only about twenty-one hundred miles to America, and the Indians in their frail bark canoes never could have made the journey, the presumption is that their ancestors in the long ago were dropped there in shipwreck, and never got away. Without any knowledge of letters, they could leave no record for the information of their successors. Their complexion is brown and their stature gigantic. They seem to have enjoyed a more abundant supply of food than the Asiatics, who, in the main, have retrogressed into comparative dwarfhood. They are reported as exceedingly generous, philanthropic, and kind-hearted, though intellectually, perhaps, dropping below mediocrity. Like the American Indians they are constantly decreasing numerically, so that with the present trend they will in a few generations become extinct.

Ten years ago, during the Jap-Chinese War, their king became alarmed lest the Chinese would come and take possession of his country and it would thus pass out of his hands. Consequently he came to America and asked the President to protect them. He responded in the affirmative and sent them a Governor-general for that purpose. The king has since died without a successor, of course leaving the country in the hands of the President of the United States, who perpetuates the governorship from year to year. Therefore the Hawaiian Islands may be considered indefinitely

hereafter, a part of the United States. Their semi-tropical climate, like that of Florida, can be profitably utilized by our people in the growth of bananas, oranges, lemons, figs, and the Indian papeia, etc. In these islands we have one hundred and forty-five thousand pagans and ten thousand nominal Christians.

We ought to utilize these islands as a convenient and profitable location for training-schools for the evangelization of Asia. Brother Mayfield, who with his good wife had charge of the Peniel Mission in Honolulu, told me that these hundred and forty-five thousand had so come into contact with the English language that they could preach to them very successfully without an interpreter, as they are so much nearer and more convenient to the United States than Asia, which certainly is a grand opportunity for us to push missionary enterprise among them. Get the Japanese saved and educate them for missionaries and send them to their own country; get the Chinese saved and use them for missionaries to their own people; and utilize the Koreans in the same way; meanwhile it will certainly be a glorious privilege to get those forty-five thousand Hawaiians saved, for the sake of their own souls and the blood that bought them. The Yankee saints would sustain missionary training schools in Honolulu, and other eligible places on those islands, with less money than in the different countries of Asia; whereas we would have just as good an opportunity to utilize them as preachers to their own people, as if the training-school was in Japan, China, or Korea. There certainly is a wide open door and a broad opportunity, incalculably to facilitate the evan-

gelization of Japan, China, and Korea, by the economy above represented. It is a great work to learn a language, such as that of China and Japan whereas on these islands those Japanese, Chinese and Koreans can all be reached by the English language, though they will understand their own and are therefore qualified to go to their native land and preach to their own people.

The same economy which I recommend for the Hawaiian Islands would also have its pertinent force here in America, where we have thousands of Chinese and Japanese, who, in case they were well saved, would with great delight return and preach to their own people, as they have already notable examples. Brother Saka, the native pastor of Brother Cowman's great work, was saved, sanctified and called to preach, while living in California, having migrated thither to seek his fortune among the Americans. He found it and it was a good one, the kingdom of God and the silver trumpet. Let us take notice everywhere and put our hands on the emigrants from these pagan lands; then by the help of God, get them saved, sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost, and send them back to preach to their own people. We are commanded to be as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves.

At Honolulu I embarked for the last time on my long tour of nine months around the world. Three days winged their flight while we plowed the billowy deep and behold, the lofty mountains, the towering peaks of the Sierra Nevadas, heaved upon our enraptured vision! In the good providence of God, we steered safely through the Golden Gate, and made our

landing. My meditations ran back five years to when I was preaching in Sister Wakefield's mission in Oakland, in full view of every ship entering the Golden Gate. While we were all looking for our elect sister and her lovely daughter to arrive from their home in Honolulu, the shocking news reached our ears that the ship had sunk in the Golden Gate; our dear friends were lost along with several hundred others. We came on the same track across the great ocean, having stopped at Honolulu where they embarked, but God, in His great mercy, answered my constant prayer and kept His strong arm under our ship. My little grandchildren, Emma and John Hill, of ten and nine years, had prayed during the long nine months of my absence that God would neither let the ship sink nor the train wreck but would bring me back and let us meet again. I had sailed from New York on a ticket to San Francisco by way of the east, carrying us through England, France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, India, Oceanica, China, and Japan to San Francisco. Oh, how my heart was flooded with overflowing gratitude when I once more disembarked on the soil of my beloved native land!

Here I yield to the pressure, tarry and preach one night, then board the train for Chicago the ensuing morning and, in the good providence of God, am accompanied by dear Brother S. Henry Bolton and his better-half, our sweet singer in Israel. We travel side by side all the day long as we run to Los Angeles, where we stopped to keep the Sabbath. Meanwhile he entertains me by the beautiful songs which the blessed Holy Spirit has given him, for the edification and

inspiration of Israel's host, toiling in the vineyard of the Lord and pressing the battle for God and souls. Rest assured they were a feast to my soul all the day long. He also read his Bible to me and versified some of that into the beautiful songs of Zion and cheered my heart with the music of Heaven. He is about to publish a Hymnal, which, for capacity, vivacity, inspiration and financial economy, will certainly stand at the front, and ever lift its clarion notes amid the many bugle-blasts which float upon the celestial ether, cheering the onward march of the Lord's host to victory.

When a student in college, I wrote poetry, actuated by Napoleonic ambition to make a poet of myself. I was very fond of Horace, the celebrated lyric. I continued my aspirations to be a poet, till I read from his racy pen this significant sentence, "*Poeta nascitur non fit*," "The poet is born not made." I burned all of my poetry and never wrote any more. I knew it was mechanical and I was not born a poet; so I gave it up forever. Not so with Brother Bolton. He is a born poet and it dropped from his pen naturally as the dews of Hermon on the thirsty leaflets, while our train ran along the bank of the great Pacific which I had just crossed.

O, what a majestic water is the Pacific Ocean! Eleven thousand miles long and ten thousand miles wide; actually containing more water than the whole world besides, including the other four oceans. It has not long been known to civilized man. When discovered by Balboa, no ship had ever crossed it. It was not

long till Captain Cook sailed around the world and repeated the same exploring expedition, three times over.

During my tour I was deeply impressed by my observations in all lands, as I saw how the world is wearing out. Those vast river valleys, the Nile, the Indus, the Ganges, and the innumerable beautiful plains over which I traveled in Palestine, Egypt, Syria, Italy, Greece, India, China, and Japan, showed so plainly the exhaustion of fertility and the necessity of fertilization in order to be productive; meanwhile I was impressed with Hebrews i, 10, "And thou Lord, at the beginning didst lay the foundation of the earth, the heavens are the works of thy hands: these shall perish but thou dost remain; truly all these shall grow old like a garment and thou shalt roll them up like a book, and as a garment they shall be changed; but thou thyself dost remain and thy years shall not fail." Truly this world, though it has lasted long, is wearing out and will soon be changed. We are informed that in the good time coming there will be no sea. The immense debris accumulating in the beds of the oceans and seas during the long roll of the ages, is depositing an immense soil of incalculable fertility. Doubtless this will be utilized in the growth of fruits and flowers during the coming celestial age of the world. In my peregrinations around the world this impressive reality, everywhere commanded my meditative attention. Oh, how we need an awakening throughout this continent in the interests of the soil, which in the old world was so very rich and productive but has everywhere been so lamentably exhausted. If there is any possible

chance, by drainage and tillage, to make the earth produce sustenance, it should be done.

Now to the dear holiness people of all lands, ecclesiasticisms and nationalities, this book with its forty-six predecessors is lovingly and prayerfully dedicated, hoping, in God, that His hand will hold it, and His Spirit illuminate it, and His providence make it a blessing to the millions who will never travel round the world. We hope in His good providence and through His superabounding mercy, that the author and the readers shall meet where parting is forever at an end. Glory to God in the highest! Hallelujah forever! Amen.

THE END.

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